

AY

HOW WE CAN BEST HELP THE ALLIES

CURRENT OPINION

25 CENTS

EDITED BY EDWARD J. WHEELER

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CURRENT OPINION

EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

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ROBERT A. PARKER

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

AMERICA ENTERS THE WORLD-WAR

WHEN the President, on Good Friday, April 6, proclaimed the existence of a state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government, this country entered the fourth war in which it has engaged during the hundred and forty years of its national life. The other three were in 1812, with Great Britain; in 1846, with Mexico; and in 1898, with Spain. The present war, however, is so much larger both in its immediate results and in its ultimate significance that it makes the other embroilments seem, in comparison, of slight importance. Our entry into the war may be said to mark the abandonment of a policy that until now has inspired our national life. We no longer hold to our traditional isolation. We are entering the world-arena. On the day the United States declared war, "it became, at one bound," to quote Premier Lloyd George, "a world-power in a sense she never was before." For the first time in the history of the country our representatives are to participate in the war-councils of European nations. For the first time since the Revolutionary war we are welcoming to our war-councils the representatives of European nations. The mere mention, in this connection, of the names of Arthur J. Balfour, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, of former Premier Viviani and of General Joffre, of France, has aroused enthusiasm. Colonel E. M. House is talked of as a war-ambassador to Paris, and Charles R. Crane has left for Russia. The *Baltimore Sun*, recalling the visits of Premier Lloyd George to Paris and Rome, and of Lord Milner to Russia, looks for momentous results from the new conferences. America, it says, welcomes Mr. Balfour not only as a foremost representative of a great nation

with which we are allied in a great undertaking, but also as a sincere friend of this country and one largely responsible for the pleasant relations maintained between the United States and Great Britain during the last quarter of a century. "It will also," the same paper continues, "welcome the gallant and tender Joffre and the other French statesmen and fighting men. This is one of the results of America's entrance into the war which the ordinary man has not thought much of. It will enlarge his understanding of the implications of that action. It will mark another advance step in the progress of the United States as a world-power. And it will add to the general confidence of the people that we are going about the making of war in the right way."

A Possible Pan-American Alliance.

THE United States was the seventeenth, and Cuba the eighteenth, nation to enter the world-war. Within ten days Costa Rica, Panama, Brazil, Bolivia, Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay had placed themselves unmistakably in opposition to the cause of the Germans. Chile, Peru, Ecuador, Guatemala and the other Central American States, were expected to follow their example. Only Mexico remained obdurate, and Mexico, it seems, is still one of the chief obstacles in the way of complete Pan-American action in the war. The *New York Times* expresses the hope that "Mexico will get over its neutral mood," but papers such as the *New York Evening Mail* find in Mexico's obstinacy only new arguments for a final domination of that country by the United States. The *Mail* emphasizes the importance of access to the Panama Canal, and advocates

the political, military and economic attachment of Mexico to this country. It says:

"America's program should be: Our main military force in the Southwest; friendly and allied governments in Mexico and Central America, even if we have to establish them, as in Cuba; a pan-American railroad at once to the Canal, later clear through to the Argentine, finally a host of long-distance submarines.

"America's future lies in the railroad and she knows and uses the railroad as no one else in the world."

America's Relation to the Entente Allies.

ONE of the most difficult problems raised by our entry into the war is that involved in our relation to our European allies. Are we justified in "playing a lone hand," and in making peace as soon as Germany shall again respect our rights? Or should we rather unite in closest cooperation with the Allied Nations and pledge ourselves to make no separate peace? These and similar problems may be said to be still in solution. Only a few weeks ago, Congressman Lenroot, of Wisconsin, who voted finally for the war resolution, said: "We will vote to maintain our liberties on the sea. But that does not mean that we will intervene in the European conflict, nor send our men to European trenches, nor participate in the settlement of European questions." The *Topeka Capital* records its conviction that "we enter the war for special reasons, having nothing to do with the dynastic and nationalistic reasons actuating Russia, France, Italy and England." The *New York Evening Post* states:

"It will not do to say that because Americans as a whole sympathize with the Allies, therefore they must lose their identity in a European alliance. Some say that its cause is

ours. It may be. But we have never thought of going to war for that reason, and cannot now. If we take up arms against Germany it will be on an issue exclusively between that empire and this republic; and the republic must retain control of that issue from beginning to end."

On the other hand, Senator Lodge thinks that it would be madness for the United States to fight Germany with single-handed methods when every consideration of self-interest and common purpose calls for concerted warfare. And Congressman Gardner, in a recent debate in the House, expressed himself as follows:

"I have read many statements to the effect that we must remain foot loose in this war; that we must be prepared to make a separate peace whenever Germany is willing to concede what we are seeking. In other words, we are told that we must enter into no agreement with the Allies by which we promise not to make a separate peace. If that is public opinion at the present time I prophesy a speedy change. It sounds fine for us to preserve our rights to make a separate peace without regard to the Allies, but how would it be after we had begun to fight if the Allies were suddenly to make a separate peace without regard to us? That might not be so pleasant, unless we feel sure that we can repel the German fleet with a few well-directed shots from Chautauqua platforms."

The policy to be adopted by the Government will evidently be something of a compromise between the views of those who favor a "strictly defensive" war, and those who favor an identification of our cause with that of the Allies. The President has said that he wants "the utmost practicable cooperation in counsel and action with the Governments now at war with Germany"; but the word "practicable" allows of wide latitude. "Participation, not alliance," is indicated as the American policy in recent dispatches from Washington. The impression

created is that the United States will not enter into an alliance in the old-world sense of the term, but will commit itself to unlimited participation in the war until the aims which the President has announced are achieved.



THESE ARE THE MEN ENTRUSTED WITH OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE

The members of the Council of National Defense, organized to "render possible in time of need the immediate concentration and utilization of the resources of the nation." From left to right may be seen Julius Rosenwald, President of Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago; Bernard M. Baruch, a stock broker of New York; Dr. Hollis Godfrey, President of Drexel Institute, Philadelphia; Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad; William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor; David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture; Howard E. Coffin, Vice-President of the Hudson Motor Car Company, New York; Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy; Dr. Franklin H. Martin, Secretary of the American College of Surgeons, Chicago; Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War; William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, and Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor. The only member of the Council missing from the picture is Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane.

A United States of the World May Grow Out of This War.

THE ultimate results of the participation of this country in the war can only be predicted intelligently in the light of what the President regards as America's objects in entering the war. On January 22, in an address to Congress, he stated these objects substantially as follows:

(a) A League of Nations to insure peace and justice in place of 'Balance of Power';

(b) Equality of rights among nations;



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THESE ARE THE STANDARD BEARERS OF GERMANY

The uniformed bureaucracy of Germany presents a strong contrast to the American group shown in democratic simplicity on the opposite page. In this picture, standing from left to right, may be seen Von Bülow, Von Mackensen, Von Moltke, the Crown Prince Wilhelm, Von François, Ludendorff, Von Falkenhayn, Von Einem, Von Beseler, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, and Von Heeringen. Seated are the Crown Prince Rupprecht, Herzog Albrecht von Württemberg, Kaiser Wilhelm II., Von Kluck, Von Emmich, Von Haeseler, Von Hindenburg and Von Tirpitz.

(c) Democracy: government by the consent of the governed;

(d) Independence and autonomy for subject nations, e.g. Poland;

(e) Guarantee of security of life, of worship and of industrial and social development to all peoples;

(f) Freedom of the seas and free access to the great highway of the sea for all nations;

(g) International limitation of armaments.

The first item on this program may be regarded as already near to realization. The nations of Europe now

allied with the nations of North and South America in warfare against Germany constitute a League of Nations that is likely, after the war, to be fully competent to insure peace and justice throughout the world. And the common principle which more and more clearly underlies their common action is the principle of democracy. "Democratic world federation" and "the United States of the World" are phrases that we find in newspaper editorials. "It is the hour of the federation of the world, of the parliament of man," according to the *Christian Science Monitor* (Boston).

Mail service to Germany has been suspended as a result of the war. Well, anyway, there are no more notes to go. — *Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

If Germany had as many ships as are seen in various places by men with vivid imaginations she would take control of the seas. — *Jacksonville Times-Union*.

HOW WE PROPOSE TO HELP THE ALLIES

PRESIDENT WILSON'S Proclamation to the People, issued on April 15, would seem to make it clear that, for the present at least, the policy of the United States in the war is to be directed toward the continued and increased transportation of supplies and munitions to our European allies rather than toward anything spectacular in the way of naval and military assistance. There is no mention, to the disappointment of several papers, of expeditionary forces in France or elsewhere, and there is no attempt to visualize American craft racing hither and thither through dangerous waters in pursuit of German sea-wolves. The President's emphasis is on ships that are to do the comparatively prosaic work of carrying supplies, and on the abundant materials in our fields and mines and factories that are to clothe and equip not only our own people but also the armies across the sea. He speaks of "coal to keep the fires going in ships at sea and in the furnaces of hundreds of factories across the sea; steel out of which to make arms and ammunition both here and

there; rails for worn-out railways back of the fighting fronts; locomotives and rolling stock to take the place of those every day going to pieces; mules, horses, cattle for labor and for military service"; and he makes a special appeal to American farmers to meet "the supreme need of our own nation and of the nations with which we are cooperating" by furnishing an abundance of foodstuffs. All this, of course, is backed by the bond issue of seven billion dollars authorized by Congress—the greatest bond bill in the history of the world. Two billion dollars of this sum are for America's security and defense, and for the prosecution of the war. Three billion dollars are to be loaned to the Allies. But this loan, as the *New York Tribune* points out, really means supplies.

"You do not put cargoes of grain and copper and high explosives into anybody's treasury, and such are the things the Allies require of us. We do not send them money. We supply them with war merchandize, on credit. If we sent them three billion dollars in money—provided there was so



TWO-THIRDS OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION AT WAR

The extent of the world-conflagration is vividly indicated in this map, reproduced from the N. Y. *American*. Shadows cover the earth. China, with its 400,000,000 people, has taken the first step toward war. Of Europe, only Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland, Spain and Greece are not actively involved; in Africa only Abyssinia and Liberia; in North America only Mexico (which is far from being at peace). South America is expected to be dragged into the turmoil. Australia is wholly in the war. The entire population of the globe is estimated at 1,700,000,000. The number of belligerents is about 1,144,400,000.

much to be found in existence for that purpose—they would immediately send it back again to pay for commodities. Specifically, in this case, the United States government, having entered the war, undertakes to forward three billion dollars' worth of merchandise to the Allies, taking in payment their bonds, which shall be paid off years hence."

A "Pontoon" of Ships Across the Atlantic

THE problem of transportation across the ocean beset by enemy ships is to be met, it seems, by the construction of a fleet of wooden ships that will operate on so large a scale as to constantly replenish tonnage destroyed by German submarines. Major-Gen. George W. Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal, has been asked by the President to take general charge of the work of building these ships. The Federal Shipping Board has sent out a call for 150,000 lumbermen and wood-workers. Congress has authorized \$50,000,000 to start the program and will be asked for \$300,000,000 more. It comprehends the construction of three thousand vessels. A thousand of these ships, we read, will be completed in eighteen months, and by fall the yards at Beaumont, Texas, Jacksonville, Florida, and Pacific Coast points are expected to be turning out 200,000 tons, or approximately seventy vessels a month. Ultimately, it is stated, if the war continues more than a year, American shipbuilders will be able to replace as much tonnage each month as the German U-boats thus far have been able to sink. This does not mean that we are to be content with warring on enemy submarines by simply sending out more ships for them to sink. Press writers in London and Washington tell of plans already made between the American and Allied navies. It is hinted, in fact, that the American naval patrol of the Atlantic seaboard has already supplanted that of the French and English. And an executive order designating "defensive sea areas" on coasts of the United States and its insular possessions, concludes with this statement:

"The responsibility of the United States of America for

The boys in the trenches may have to crowd over to make room for Americans.—*Detroit Free Press*.

any damage inflicted by force of arms, with the object of detaining any persons or vessel proceeding in contravention to regulations duly promulgated in accordance with this Executive order, shall cease from this date (April 5)."

The areas specified are: Mouth of the Kennebec River, Portland, Me.; Portsmouth, Boston, New Bedford, Newport, Long Island east, New York east, New York main entrance, Delaware River, Chesapeake entrance, Baltimore, Potomac, Hampton Roads, Wilmington, Cape Fear, Charleston, Savannah, Key West, Tampa, Pensacola, Mobile, Mississippi, Galveston, San Diego, San Francisco, Columbia River, Port Orchard, Honolulu and Manila.

Sending an Army Across the Seas.

OUR military experts tell us that it will be months before a force can be sent abroad with any certainty that it will be able to take its place beside the French and British armies in the trenches, but the idea of American soldiers on the battlefields of the Old World already captivates the imagination of our people. The *Des Moines Register* makes the novel suggestion that American troops be sent to Mesopotamia to fight the Turks, and argues that they could do better service at that point than in France. The *New York Tribune* calls for the immediate dispatch of a division, drawn from our regular army, to Belgium. But Colonel Roosevelt does more than suggest. He offers his own person, and in a recent interview with the President discussed plans for raising a volunteer army for service in France. His proposal wins the hearty approval of Governor Whitman of New York, and evokes from Colonel Henry Watterson, of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the comment:

"There is a general belief that President Wilson will avail himself of the ex-President's offer of service in some form or other before hostilities have got well under way.

"The President is known to be deeply impressed with the manner in which Colonel Roosevelt has thrown all partisan feeling to the winds, and friends of the Administration say that any assistance which the White House can consistently give to the Roosevelt plan for raising volunteers will be given.

"Colonel Roosevelt can raise more troops and quicker than any other man. He could raise his division and have it ready to go while Congress and the Army Staff were getting the draft machinery started.

"The appearance of an ex-President of the United States carrying the Star-Spangled Banner over a body of American soldiers to the battlefield in Flanders will glorify us as will nothing else. It will electrify the world. In fancy we can see this sublime spectacle circling around the Arch of Stars and marching down the Champs Elysées, up through the Rue Royale, and passing the Madeleine, out the Boulevards to the Column of July, thence to the front, by that time let us hope across the Rhine."

If Brer Carranza keeps peace in Mexico he will be doing all that can be expected from him.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

GETTING A DEMOCRATIC NATION READY FOR WAR

IT is accepted as a settled thing that the United States, having entered the greatest war of modern times with a clear understanding and appreciation of the responsibilities involved in the act, is to proceed energetically and resolutely to raise two armies, one for home defense and one for service oversea. Preliminary steps to these ends are already being taken and recruiting is going on with a rush that gathers momentum throughout the country. In response to the vibrant words of the President, in what Colonel Watterson characterizes in his *Louisville Courier-Journal* as "the most significant and momentous deliverance on the part of the American people since the Declaration of Independence," both Houses of Congress, the Senate on April 4 by a vote of 82 to 6, and the House on April 6 by a vote of 373 to 50, passed a resolution declaring that a state of war has been thrust upon us by the German government and authorizing and directing the President "to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the government to carry on war against the Imperial German Government." As the *N. Y. World* points out, it is "a task of the first magnitude" that confronts us, one to which—as the President eloquently declared—"we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured." Furthermore, as the President added in his address:

"It will involve the organization and mobilization of all the material resources of the country to supply the materials of war and serve the incidental needs of the nation in the most abundant and yet the most economical and efficient way possible.

"It will involve the immediate full equipment of the navy in all respects, but particularly in supplying it with the best means of dealing with the enemy's submarines.

"It will involve the immediate addition to the armed forces of the United States, already provided for by law in case of war, of at least 500,000 men, who should, in my opinion, be chosen upon the principle of universal liability to service, and also the authorization of subsequent additional increments of equal force so soon as they may be needed and can be handled in training.

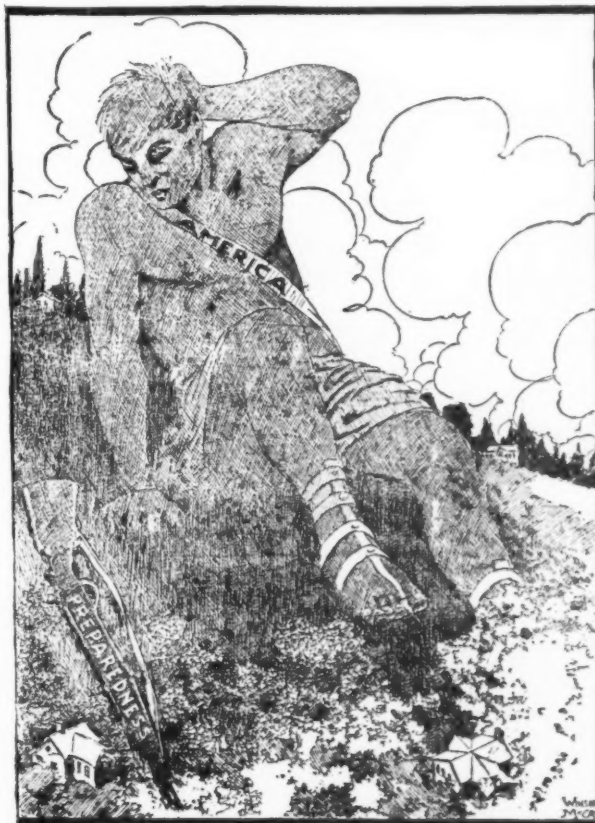
"It will involve also, of course, the granting of adequate credits to the Government, sustained, I hope, so far as they can equitably be sustained by the present generation, by well conceived taxation. . . .

"In carrying out the measures by which these things are to be accomplished we should keep constantly in mind the wisdom of interfering as little as possible in our own preparation and in the equipment of our own military forces with the duty—for it will be a very practical duty—of supplying the nations already at war with Germany with the materials which they can obtain only from us or by our assistance. They are in the field and we should help them in every way to be effective there."

What It Means to Mobilize a Great Nation for War.

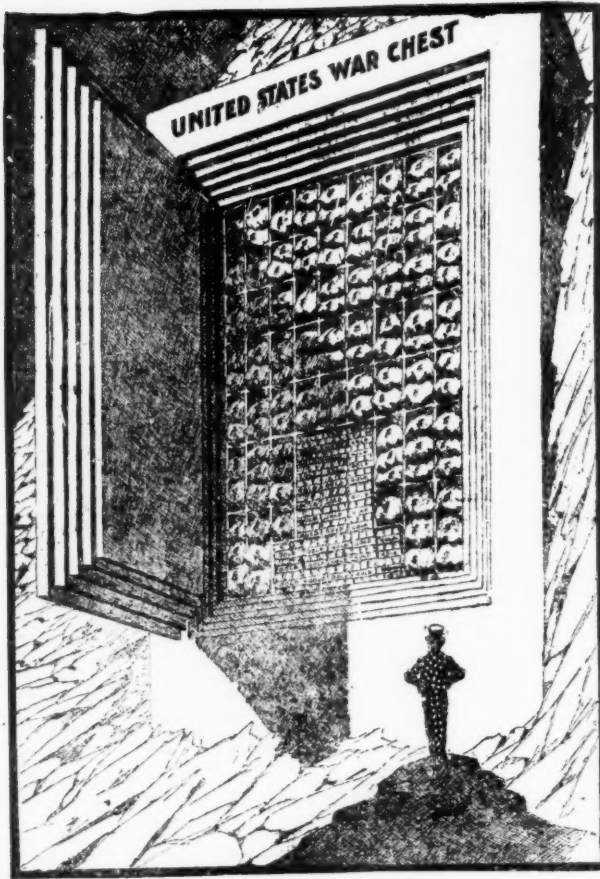
THE first practical step made by Congress in the prosecution of the war took the form of a unanimous vote of \$7,000,000,000 for the war chest. But

this was only a beginning. The actual task of mobilizing our resources rests on the shoulders of the President and of his immediate advisers. The usual way of going to war is to start in with bands playing and guns firing, with volunteers and heroes and martial display, and to count the cost afterward. This time, however, owing to lack of military preparation, we begin with costs and shall undergo months of drill and taxpaying and self-denying before we can hope to strike an effective blow. Apropos of the method of raising the \$7,000,000,000 voted by Congress, the *Baltimore Sun* hopes that "the plan to issue bonds in denominations as low as \$25 will be adhered to, or that some method providing for payment in instalments will be arranged." The *Sun* believes that "the first great war loan should be a people's loan"; to which the *N. Y. World* agrees and adds that to "put a \$100 United States bond into hands that never felt the tangible evidence of partnership in the government" would not only "give a stimulus to further saving, but would enlist great new forces for stability with democracy in government." Let this be done, urges the *World*, and "stop all this silly talk about a rich man's loan." The *N. Y. Globe*, seconded by the German-language press generally, and the *N. Y. Herald* in particular, agrees with the President that the expenses of the war should be "met as much as possible by taxation, and as little as may be by bond issues. The action of Congress now and in future should be directed to seeing to it that no one is the richer because of war." The *N. Y. Evening Sun* hears a "good deal of



THE WAKING GIANT

—McCay in *N. Y. American*



HIS STRONGEST DEFENSE!

—McCay in N. Y. American

hysterical talk about the harm done to future generations by passing along a large funded debt to them," and reminds us that our Civil War heritage debt in 1865 was \$3,000,000,000, at a time when the total wealth of the United States did not exceed \$25,000,000,000. On the same ratio of borrowing to security "the government should now be able to raise at least \$21,000,000,000 without more hardship, present or future, than was imposed by the debt of 1865."

**It Is Up to the American
Farmer to Win the War.**

"WITH all our resources," said the President when defining the measure of our participation in the war. Those resources, actual and potential, are so varied and so vast that it is difficult to visualize them. After man-power and money-power comes the equally important item of food. "Upon the farmer rests in large measure the responsibility of winning the war," declared the resolutions adopted at the recent St. Louis conference of agricultural experts looking to production of greater crops as an emergency measure. It has become more and more apparent as the days have gone by that a third and greater army than the ones we must raise for home defense and for service oversea, must be enlisted immediately for work on the farms. The United States has money in plenty; it has ammunition material in plenty, or will have it as soon as it is needed; potentially it has men in plenty; but it is short, and is daily growing shorter, of food. Food is a first essential to the successful prosecution of the war, the *Christian Science Monitor* reiterates; while the Chi-

cago *Tribune* points out that "with all its resources and accumulated wealth in other forms, the United States cannot confidently undertake the task it has voluntarily set itself until it is assured that it can feed its own civil population, and its soldiers and its sailors, and also contribute largely toward supplying foodstuffs to the nations with which we are (as yet) informally allied." The statement that a great shortage in the supply of foodstuffs is threatened is not based upon theory or unsubstantial presumption. Representatives of the largest produce markets in the world are agreed upon that point. In the hope of checking the upward trend of prices, all speculative trading on the Chicago Board of Trade has ceased. J. Ogden Armour, head of the packing house which his father, Philip D. Armour, founded, who is engaged in world-wide traffic, and is familiar with food conditions in all corners of the globe, says in an interview that "the people of the United States are not awake to the seriousness of the situation they are facing." The European production, he says, is "cut in half. Argentina has suffered loss. We have entered the war. Our first duty is to see that both our people and our allies have food."

**Hoover Takes Hold of the Or-
ganization of Our Food Supply.**

THE appointment of Herbert C. Hoover as chairman of the new American Food Board of the National Defense Council is endorsed by the press of the country without exception. His acceptance of the post has been accompanied by impressive warnings. There must be a much greater production of food in this country, we are told, and waste must be eliminated. There must be an "end of speculation and self-indulgence," and "every ounce of our surplus must go to the Allies." The work done by Hoover in Belgium and northern France, says the N. Y. *World*, has revealed in him a mastery of organization and an expert knowledge of food production, distribution and values that amounts to genius. In normal times, as pointed out by the Springfield *Republican*, our wheat exports average about 100,000,000 bushels a year, but in war the exports required from us may rise to between 300,000,000 and 400,000,000 bushels. On any such basis of figuring there would be a disastrous wheat shortage in this country, according to the present outlook for the new crop and, says the *Republican*, "it will tax the genius, and resources of this new food 'dictator' to find the labor necessary to stimulate agriculture as it needs to be stimulated." In a recent message to the farmers of America through the National Agricultural Society, the imperative duty of the agricultural districts to respond to the call for bumper crops this year is thus emphasized by President Wilson:

"At the present moment it is our plain duty to take adequate steps that not only our own people be fed, but that we may if possible answer the call for food of other nations now at war.

"In this greatest of human needs I feel that the American farmer will do his part to the uttermost. By planting and increasing his production in every way possible, every farmer will perform a labor of patriotism for which he will be recognized as a soldier of the commissary, adding his share to the food supply of the people."

What is being done to perform the patriotic duty so strikingly pointed out by the President? Several states

have taken the lead through the initiative, not of the federal government, the *N. Y. Evening Mail* points out, but of the state authorities. In Indiana, for instance, the farmers, the bankers and the state administration have combined their forces and organized as "soldiers of the commissary." In New York a \$10,000,000 loan advanced by public-spirited capitalists already awaits the farmers of this and neighboring states. A feature of this loan which the *N. Y. Times* commends is that "no mortgage is involved, the loans to be made at 4½ per cent. on the personal notes of the applicants."

How We Can Avoid the Mistakes of the Allies.

IN the mobilization of labor, the Advisory Committee on Labor of the Council of National Defense is assured of such cooperation from all the union labor leaders, headed by Samuel Gompers, as should serve to prevent any repetition of the confusion and delay that England experienced at the critical time of getting into action. Appalling European examples, flooded with the light of disaster, have been visible to us: the industrial strikes in England; the complaint in the Chamber of Deputies that French munition manufacturers have grown rich on the country's necessities. Says Melville Davisson Post, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "the American government may as well do in the beginning what it must inevitably do in the end: lay down a broad plan for mobilizing the entire nation; a plan of universal obligation; a plan of preparedness without profits." This, contends the *N. Y. Times*, is exactly what is being done by the Council of



THE LAST STAND

—May in Toledo Blade

National Defense, and furthermore, we read, the copper producers of the country, as an act of patriotism, have agreed to cut in half the price of copper for American army and navy uses for a period of one year, "so as to enable the government to pursue its military projects without being charged war profits." Says the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, in this connection:

"The great discrepancy between quotations given the government and private consumers cannot be made clear in simple figures. During the past month Japanese buyers hesitated to pay 8c., or \$160 a ton for ship plates. Last week they decided to place the order when the price was advanced to 10c., or \$200 a ton, and producers refused to take the order. . . . On steel bars the government will receive an advantage of \$27 a ton. While the money consideration is large, prompt deliveries is far more important. The report that financiers having their money invested in manufacturing properties favored war for the purpose of reaping a financial harvest, is disposed of. The facts are they will suffer great financial loss."

Meanwhile the new Adamson-Administration bill empowers the President to take possession of and operate, during the period of the war, all railroad, telephone and telegraph lines and to draft into the military service the employers of such common carriers. Not since 1862, when Abraham Lincoln had authority to commandeer railroads "in the suppression of rebellion" has it been proposed to give the Chief Executive of the United States such sweeping powers, comments the *N. Y. Evening Sun*.

Is the Censorship to Have Teeth In It?

ALL doubt regarding the purpose of the government to establish a press censorship has been dispelled by the action of the President in creating by executive order a Committee on Public Information, of which George Creel is chairman, to combine the two functions of censorship and publicity. In a letter sent to the President recommending the step, Secretaries Lansing, Baker and Daniels say that the national needs at present are "confidence, enthusiasm and service," and



WELCOME!

—Kirby in N. Y. World

that these needs will not be met without the fullest publicity on all the vital facts of national defense. "Premature or ill-advised announcements," the letter continues, "of policies, plans and specific activities, whether innocent or otherwise, would constitute a source of danger." Just how broad the powers of the committee may be, is yet to be determined. The N. Y. *Herald* hopes that a "discriminating" censorship will prevail; while the N. Y. *Times* asserts that "it would be a monstrous abuse of legislative authority to put into the hands of the government the power to interfere with the legitimate business of the newspapers."

Among the other metropolitan papers, the *Evening Post* is disposed to challenge the constitutionality of a censorship that bestows upon the President "an authority not possessed by the rulers of England and Germany." Says the *Wall Street Journal*:

"In a democracy like ours, the spectacle of a military campaign conducted on the methods of Secretary Alger may well terrify us. But such administration, without the public safeguard of fair criticism, would make the censorship valuable to the enemy alone. A Congress uncriticized ceases to be a representative body, and indeed, with the legislative and administrative tools we have, criticism becomes a patriotic, if painful, duty."

Uncle Sam has simply announced to Germany that he doesn't intend to be a doormat.—*Detroit Free Press*.

It must be a satisfaction for some of these German-Americans to go on murdering the English language.—N. Y. *Telegraph*.

MUST WE RESORT TO CONSCRIPTION?

IN concluding his testimony before the House Military Committee on April 11, Secretary Baker reiterated his belief in the necessity of conscription to raise an army. At the same time it was learned that the War Department virtually had decided on plans under which an opportunity would be given for approximately half a million men to volunteer for service

during the term of the war. Almost without a dissenting voice, however, the newspaper press of the country is urging the adoption of the Selective Draft system which the President has recommended. The Selective Draft system, by which all the men between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five are called into the service of the country, enables the government, as the N. Y. *World* points out, to "raise an army without weakening its economic resources." Under that policy, men who ought to be on the farms, railroads and in various lines of industry, can be kept there. The army can be made up of men without wives or dependents, of men taken from the non-essential industries. At the same time, the shirkers and slackers can be compelled to do their share, either in military or industrial service. For Congress to adopt a different policy, says the *World*, in spite of all the practical information at its command, is "to help Germany at the expense of the United States and of all the democracies that are battling for the life of free governments." In comparing the two systems, the *Springfield Republican* reminds us of the incalculable damage sustained by England when the British volunteer army was recruited. "In one battalion there were two hundred expert munition-workers who were worth their weight in gold to their country in the industry that they deserted."

Leading Men of the Nation Urge the Selective Draft System.

AMONG those of qualified leadership who strongly urge the adoption of the Selective Draft Army Bill is ex-President Taft, who pronounces the volunteer system to be "the least effective, the most unjust and the most expensive system that can be adopted." He adds:

"The victories that have attended us in our wars have not been due to that system, but have been in spite of it. Nevertheless, it has seemed to me in the past that so great was the popular feeling against conscription and in favor of the volunteer system, that conscription was impossible.

"It gives me profound satisfaction to believe, however, from a recent discussion of it before audiences in many parts of the country, that the lessons of the European war, the experience of Great Britain, and the emergency in which this country now finds herself, have aroused the practical,



TRY THE OTHER BOTTLE, UNCLE!

—McCall in N. Y. *American*

common sense of the American people and have led them to approve the compulsory service bill as best adapted to our immediate needs and to the requirements of the wise, permanent military policy."

This attitude is also taken by several former Secretaries of War, one, Luke E. Wright, condemning the volunteer system as "undemocratic, expensive and inefficient," while another, Henry L. Stimson, believes that "the system of universal training and service should be introduced permanently," and "the experience of my recent trip through the middle West makes me believe that the people would cheerfully support it." If the Selective Draft Bill becomes a law, the President will designate by proclamation a day of registration on which the young men of the country will be required to enroll their names. Those who refuse to enroll will be arrested. The State officers will exempt from military service all engaged in industries deemed necessary to the maintenance of the military establishment or to the welfare of the nation. From the remainder 500,000 will be selected to go to training camps.

"Conscription Is An Imputation on American Patriotism."

INFLUENTIAL voices, however, are raised against conscription. The *Topeka Capital* is unalterably opposed to conscription in any form and believes it expresses the will of Kansas in saying that the "unpopularity" of conscription at this time—the outset of the war—is due to the sense that "it is an imputation upon the patriotism of the country." Says the *N. Y. Evening Post* in much the same vein:

"Recall that England's armies to-day are virtually volunteer armies, that conscription was brought in after 4,500,000 men had come forward of their own will, that the results of conscription were a fairly insignificant addition to the British strength, and that the motives behind conscription were probably political. Australian and Canadian armies are volunteer armies. Finally, the principle of selection can be worked under the volunteer system quite as well as under conscription."

The question of conscription, in the opinion of the *N. Y. Tribune*, is "not the question of raising troops to fight Germany. It is the question of training men to fight at the drop of the hat, that our country may not again be two years away from preparedness when its sovereignty is threatened." Volunteering is a system, the *Tribune* warns us, which enables a nation to defend itself two years after it is attacked.

A Common-Sense Army as It Looks on Paper.

WITH an eye fixed on the future, Frederick Upham Adams advocates, in *Reedy's* (St. Louis) *Mirror*, a regular standing army of not less than four hundred thousand men who, when not engaged in fighting, "should devote a considerable portion of time to the construction of roads and other public works fitted for the purposes of peace as well as the exigencies of war." The main objection, he argues, to a large standing army

in times of peace is that it is non-productive and also a heavy burden for the taxpayers to carry. Why not then, seriously asks this authority on economics, have



THE FIRST SHOT

—Kirby in *N. Y. World*

a common-sense army that will practically be self-supporting? He replies:

"Assuming that the regular soldier now has eight hours for sleep, three hours for drills, and three hours for meals, there remain ten hours—most of them daylight hours. He now spends these ten hours in loafing, reading, and some of it in drinking. I propose that the regular soldier shall drill three hours and work on the construction of public works five hours, thus completing the eight-hour day for which the labor organizations contend.

"Since these men will become producers, their pay should be increased. There are about three hundred working days in the year. The men will work five hours each day, or a total of one thousand five hundred hours a year. Pay them thirty cents an hour, or \$450 a year for this labor. In consideration of their regular military duties they receive their board and lodging, clothes and possibly a few other perquisites.

"Let us assume that 133,333 young men enter this service each year, each individual serving three years and then retiring to constitute a trained unit in the reserve corps of the nation. There would thus be established in three years a national army of 400,000 men with 133,333 enlisting and 133,333 retiring each year."

An army of 400,000 enlisted men at \$450 a year would cost \$180,000,000 annually, but the writer maintains that it would render industrial, in addition to military, services that would be worth millions to the country and would provide each man with a considerable capital, in the form of savings, on his return to civil life.

Wouldn't Billy Sunday make a grand chaplain for Roosevelt's division!—*N. Y. Telegraph*.

Roosevelt is willing to have a commander over him in case he is allowed to raise a division. His patriotism is unquestionable and overwhelming.—*Baltimore American*.

Jeannette Rankin's sob was more eloquent than a three-hour speech.—*Toledo Blade*.

The pacifists doubt if Milton was right when he said, "Peace hath her victories no less renown'd than war."—*Deseret Evening News*.

GROWING DISSATISFACTION WITH LLOYD GEORGE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THAT political revolt against the ministry of Lloyd George which smouldered in liberal circles when the famous Welshman made his compact with organized labor assumed last month the aspect of a crisis. Nothing in the press comment of London suggests for the moment anything more serious than a determination in both liberal and conservative circles to put an end to the excesses of the bureaucratic system, to the despotic sway of functionaries emancipated from the control of the habeas corpus act and similar ancient

common men. He does not comprehend that the legal rights and privileges of all should be on the same basis. He seeks the exaltation of labor leaders above dukes. He does not comprehend the sanctity of the liberty guaranteed by the unwritten constitution of Britain. He rides roughshod over the middle classes. He pets the proletariat while denying them real, recognizable liberty. It is hardly too much to say that these words from the *London World*, strong as they are, represent an immense and growing body of opinion inside and outside the House of Commons:

"There seems to be a feeling among all classes of the community that it is highly dangerous to those principles of Liberty for which we are understood to be waging this war that we should indefinitely surrender ourselves, our souls and bodies, our present and future belongings, into the hands of a bureaucracy which bids fair to rival Prussian despotism without the saving grace of Prussian efficiency.

"Slowly, but surely, under the lure that these sacrifices are essential to achieve the overthrow of Germany, we are yielding up every privilege which Englishmen held most dear.

"We are hemmed in by vexatious regulations on every side.

"For two years we have submitted to darkened streets, which have been productive of more casualties than all the Zeppelin raids put together.

"We have lowered ourselves to the level of animals in captivity by allowing ourselves to be fed and watered only at certain specified hours.

"We have had our means of locomotion restricted by the limitations on petrol. Our train service has been cut down and our fares put up, the combination amounting in many cases to eviction from homes where we have spent all our lives.

"We have submitted to a system of passports and visés which makes England, to all intents and purposes, a vast prison, with Government officials as gaolers.

"Our letters are rigorously censored, and our most private affairs laid bare to the scrutiny of inquisitive officials.

"We have accepted instructions from an ignorant Minister as to the quantity of food we may consume at a meal, and the amount we shall pay for it."



THERE CAN BE NO HEALING OF THE WOUND TILL THE THORN IS REMOVED

—Darling in N. Y. Tribune

rights of the Anglo-Saxon race. Nevertheless, should Mr. Lloyd George persist in a policy that diminishes the civil liberties of Britons, he may be disconcerted by an adverse vote in the House of Commons. Such liberal organs as the *London News* and the *Manchester Guardian* grow more and more direct in their intimations to this effect. In fact the organ of society, the *London World*, and even the organ of the conservative party, the *London Post*, begin to hint that Mr. Lloyd George lends himself too readily to despotic methods that are superfluous as instrumentalities of war.

Lloyd George and the British Character.

MUCH of the embarrassment in store for Mr. Lloyd George when he undertakes to pacify the Commons will be due, his newspaper critics say, to his misconception of the English character. He has been accused by many influential London newspapers of misunderstanding the nature of democracy which, as he views it, works out in a humiliation of aristocrats by

Ineffectual Efforts to Curb Lloyd George.

THERE is not the slightest evidence in the words and acts of Mr. Lloyd George to take the hint that he is too despotic. He is of the opinion that while the coalition lasts, that is, the combination underlying the ministry and of which "labor" is the cornerstone, he can snap his fingers at the opposition. That is precisely what he is doing, according to the *London News*. In the columns of that influential newspaper, Mr. Arnold Bennett goes so far as to say that the forces of reaction are assuming a more and more predominant place in the Lloyd George government:

"The strong influences of a reaction which fancies itself secure in the saddle, and which is incapable of judging the situation, are to be seen everywhere. Without that reaction at the back of him Sir Edward Carson would never have dared to resume his old uncompromizing attitude on the Irish question, nor would the sensitive Prime Minister have thought fit to moralize to the Irish Party as he did. Without the support and encouragement of the reaction

Mr. Austen Chamberlain would never have dared to attempt to impose administratively upon the Empire a working sample of the discredited doctrine for which his father ruined a party and a career. Without the reassuring feel of that reaction in the background the devisers and approvers of the existing outrageous machinery for compelling people to volunteer for National Service would have neither devised nor approved such machinery."

Feeling in the Interior
of England.

LONDON should not be accepted as a barometer of the state of public opinion in England, as the *Yorkshire Post* admits, and there is no doubt that the provincial press, taken as a whole, reflects the growing dissatisfaction of important elements in the land with a policy of bureaucracy. It is observed of Mr. Lloyd George by his foes that all his ideas of "reform" are economic rather than political. His great old-age-pension scheme was taken over from Germany. His land policy looked more or less like the application of single-tax theories, but all his measures otherwise are said to be Prussian rather than British. These remarks emanate from that section of the English press which remains true to the orthodox liberalism represented by Mr. Asquith. The followers of that gentleman are still smarting under the sense of wrong created by the mode of his expulsion. This feeling is accentuated by the Northcliffe press, led by the *London Times*, to involve him in the discredit of everybody and everything spread by the now famous Dardanelles report. This investigation of the most disastrous expedition against the Turk ever attempted was completed just before the death of Lord Cromer. The reputation of Kitchener himself does not emerge undimmed, but the partisans of Lloyd George are said to be saddling all the odium of the condemnation upon Mr. Asquith. This, as the *London Spectator* observes, is grossly unfair, seeing that Lloyd George was a conspicuous member of the ministry that launched this tragic enterprise. Winston

Churchill is the scapegoat-in-chief, but the Northcliffe press argues that Mr. Asquith should have restrained the reckless "Winnie."

Will Mr. Lloyd George
"Climb Down"?

THOSE British students of the situation in the House of Commons who understand the character of the Prime Minister, predict that Mr. Lloyd George will moderate the autocratic methods of his government in



"BAGGED!"

—Tan in Providence Journal



THE BREAKING OF THE FETTERS

—London Punch

matters that are not essential. He knows he must do something, observes the *London Westminster Gazette*, a liberal organ which dislikes all opposition to a war ministry but which speaks boldly at times when the traditional liberties of the English are endangered. This is the form the discussion tends more and more to take when the political crisis is viewed from the standpoint of principle. Must England become a despotic monarchy, ruled by an army of bureaucrats, simply to wage a great war? The line taken by the *Manchester Guardian* and its contemporaries of the liberal school is that despotic methods are not efficient methods. There was a policy of secrecy under Lord Kitchener when he swayed the War Office, and the result was that the maddest escapade in military annals was launched against the Turk. The excuse for this secrecy was that if it did not prevail the enemy would derive information of great importance. The Dardanelles report shows that the enemy knew all it was essential for his purpose to know, whereas behind the veil of secrecy at home public opinion was misled into endorsing an act of madness. The lesson of the episode, now fully exposed, says the *London News*, is to end secret government.

THE CONFLICT WITHIN THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF RUSSIA

A FURIOUS contest for control of the provisional government at Petrograd is proceeding with the conservative wing on one side and the radical wing on the other. How the contest has gone hitherto no newspaper in western Europe seems to know. At the head of the moderating party stands the famed Professor Milyoukoff, still acting as foreign minister and still inclining, from accounts in the London *Times*, to the fullest cooperation with the Entente. The extremists, those who regard the war as a great opportunity for the working classes, are led by Alexander Feodorovitch Kerensky, Minister of Justice, head of the "left" or proletarian party. Kerensky is that deputy from Saratoff who so boldly advocated revolutionary measures before the Czar's abdication and the *Figaro* says he is thoroughly trusted by the Russian working classes. He is a lawyer and a journalist by profession and to him, if we may believe the French press, the Socialist from Germany, Philipp Scheidemann, looked as the champion of a separate peace. Just how Scheidemann managed to communicate with Kerensky last month—if he actually did so—nobody knows. Milyoukoff, as foreign minister, seems to be insisting that the new Russian government is bound by the pact with the Entente. Indeed, the newspapers of the Entente took it for granted at first that there would be no doubt of the loyalty of democratic Russia to the Alliance with the West in general and to the Dual Alliance in particular. Since then, there have been rumors of a German plan to detach Russia.



"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—"

—Cesare in N. Y. Post

Moderate Russia Holds the Balance of Power.

THERE is no doubt in the London newspaper mind that Prince Luoff is having a difficult time in holding the balance even between the followers of Kerensky and those of Milyoukoff. The newspaper which seems to reflect so clearly the views of the latter, the *Retch* (Petrograd), observes that the purpose of the revolution was to foil a plot of the treasonable faction that tried to sell Russia out to German autocracy. The *Retch* has long been noted for its efforts to harmonize Russian world policy with British world policy, but its views are not expressed in terms that appeal to the proletarian mind. Nevertheless, its attitude of devotion to the Entente is significant and in the light of its comment upon the international situation ever since the revolution, one may say that there is a strong faction in the provisional government that will under no circumstances listen to a separate peace. Kerensky, on the other hand, is a bold spirit who will be followed by the socialists and communists. His policy is for the international solidarity of the working classes. Again and again in the Duma he has declared that the laborers of all lands are brethren. He has the support of disaffected soldiers who are clamoring, both in the barracks and at the front, that Russia withdraw from the war. What he would do if Russia were confronted by a truly democratized Germany is one of the problems of the hour.

Riddle of the Revolutionized Russia.

HAVING recovered from their amazement at the revolution itself, those western European newspapers which at first hailed the new Russia as the natural ally of Great Britain and France, are revising some of their conclusions. It seems clear now that the British government was in no sense a party to the revolution, did not finance its troops during the fateful week of disorder at Petrograd and did not advise the leaders of the Duma at any stage. This ought to be made very clear, according to the *Temps*, for it is no part of the duty of the French or the English to dictate to the Russians regarding their form of government. Indeed, it seems clear, as the *Echo* says, that Germany is in the business of fomenting revolutions all over the world. Moreover, the British tried to compose the French mind on the subject of Russia when the cabinet at Paris was disposed to accuse the ally of treason to the common cause. If there was any outside factor in the Russian revolution, it was German, a fact which gives significance to the suspicion in western Europe that Berlin knew what was coming long before the event. There is no doubt that the Wilhelmstrasse is making capital out of the abdication of Nicholas II. in Italy, where a situation long delicate is growing dangerous, and in Spain, where the constitutional guarantees are suspended and the people of the north seem to be in revolt. It is apparent to French dailies, including the *Débats*, that German influences are busy in Petrograd, but it is an established fact that Prince Luoff sees no hope for Russia in any pact with Germany.

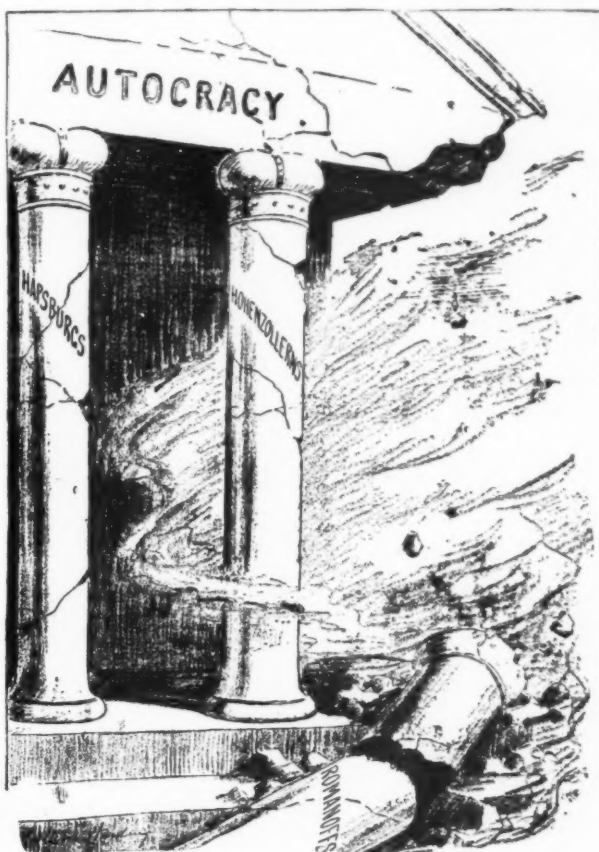
The Russian Cabinet and the German Peril.

THE most determined foe of the Germans in the Russian government is presumed to be Alexander Ivanovitch Chingareff, now at the head of the department of agriculture. The *Temps* deems him one of the most gifted statesmen in Russia. He has sat for Petrograd in the Duma and his fiery speeches on the German peril have had much to do with the progress of events since the fall of the dynasty. The moment a German intrigue accomplishes anything in Russia, the French dailies seem to think, Chingareff will resign. The course of events will be made plain to the knowing, says the *Gaulois*, by the men who leave the provisional government within the next month or two. If Chingareff stays, the British and the French will feel secure. The same may be said of the minister of national defense, Alexander Ivanovitch Goutchkoff, who stands or falls with Chingareff. Goutchkoff is one of the great figures of liberal Russia. He was the first to denounce Rasputin, the monk, to the public. He is one of the organizers of the well-known Octobrist party, so styled because it proposed to put in force the liberal principles promulgated in a certain October some years ago. Goutchkoff has a great gift for administration and is a high authority upon armament and military law. Upon him, to a great extent, the French dailies, including the *Matin*, rely to press the campaign with vigor. He would never listen to proposals for a separate peace with Russia.

Delicacy of the Situation in Petrograd.

SUMMING up the comment of the western European newspapers, it may be said that the peril of a separate peace between Russia and Germany is somewhat closely related to the fortunes of the Socialist group in the Reichstag. If Philipp Scheidemann, as the agent of German Socialism, talks of a separate peace with Russia, because his country has become democratic, why should he hesitate to make peace with France, the most democratic nation in the world? Why should he shrink from peace with Great Britain, the home of representative institutions, the land where a labor ministry is a possibility of the near future? That series of questions has been asked in the *Retch*, and the *Paris Figaro* has dwelt upon the same consideration. It ap-

pears from recent remarks in the Duma by one of the conspicuous cadet leaders, Nicholas Vissarionevitch Nekrassoff, now in the ministry and a distinguished engineer, that the western world takes too seriously recent reports of a German plot in Petrograd. The leaders of Russian opinion, he says, know that the path of safety for democratic Russia is in the company of



NEXT?

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

the democratic powers. Nekrassoff enjoys great prestige among the deputies and his words suggest that the German project for a separate peace is for the moment in abeyance.

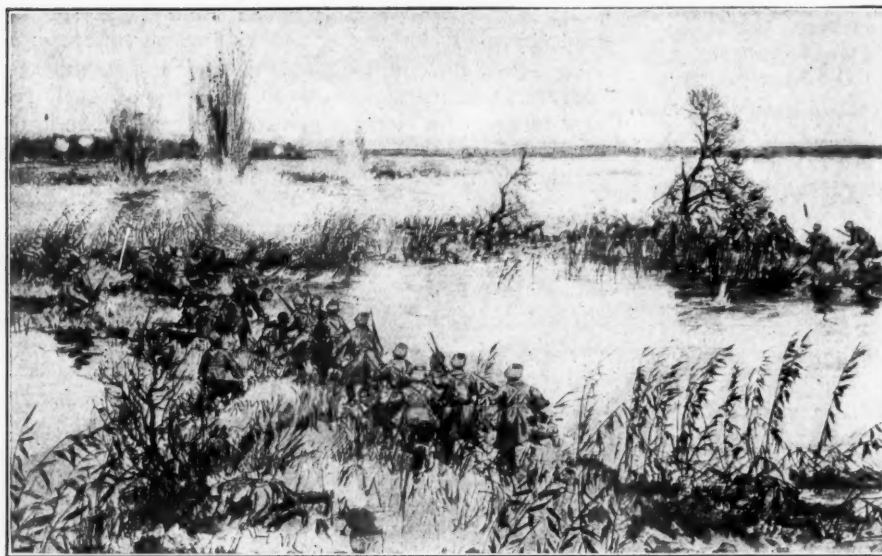
Things are not always what they seem. Democracy in Russia is thus far democracy, but it is bearing itself well. —Columbus Evening Dispatch.

The Kaiser is willing to give the people a greater share in the government after the war, but some of them don't want to wait. —Jacksonville Times-Union.

THE RUMORED PEACE IN THE LIGHT OF THE MILITARY SITUATION

ACCEPTING at their face value the elucidations of the military crisis on the western European front which appear in such organs as the London *Times* and the Paris *Temps*, we must suppose an overwhelming superiority of ammunition on the side of the Allies. The railroad route from Boulogne to the front, it is said in organs of the Allies, is practically a continuous ammunition train. Behind the lines in northern France and in Belgium, the armies of the Allies have accumulated ammunition sufficient for a continuous bombardment for two years to come. They have arranged, under Nivelle and Haig, to blow the face of the country

in front of them into craters until it looks like a map of the moon. England has piled up ammunition in such tremendous quantities that the factories have been compelled to slow down for want of storage room. The Germans are said to know well that they can not hope to retain either northern France nor Belgium until next November at the latest and perhaps not as long as until next August. The Germans will thus soon be at the Rhine. Hindenburg is said to realize this. In fact, there is a sort of unofficial assurance in the minds of the Allies that the war is about to come to an end because the Germans see the futility of standing up



FIGHTING IN THE MARSHES ON THE RIGA FRONT

This picture shows Russian infantry advancing under heavy fire in the marshes of the Dvina. Despite severe winter weather, the Russians have held on to the ground they gained recently on a front of seven miles between Lake Babit and the Tirul Marsh.

against the rain of shells. Accurate or inaccurate as all this may be, it reflects the mood of confidence in the Allied camp and explains the mysterious gossip of an impending peace that fills the European air.

Burden of Turkey on the German General Staff.

WHILE the situation in the West is thus so unfavorable to the Germans, they are worn with another anxiety, according, at least, to the English, in the shape of Turkey. If the Turkish power is not to disappear, says the well-informed military expert of the London *Westminster Gazette*, it will cost Germany a far greater effort to save it than would have been the case a few months ago. The fault, says this commentator, has been that of Berlin. The government at Constantinople has hitherto been most pliable to every suggestion from Berlin. The Germans dare not abandon Turkey. That would lose them the confidence of their other allies.

"One supposition is that the Germans are prepared meanwhile to risk everything in order to concentrate against the British and 'settle' with them. A certain concentration is manifest enough, but it may be observed in regard to it first that, as experience has shown, a greater weight of numbers is now necessary in order to cope with the British attack, and, secondly, if the weight is thus opposed to the British it cannot be opposed to other Allied forces. It cannot be in more than one place at once. Further, the risks which have to be taken on the East, because of this now necessary concentration, are grave risks, and they are growing. What in short the situation comes to is that if the British are to be 'settled with' the scheme of a Greater Germany must be cast into the melting-pot. There can be no pretence of doing the one and keeping up the other. Unless Turkey is adequately helped the scheme goes; conversely, adequate help to Turkey must cloud the prospects of the 'settlement.' The choice, even at its best, lies between ruin on the East and ruin on the West."

Possibility of a German Attack in the West.

IN any consideration of the military movements of the Germans in the West last month, a distinction must be drawn, as the experts of the Allies admit, between a

political consideration and a military one. It was politically disadvantageous to the Germans to withdraw as they did on such a great scale, says the expert of the London organ already named, but from a military standpoint it had its compensations. The Germans have at any rate a shorter and a straighter line. It is a line fortified over much of its length by serious natural obstacles. The strain of maintaining the campaign is reduced. Grave risks are eliminated. To this extent the comments of the military experts of such dailies as the *Kreuz-Zeitung* and the *Vorwärts* are endorsed by the Allied Press. There remains the loss of prestige at home

—what has been styled the political consideration. The more the German experts account to their people for the "straightened retirement," the more their obligation grows to attempt some offensive. Experience of Germany in war justifies, hence, the anticipation of an attack in the West upon a grand scale. This explains to the Allies, apparently, the renewal at different times in the past two months of the attacks upon Verdun. Few,



A WINTER'S NIGHT ON THE FRENCH FRONT AT VERDUN

There is something haunting in this portrayal of a successful night attack on the village of Bougevaux, north of Verdun. The soldiers shown are those of the "Thirty-Second Brigade," a regiment that displayed conspicuous bravery in the wars of the Revolution, and that won from Napoleon the title of "The Daring Thirty-Second."

even among the expert of the Allies, says this military authority in the British camp, appear to have appreciated adequately the measure and the consequence of the Verdun reverse to the Germans. The effects of that reverse have been, in connection with the retirements of recent weeks, to shut the Germans in, to interfere with their mobility for offensive purposes. This they will not tolerate. The events of the next few weeks must, then, answer the question regarding the ability of Germany to continue the war for another year or two. She wants a decision this year. If she fails to achieve results at Verdun or if she refrains from any attack there in great numbers, then, we are asked to believe by the Allied experts, the end is in sight.

A German Determination to Break Through.

INSTEAD of a solitary Verdun in the near future, the world is likely to witness half a dozen Verduns simultaneously, in the opinion of the *London World*, a journal which has read the Berlin mind with great



BRITISH SOLDIERS REPELLING A GERMAN SURPRISE ASSAULT

A picture that brings the war very close to us. German soldiers are seen advancing through the fields in the early morning light. They have hoped to surprise the enemy, but, instead, they find an alert and well-organized defense.

accuracy in the past. The attacks of the Allies, in the course of the month that is ending, were in the nature of anticipation of this German offensive with a view to securing the advantages of position. The real battle is still to come. The Crown Prince is determined to hurl hundreds of thousands of men against the lines in the West with orders to break through, cost what it may. The Germans will naturally attack at a point which they deem the weakest. The fear of this observer is that the coordination of the Allies, so fine for the offensive, will prove inadequate to a defensive. No fear is expressed on the subject of the ammunition supply by organs of the Allies generally, altho there is a fear over the guns. But there is a feeling that the strategy and the tactics, too, will be tested severely. If there be union of all the nations against the Germans, this effort must be their last. Then, indeed, if all goes well, peace can be restored to the distracted earth. Should there be a collapse at a vital point, should the Germans prove unexpectedly strong, or if their plan embodies the conception of some military genius in reserve for the great emergency, the war will have to go on indefinitely—although on a less colossal scale. The basis of confidence among the Allies is their belief that if Germany does not win this year she can never win.

A Million More Men for the Front.

RUMORS that the armies at the front need reinforcement on such a grand scale have been circulated all over England in ever so many newspapers, but what the *London World* would like to know is whether these troops are to be secured from those now undergoing training or whether they are to be freshly called. If the new million must be had at once, and if they are to come from civil life, it is obvious that what has been so confidently stated regarding the ammunition supply has no bearing on the new offensive at all. The assumption must, then, be ruled out. What is needed is a great force to meet a "last stand" at home in case, refusing to submit to humiliating peace terms, Germany is at bay behind the Rhine. France can provide no such



A HOLOCAUST OF HORSES IN THE DANGER ZONE

Horses, as well as men, may be said to give their lives for their country. In this picture we see a British transport wagon disabled by a shell which exploded in the midst of a team of six horses and killed them all. The drivers, who were about to mount, escaped unhurt.

vast reservoir of men. She has all her forces in the fight. The British War Office is alarmed at the prospect of withdrawing any more men from civil life. This is the point at which the entry of the United States becomes a boon to the Allies, affirm their experts. It will upset the last calculation of Berlin. Even if the operations between now and November bring Germany no such disaster as the Allies anticipate, she knows that in a year's time the United States can provide the troops to work her undoing. Looked at from

every point of view, then, there is much plausibility in the view that the end of the war may come this summer or this winter. It must be borne in mind that these are impressions of the military experts of the Allies only, the German theory of the case being accessible only in partial versions or in fragmentary despatches of what their journalists have to say. The contempt of the military power of the United States expressed by the German experts in the beginning is rapidly diminishing, apparently.

The Czar was said to have been scheming for a separate peace, and now he has it.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

In these progressive times, war for men seems to mean votes for women.—*New York Sun*.

EUROPEAN ANTICIPATIONS OF A DRAMATIC DEVELOPMENT IN GERMANY

THE curtain that fell upon all central Europe after the retirement of Hindenburg in the West may arise at any moment, observes the Paris *Figaro*, disclosing an empire in some form of revolution, social, political or military. What is going on can be but vaguely conjectured, observes the *Débats*, from an alarm and uproar behind the scenes of unprecedented volume even for this distracted age. For one thing, the Emperor is ill, and efforts are made to conceal the precise nature of this illness. Furthermore, the constitutional crisis makes a triumph for the popular forces inevitable. Finally—and this is the view of the whole Allied press, including even that of the somewhat pessimistic Italians—it has dawned upon large sections of influential German opinion that the Hindenburg retreat was a defeat, a loss of prestige in the eyes of the world. It needed only the entrance of America, adds the London *News*, to affirm a situation sufficiently bad, for nobody takes seriously the Berlin attitude of indifference to this development. The indifference to America is somewhat too ostentatious, remarks the British organ of liberalism. The significant journalistic sign of the times is afforded by the Swedish press, upon which the effect of the Russian revolution is tremendous. There may be a complete revision of Sweden's generally pro-German attitude. Everything depends upon the progress of events at Berlin, where the very existence of Prussian Junkerdom is admitted on all sides to be hanging in the balance.

Germany's Hopes and Fears from Russia.

IT is quite erroneous to imagine, to follow the well-informed Rome *Tribuna*, that Prussian Junkerdom has staked all on the submarine. The peril from the direction of Moscow and Petrograd is immediate. They have abandoned all hope in Berlin of a separate peace with republican Russia, which is regarded as a British creation. The next step will be a German effort to set up something that can be recognized as the true Russian government. If this can be managed within a brief period, and if a military movement against Russia proves successful, the crisis at Berlin can be tided over until the American menace takes shape. For nearly two months, the press of Germany has belittled the American factor and this systematic depreciation is accepted in the newspapers of France as evidence that the Wilhelmstrasse foresaw the course of President Wilson. Nor did the Russian revolution take the Ger-

mans by surprise. Their chagrin is due to the fact that the Luoffs and Milyoukoffs will hear of no separate peace. Consequently, assuming that no upheaval takes place in Berlin, the Junkers will insist upon a drive in the East. The western front will be lively too. In fact, the expert of the London *Nation* positively predicts a fierce push somewhere near Verdun, where the Germans were active last March.

German Emperor and German Crown Prince.

WHAT renders the Berlin situation politically delicate, assuming the accuracy of French newspaper impressions, is the disagreement between William II. and the heir to his throne. The Crown Prince, says the *Figaro*, has set his mind like a vice upon Verdun. He is militaristic, reactionary, wedded to the ideals of Junkerdom. If his father were to pass away before the constitutional crisis does, it might prove impossible to settle it without a revolution on the Russian model. That is why the rumors of the Emperor's malady attract so much attention. It is noticed in the French press that his Majesty communicates with his people through the medium of letters, rescripts and proclamations. No speechmaking on the grand scale of last year seems to be allowed. One story is that the Emperor has a slight attack of diabetes. Another suggests a revival of the old growth in his throat. The liberal and progressive elements are determined to adjust the institutions of Prussia and of Germany as a whole to the new conditions before the crown can pass from father to son. The Crown Prince is alleged to oppose this. Precisely as he was the head of the militarist clique prior to the war, just as he headed the "westerners" in the war, he becomes now the hero of Junkerdom. Thus do the French tell the tale.

Reports of Disorders in Germany.

DURING the weeks that have elapsed since the retirement of the Germans in the West there have been renewals in the Allied press of rumors concerning "revolt" in Prussia and Bavaria. Munition workers, the *Débats* says, struck at Stettin. There were disorders even at Essen, home of the Krupps. At Ulm a garrison of reservists raided the stores. These evidences of popular unrest are connected in the Paris *Matin* and its contemporaries with such events as the election of a Socialist to the Prussian diet—an extreme Socialist

at that. The event was not isolated. By-elections to the Reichstag have actually increased the socialist vote in that body. Whatever the facts may be, there is a firm belief in the press of England, France and Italy that the rulers of Germany are face to face with displays of popular discontent on an unprecedented scale. Suppression of these disorders is rendered difficult first by the presence of the troops at the front and also by the fact that the average German household is equipped with arms and ammunition owing to the exigencies of the war. It is said that in flat defiance of the orders of the military authorities, extreme socialists are found with weapons of a deadly character while pursuing peaceful callings. There has ensued, as a result of the conditions imposed by war, a wide distribution of weapons captured from the enemy among even very young people. Discipline among all classes is deplorably relaxed. There is a terrible spread of such diseases as tuberculosis. The former immunity of Germany from smallpox has disappeared. Altogether, the forces of discontent are well supplied with means of resistance as well as of expression. For instance, there is not even a pretense of enforcing the regulations regarding public meetings. In Berlin itself there have been gatherings of the hungry and the rebellious with which the police are in almost open sympathy. The only royal personage to retain popularity is the Kaiser, whose white and drawn visage provokes pity.

German Press Insists that Germans Will Not Revolt.

INSPIRED organs in Germany seem to make a concerted effort to revive loyalty among the people. There is a conspiracy among the Allies, observes the *Kölnische Zeitung*, for instance, to detach the German people from the German princes, to go over the head of the government by inciting the masses to treason. The effort will fail. The principle of monarchy, observes the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, organ of the Potsdam party, is essential to the progress of the German masses. There is not the slightest prospect, it says, of a division between people and rulers. The efforts of the English to bring this about by insinuations that peace can be secured by repudiating the rulers of the land will make the monarchical principle more precious than ever. Nor will Germany tolerate any amendment of her constitution at the point of the bayonet, French, Russian or British. The *Vorwärts*, the socialist organ of Berlin, which passes from the control of one faction to another with surprising frequency, seems for the moment to be with Scheidemann and to have entered upon an analysis of the reasons which make Germany so hateful to the world. It finds the reason to be that the Socialists were never allowed their true weight in the affairs of the nation. Now that the Socialist element is receiving consideration, a way may be found out of the dilemma in which the fatherland is involved by opening communications with the foreign powers that have a socialist representation in their ministries. Importance is attached to this utterance and to others like it because the French believe that the real German peace proposal (as distinguished from what the *Figaro* calls the "bluffs") will be made through the Socialists.

Mysterious Negotiations of European Socialists.

SWEDEN has taken the place of Switzerland as the clearing-house of rumor in connection with peace. The conferences at Stockholm for peace purposes have hitherto been held by reactionaries. Now the Socialists have taken a hand. One of the first acts of Foreign Minister Milyoukoff after the Russian revolution was to reassure Sweden, according to the *Tidningen* (Stockholm). When the great change was pending at Petrograd, a French Socialist, a British Socialist and a German Socialist met at Stockholm in an unofficial capacity. There was some comment in the *Dagens Nyheter* upon the possibility of peace through Socialist effort, the fact that Scheidemann in the Reichstag and Painlevé in the chamber had talked on the same subject being accepted as efforts to the same end. It is noticed in the Swedish press that all the negotiations for peace are undertaken by Socialists. In Italy, where the situation has become extremely delicate, the Socialists are said to be turning heaven and earth to induce the ministry to declare that Rome would consider peace if proposed by a Socialist German government. The scheme as understood in Sweden is to put a Socialist like Scheidemann at the head of affairs in Berlin. There would be an immediate revision of the constitution. The scheme does not contemplate a dethronement of the Hohenzollerns, nor even a modification of the relation of Prussia to the German federal union. Prussia would be transformed into a democratic state on the modern basis.

Suspicious of the Allies Regarding German "Revolution."

NO change whatever has taken place in the purpose of the Allies to regard William of Hohenzollern as an outlaw, to treat him as Napoleon was treated after the return from Elba. That is how dailies like the *London Times* and the *Paris Temps* receive suggestions of peace based upon a revolution in Berlin of a purely melodramatic kind. They want no milk-and-water revolution at Berlin, as the *Humanité* says, but the thoroging kind that will end the careers of royal brigands masquerading as civilized rulers. With a Hohenzollern on the throne of Prussia, no peace would be durable, no revolution real, says the *Victoire*. As for the German idea that the newly constituted Russian government can be crushed and the Romanoffs restored, that is "moonshine." The outlook for the immediate future as the extreme and radical organs in western Europe prognosticate it, suggests the sudden rising of the curtain upon a "reformed" and "liberalized" Germany with William II. and the Crown Prince in sack suits and Derby hats, Herr Scheidemann seated between them in a blouse. Now Europe, according to the organ of the indignant *Hervé*, has been sufficiently fooled with German picture post-cards. However that may be, there is little doubt in the press of western Europe that Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg, Herr Dernburg, Herr Scheidemann, Herr Zimmermann and the Emperor are preparing some political surprise for mankind along pacifist lines and there is much curiosity as to what it will be like.

Carranza is still unable to understand exactly how the transfer of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona is to be effected.—*Savannah News*.

About the only one of the Allies who doesn't think much of the President's address is the ex-Czar of Russia.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

THE GOOD-NATURED SOLDIER WHO HAS HAD THE PRESIDENCY OF CHINA WISHED UPON HIM

LI YUAN-HUNG was neither born great nor did he exactly achieve the greatness of being President of China. He had it thrust upon him as the crowning result of his office-dodging career. According to Samuel G. Blythe, who has interviewed the new chief magistrate of China for the *Saturday Evening Post*, the outstanding fact about the amiable successor of Yuan Shi Kai is that he "doesn't give a hoot about being president, and never has, which undoubtedly will make him a very good president." Nor did he want to be vice-president. In fact, most of the positions that have come to Li Yuan-hung have come to him against his will. We read that he was coerced into the command of the revolutionary forces in the revolution of Wu-chang and forced to take the vice-presidency. Two or three times since he has been in supreme power he has been on the verge of quitting, but each time he has been held in place by his political advisers.

A pen-picture of this first citizen of the Flowery Republic reveals him as a squat, broad-shouldered, heavy man, of about five feet seven or eight, and in his fifty-third year. He used to be quite paunchy; but, much of that paunch is gone, as indicated by the looseness of his blouse. It had fitted him when he was heavier. The color of his hair is an intense black. His eyes are brown and heavy-lidded. His mustache is black and sparse but apparently conserved with solicitous care. His teeth are large and white and even, and he has a most engaging smile. It is the picture of a good-natured, easy-going citizen, for whom the turmoil in which he lives in Peking, with its fanatical politics, its vast intrigue and the harassing concomitants of Chinese government have small appeal.

His main strength is defined as a sort of cheerful and courageous democracy. His predecessor, and for a time practically his jailer, Yuan Shi Kai, was in constant fear of his life, possibly because he himself had killed so many men and knew how easily the trick of snuffing out a life in China is done. Yuan, in all the time he was president, never left the presidential yamen officially but once; and then he went to the Temple of Heaven through

cleared and heavily guarded streets. On the other hand, we read that Li has braved the outside world many times, going about in a most democratic manner and thereby establishing a precedent which promises to bear abundant fruit in the democratization of China. He has gone more than once to a review of the troops, "taking his automobile, riding, with but a small guard, through the teeming streets of the capital; and when he reached the parade

to the ambitious Yuan Shi Kai, who had installed him for safe-keeping in an island mansion surrounded by a lake and wall, that Li Yuan-hung proved himself to be possessed of a shrewd, dry humor, for he observed, as paraphrased by Blythe:

"The President is a most kindly and solicitous man. He is most regardful of my comfort and welfare. Why, he even provides all my servants and attendants. His men are all about me, attentive to my every want. They walk with me constantly, and they guard me both night and day; and, lest I shall see persons who might not be of my exalted rank, each visitor is scrutinized by Yuan's secretaries, and none but those who have his sanction is allowed to come. This kindness and concern overwhelms me. Who am I, thus to be held in such keen concern by the mighty Yuan Shi Kai, the president of China?"

As to his origin, we are informed by a Chinese writer in the *New York Independent* that President Li is a native of Hupeh—a martial province—and started on his somewhat circuitous, but always upward, career by entering the famous Peiyang Naval College, from which he graduated with honor and was assigned to naval duty as a non-commissioned officer. During the Chino-Japanese war he was attached to the staff of Admiral Ting-Shih-chang, the Farragut of China. Later he attracted the attention of Viceroy Chang Chih-tung, to whose yamen at Nanking he was subsequently transferred for the important duty of training troops. He emerged from this service a captain, and went to Japan three times to study fortifications and army organizations, returning eventually to be commissioned a major of cavalry. While serving in the 21st brigade he was promoted to the rank of colonel. He was field-marshal at the great Chang-teh maneuvers in 1905, which he organized and conducted with brilliant success. The 1911 outbreak brought him forward as the supreme military commander of the revolutionary forces, in which capacity he negotiated a peace settlement with Yuan Shi Kai and became second in command of the new Republic.

When the movement to make Yuan Shi Kai emperor was started, Vice-President Li, with an ear to the



A SOLDIER-PRESIDENT WHO HESITATES TO PLUNGE CHINA INTO WAR

In fact, Li Yuan-hung didn't care to succeed Yuan Shi Kai as chief magistrate of China, but having had the presidency forced upon him he is filling it to the best of his good-natured ability.

ground taking a black Mongolian pony and riding about the place quite as if he were an ordinary captain instead of commander-in-chief and president in a country where the sublimation of politics is to gain a point by removing the human obstruction." Another time he went off by train to the graduation exercises of a military school.

It was when he was vice-president

ground, resigned and resisted the temptation of a principedom to support the short-lived monarchy. The resumption of the presidency by Yuan Shi Kai automatically made Li vice-president again. Soon afterward Yuan died (whether by poison or how remains a secret) at nine o'clock of a June day last year. At eleven o'clock that morning, there being nothing else to do, Li Yuan-hung was sworn in as president. A short time afterward he moved to the presidential yamen; and there it is where he was interviewed by the correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post*. Among other things he said:

"If the United States desires to preserve the Open Door in China, the sure and safe and practical and profitable way to keep the door open is for the United States to invest its money in the development of China—for the United States to do that, and not for any other nation to do it.

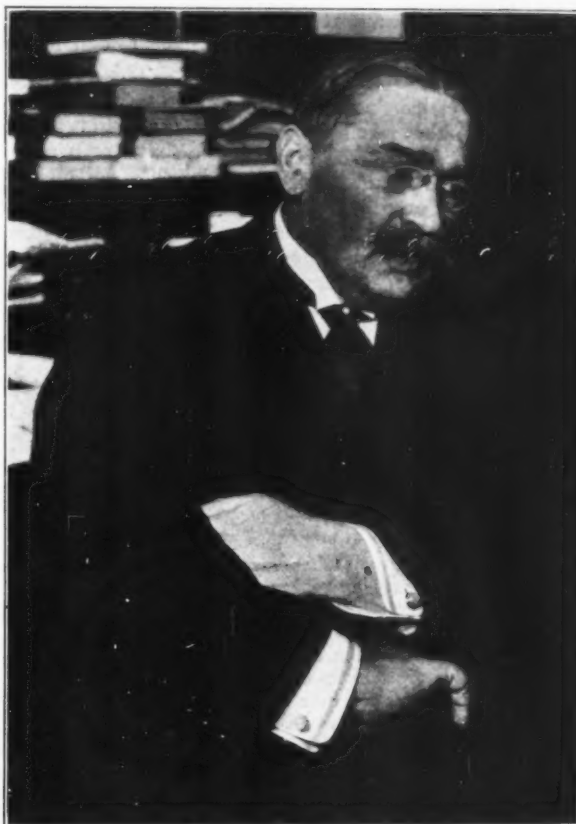
"No nation in the world is so well equipped as the United States to do this work, and in no other nation is the goodwill, the unselfish good-will, so greatly in our favor. No other nation in the world is so rich as the United States. No other nation in the world will do this work in the way we feel the United States will do it, if the United States can be brought to undertake it with no ultimate design on the sovereignty of China, and no aggrandizement in mind.

"It was the United States that enunciated the doctrine of the Open Door, by which China hopes to take, in the consensus of nations, the place her wealth of resource and her potential productivity entitle her to assume. The position of China is unique among the nations of the earth, and her peaceful needs are more pressing. We lack, in a large degree, that forward impulse which has made the United States so great a nation, because our manner of life and customs and education and thought have been along other lines for many centuries. Now that we

realize our deficiencies, we also realize our necessities.

"What China must have, to make China what China has the potential power to be, is development of her innate productivity and development of her methods of transportation. In a word, coordinated and capitalized production and scientific and economical distribution. We need capital, not for the conduct of our governmental affairs, as is usually thought to be the case, not for administrative purposes, but for industrial development. The resources of China have not been touched as yet. The wealth of this country lies hidden in the ground. Our resources are practically untapped. Our productivity is unmeasured. Our energies are not loosed. We are tied to the past; and the only way the bonds can be cut is by the ax of capital. . . .

"We have less than six thousand miles of railroads. It is true that concessions for fifteen thousand additional miles have been held up by the war in Europe—French and English and Belgian and Russian and Japanese concessions—and it also is true that some enterprising Americans are about to begin the construction of some twenty-five hundred miles more; but, even so, the remaining opportunity is so vast and the possibilities of good return so great that it may well engage the attention of your financiers."



HIS INVENTIONS WILL BE OF INVALUABLE AID TO AMERICA IN WAR

Among them is a device to free wireless telegraphy from static interference and Professor Pupin has given it to the United States Government. He also is the father of wireless telephony.

There was, we observe, no mention by Li of any other nation than our own. The president said nothing about Japan or Russia. As Mr. Blythe points out, the words of the New Chinese president can only be interpreted as meaning that if China is to be saved from becoming a suzerainty of Japan the United States must do the saving; and the sure way to do it is to develop China by American capital.

THE SERBIAN LAD WHO CAME HERE IN THE STEERAGE AND WHO SHARES WITH MARCONI THE RULE OF THE AIR

IT was at a time when the stories of Horatio Alger, Jr., were holding American youth enthralled that a penniless Serbian boy emerged from the steerage of an immigrant ship in New York harbor and began a career compared with which the adventures of Ragged Dick were commonplace. Not only has the immigrant lad become a millionaire, but he is an officer of the first rank in the distinguished company of inventors captained by Thomas A. Edison; and, as a crowning achievement, he has given the United States Government an invention of such signal importance, especially to a nation at war, that it is being guarded as a government secret.

It is said to free wireless telegraphy from static interference. This interference often has made it impossible to get a wireless message through for days, and during portions of almost every day transmission has been out of the question. The inventor of this device, also of wireless telephony and, among other things, of the famous "Pupin coil," which made possible the transcontinental extension of telephone service, is Professor Michael I. Pupin, of Columbia University, who, says Dr. Cary T. Hutchinson in the *Columbia Alumni News*, "landed at Castle Garden penniless in 1874, and forty years later was marching in step with the foremost physicists and electro-mech-

anicians of the world." Such things only happen in America.

Apropos of his landing at Castle Garden, Dr. Hutchinson records:

"Having lost his hat on the way over and coming from a semi-oriental country, he walked up Broadway wearing a red Turkish fez. This excited the mirth of the newsboys in the neighborhood of the Battery and they pounced upon him. A ring was formed by onlookers, a fight ensued and the newsboy was soundly thrashed. This was young Pupin's introduction to the United States. He started here with a fight and he has been fighting ever since. The sky was at that time darkened by a maze of overhead wires, and the boy, engaged in his hereditary occupation of fighting, little dreamed that

a few years subsequently his great invention was to be the means of putting these wires underground."

Pupin had come from the town of Idvor—hence his middle name—in Hungary, on the Danube, across the river from Belgrade. His family, with some thirty-five thousand other families, all pure Serbs from old Serbia, had been settled there by Austria in 1690 for the purpose of defending the military frontier of Austria against the incursion of the Turks. He had run away from home with another boy, attracted by the alluring advertisements displayed by the steamship companies of a free land across the sea. Dr. Hutchinson further records:

"He returned to Castle Garden, whence he was taken by a foreman looking for sturdy laborers and carried to Delaware City, Md., to drive a mule team. Subsequently he worked on other farms in Maryland, New Jersey and Delaware, finally ending in the service of a pious Baptist farmer in New Jersey, who took him to church. Suspecting an attempt to convert him to Protestantism he ran away one Saturday night. To hide his tracks he ran through fields and woods, and the next morning, very tired, crossed a bridge leading over a canal and entered a large town, exhausted by hunger and exertion. After buying a loaf of bread he seated himself under a high tree near some academic buildings, and under the genial influence of the spring sun and physical fatigue he fell asleep and had a dream that the academic institution in whose

shadows he had fallen asleep had conferred an honorary degree upon him for distinction in science."

This dream did not come true in all its details, but Columbia, Johns Hopkins and plenty of other institutions have seen to it that Professor Pupin shall not feel any serious want of honorary degrees. We read:

"Young Pupin gradually worked his way to New York, doing anything that came to his hand. From 1875 to 1879 he was busily engaged in earning his living and gradually picking up a knowledge of the language, principally through the reading of newspapers and signs on buildings. He had an omnivorous curiosity; his encyclopedia was the Sunday issue of the *New York Sun* . . ."

"He worked in a cracker factory, in a grocery store, as a shipping clerk, running errands—doing anything to earn a living. (One thing is known to have been a job as attendant in a Turkish bath.) At the same time he attended night school, at Cooper Union and elsewhere, studying at every opportunity that presented. By 1879 he had managed to save up \$311, enough to permit him to enter Columbia, so he took the entrance examination and passed with high honors, getting free tuition, which was essential to him. He was attracted to Columbia rather than to some other college by the Columbia victory at the Henley regatta—again the love of physical prowess."

When Michael Pupin was graduated he had saved up enough money (having won several valuable cash scholarship prizes and having turned his va-

cations to financial account) to take him to Cambridge (England) University for a year and a half, thence to Berlin, where he remained studying thermodynamics under Helmholtz until 1889, when he returned to Columbia.

In research work at Columbia he first interested himself in electrical resonance and electrical currents in rarefied gases. The results of this work were the inventions in electrical tuning, practised universally to-day in wireless telegraphy. These were patented, the Marconi Company buying the patents in 1902. In all his work, says Dr. Hutchinson, he was aided greatly from the beginning by the attitude of the college authorities; "they gave him a mechanical assistant and as good a laboratory as could be provided, and an exceptionally free hand in the conduct of his work."

Professor Pupin is a member of too many scientific societies to enumerate them in full. Just now he is president of the New York Academy of Sciences and a member of the council of the National Academy. He received the Elliott Cresson medal for distinction in physics in 1906, the Herbert prize of the French Academy in physics in 1916, the gold medal of the National Institute of Social Science in 1917. He is also a member of the National Research Council and of its executive committee, and of the National Advisory Board for aeronautics, established by the United States Government.

LUOFF: THE PRINCE UPON WHOM THE FATE OF THE RUSSIAN REPUBLIC DEPENDS

IF a resemblance traced in certain western European dailies between the character of Washington and that of Luoff be more than superficial, observes a writer in the *Paris Echo*, German expectation that the republic at Petrograd must soon be overthrown is doomed to defeat. The Prince George E. Luoff (or Lvov, as some transliterate it), who acts as executive head of the provisional government, possesses the Washingtonian gravity of manner and of character, adds the Petrograd correspondent of the *London Mail*, besides the Washingtonian insight into character, but he was placed where he is chiefly because his personal traits will confer a certain responsibility, not to say respectability, upon accomplished facts. His conspicuous genius is for order, administration, the reduction of chaos to system. He is at the head of a rather motley combination of journalists, labor leaders, religious fanatics, lawyers and idealists, all saturated with socialism. No tribute to his personality could be finer than the fact that these men all trust, respect and admire Luoff. The scholarly altho energetic Milyoukoff no

less than the impetuous and vehement Kerensky will submit at all times to the sway of Luoff, who, while a man of great wealth and very aristocratic birth, has lived among the poor in mean streets at home and abroad. It was highly characteristic of the Prince that on the occasion of his visit to this country years ago he donned overalls and worked in railroad yards and machine shops for the sake of the practical experience. He studied farming methods in our great West by driving a threshing machine. His exploration of western civilization in France and England, as one who knows him says in the French paper, suggests that his model was Peter the Great. When he returned to his immense estates in the province of Tula he introduced American agricultural machinery by setting an example in its use and actual operation. Prince Luoff told his brethren of the local nobility that their reforms invariably failed because they deputized too much. The Russian peasant must not be lectured and exhorted to mend his ways. He must see the new idea in demonstration before his eyes. Luoff scandalized the nobility by doing manual labor on

his estate never before undertaken by one of his rank. One of his motives was the improvement of his physical frame, which in early life was emaciated and undeveloped. To-day, thanks to his open-air life and vigorous habits, he possesses strong lungs and a glorious digestion. Luoff set his face like flint from the first against a practice popular among the court circle of using hair-dye. His remarks on this subject reached the ears of a certain grand duchess who supposed herself particularly criticized by the words of the Prince and he was forever after a disgraced man with the powerful clique she led. He might have been forgiven his labors in the cause of the *Zemstvo*; but his attitude to hair-dye, according to our contemporary, was impossible.

The same propensity led to another episode which, according to an account in the *Gaulois*, led Nicholas II., then in his heyday at Tsarskoje Selo, to deem him indiscreet. Luoff had managed, not without difficulty, to secure an audience or the promise of one from his sovereign. This turned out to be a mere invitation to luncheon with the Czar and the officers of the regiment

on guard in the royal park. Luoff soon perceived that Nicholas meant to allow him no private conversation and when the meal was over he withdrew. "You observed," said Baron Fredericks, the court dignitary, "that Tula ware was used on the table in your honor." "Yes," replied Luoff, "and I observed that it was counterfeit and the officers tell me that four times the price of the genuine was paid for it." "I am glad to hear that," said Fredericks, "for we usually have to pay for a counterfeit ten times the price of the genuine." This experience, and others like it, convinced Luoff, we read, that the evil of the Romanoff system was less the universal corruption than the attitude of cynical toleration it met with. Fraud and bribery were accepted as fundamental features of bureaucratic administration. It soon became a recognized affectation in the court circle to regard Luoff as a joke, to parody his gravity of manner and to turn his propositions for reform through the zemstvos into a jest at his expense. After his election as mayor of Moscow was nullified by an exercise of imperial authority, it became an understood thing to ignore his existence at court and never to mention even his name.

Here again we have two conflicting sets of stories to account for the deep disgrace that fell upon the Prince at this period. One of these makes it appear that a favorite in a certain grand ducal circle was drawing exorbitant commissions on the sale of shoes for the army in Manchuria during the war with Japan. Luoff was at the front feeding the troops when this inadequacy of the shoes came under his notice. He wore some of these himself and thus proved by a practical test that they had soles of paper. Upon his return to the capital it transpired that he had a collection of the worthless boots in all stages of dilapidation, distributing them as object lessons where they would attract attention. This particular scandal was never fully investigated but the connection of Luoff with its exposure was another griev-

ance against him. He would not play the game.

The Luoff estate in the government of Tula supports one of the finest schools for the people of Russia. There is a popular misconception in Europe and America concerning the Russian peasant, observes the *Temps*, who is sometimes found in a state of prosperity and intelligence that would amaze some readers of Tolstoy and Chekoff. This is particularly true of the region in which the Luoff estates lie. They are within a few hours' ride of the Tolstoy property at Yasnaya Polyana. The influence of the teaching of Tolstoy is evident in Luoff's treatment of his people in Tula, says the Paris paper, but it must be remembered that the Russian peasant of our time is often himself a landowner, with accumulated private property and sons who are becoming merchants and even millionaires as well as cab drivers and factory hands. Luoff is not a great noble in the Russia of Turgenev but a wealthy man in a region whose humblest inhabitants are rising rapidly from outworn social dependency into a modern world of comfort and of ideas. This must be borne in mind when Luoff is referred to as a democrat. There is no great yawning social abyss between himself and the inhabitants of a Tula village even if he be a Prince and the descendant of a line of princes. He recognizes this always in his dealings with his neighbors at home. Never does Luoff undertake to "uplift" anybody, or unbend graciously to people "beneath" him, even if they happen to wear blouses. Luoff, too, shares the simple piety of the peasant and he can be seen to cross himself when he is at home as devoutly as an old woman before an icon.

Luoff's ideas, as gleaned by a correspondent of the French daily who attended a dinner at which the Prince spoke freely, are radically republican. Democracy, he contends, is more efficient than aristocracy. This will be the explanation of its triumph before history. Luoff is quoted as saying that

Peter the Great was one of the greatest men that ever lived and it is well known that he contributed liberally to the fund for the statue of that monarch at Tula. The bane of the Russian character, Luoff is made to say, is fatalism. Man is able to choose between good and evil, between hope and despair, between truth and falsehood. Russians must learn this great fact before they can shake off a sort of paralysis of the will that defeats progress. The happiest people in the world, he thinks, are they who lived in the interior of the United States. They care not for the outside world because they live in a world of their own. When the conversation turned to literature, Luoff told the company that modern Russian writers have given the world an erroneous conception of the Russian soul. The Russian is naturally a humorist and an artist, the tinge of gloom in his nature not characterizing the race as a whole predominantly but appearing now and then as a reflection of a mood that passes quickly. So far from being incapable of self-government, the Russian masses, he believes, are highly endowed with the political and administrative faculty, as their local institutions prove. The autocracy has been interested in gaining acceptance for another theory.

Had there been no Luoff there could have been no revolution in Russia, because he alone combined the daring with the wisdom that gives effect to high resolve. His character gives the assurance that the work of the provisional government will be lasting, for his genius is of the kind that translates an idea into an accomplished fact. Many a landed proprietor before Luoff longed to improve the lot of the peasant and failed. Russia is filled with disillusioned members of the nobility, some of whom beggared themselves to make their people happy. Luoff is an instance of a territorial aristocrat who found a great estate in ruin and who redeemed it. The task confronting him now is on a larger scale, but it is still the same.

THEY FOUGHT AND WON THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY FOR LABOR AND ARE NOW READY FOR WAR

PERHAPS the most dramatic scene enacted in Washington in recent years was the final session between the railroad brotherhoods and the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce. It subjected to an acid bath and developed four negatives, by a sort of dark-room legerdemain, into four very decided positives in the shape of the brotherhood chiefs, Austin B. Garretson, W. G. Lee, Warren S. Stone and W. S.

Carter. Taking them in the order named, a writer in *The Nation's Business*, James B. Morrow, sizes up Garretson, the six-foot-two president of the Order of Railway Conductors, as the "tallest of the quartet both physically and intellectually," and as the man who "dominated that industrially historic hearing." It was his stirring plea in behalf of the Adamson law, more than any other voice of persuasion, we read, that brought about the

conversion of Congress to the eight-hour gospel of labor. In view of his Quaker parents and their early hope that he would espouse the ministry, it is with some surprise that we read:

"For three weeks this tall, rangy, rather stoop-shouldered Iowan, who talks in Biblical figures and mythological analogies, came as near to being the absolute dictator of the country as any man may aspire to be. President Wilson would not admit as much, but Congress did."

Congress followed the will of this man almost in fear and trembling. The four brotherhoods of railway trainmen owe their victory largely to him alone.

"The comrades of Garretson say that he is an accurate thinker, a skilled analogist, a student of history and economics, a materialist and a sentimentalist. He calls fact and poetry into his writings and addresses, and, tho not a church member, he reads the Bible at his home, in his office, during waiting moments, and often on his travels.

"That great Book, he says, covers the whole range of human experiences and is the best of all guides for warriors, orators, managers and diplomatists, regardless of circumstances or centuries.

"The conductors themselves, thinking men and debating men, as they go up and down and back and forth across the continent on slow freights, fast freights, passenger trains and specials, made no mistake in their valuation of Garretson. They jumped him over the heads of other officers in their brotherhood and elected him first vice-president, that he might the sooner become chief of their order."

It is interesting to note that the adjustment of the recent difficulty came just ten years and a day after Garretson became president of the Order of Railway Conductors at a salary of \$7,500 a year, making him the highest paid labor leader in the world. In 1911 the union raised it to \$8,500, and for the next two years voted him a vacation of three months each, with \$1,500 to spend on it. Recently the union tried to vote him a fixed salary of \$10,000, but the "Grand Chief Conductor," who hates that title, balked.

If Garretson was the mouthpiece and evangelist of the four brotherhoods in their great contest with the railroads, W. G. Lee, head of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen (brakemen), was their Ethan Allen, we read, whose demand that the British surrender "in the name of the great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress" would not have been incongruously voiced by Lee himself. Incidentally, it is the pledge of these four labor leaders that, in time of war, the railway operatives of America will be with and behind the government to a man." Says the biographer:

"A man of battle, candid and brave, Lee holds that no struggle is ever really ended until one side gives up or is chased off the field. Brakemen constitute his host—youngish men from farms mostly, and excitable as colts. Hard-handed men, too, and often heedless whether they are here to-day and to-morrow somewhere else.

"No character nourished on toast and tea could execute his task. He has ridden through the sleet and rain on the roofs of box cars in the past. In those days, when a brakemen met with a misfortune between the bumpers or on the tracks, a collection was taken up for him all along the line. Charity fed him while he was in bed and buried him when he died.



THEY FORCED THE PASSAGE OF THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW FOR UNION LABOR

Then the brotherhood chiefs became magnanimous and pledged to the Government the undivided support of the Big Four in mobilizing labor for war. They are W. G. Lee, W. S. Carter, Warren S. Stone and A. B. Garretson.

"Lee, gladiatorial of jaw, square of trunk as a block of granite, came to his present post through the ranks. That is testimony enough as to his strength. Brakemen once, like himself, had no standing as citizens, nor rights in their hard and hazardous employ.

"Now, in the little railway centers of the country, brakemen own property. They belong to churches and societies. Some are village councilmen and directors of the public schools."

We observe that the plan of Warren G. Stone, among the chieftains who besieged Congress, was less militant than advisory. Stone went willingly, or was maneuvered into strange company. Boycotts and strikes of others have been of passing interest to him and to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

Like Garretson, Stone is a native of Iowa, Lee being from Illinois. The father of Stone owned a large prairie farm at a time when corn was low and interest high. Even so, Stone, meaning to read law, entered college. But several of his brothers, he confided to the writer in *The Nation's Business*, "were railroad men, and the life they led—eating at restaurants, instead of at home and so on—together with the wages they earned, lured me into a fireman's place on the Rock Island Railroad."

At the age of twenty-four he was "given" an engine, and for two decades was a locomotive engineer on the railroad where he had begun as a fireman. The brotherhood, of which Stone is president at a salary of \$10,000 a year, owns a fourteen-story office building in Cleveland, Ohio, and the New York Central is one of its tenants.

Such, briefly pictured, are the orator, the warrior and the counselor who, abetted by the Supreme Court, drove the eight-hour law into the sheepskin statutes of the United States. The fourth, William S. Carter, chief of the firemen, is the strategist who laid the ropes so that they could be most effectively pulled. It was Carter (of Texas), "small, spectacled, in motion constantly, whether sitting down or standing up," who negotiated the treaty between the brotherhoods three years ago in the city of Washington. The recent eight-hour victory is the fruit of that treaty.

Carter is middle-aged, like the rest. His father, a Confederate soldier, died at Vicksburg. His mother married a rancher in Texas, at the close of the Civil War. Carter, with ability to talk all day and hold his audience intact, is said to be a better orator than he was fireman. And yet he left school and went to live with the cattle when he was nine years old. At twenty he gave up a \$100 job as ranch foreman for a \$50 job on a locomotive.

Garretson ceased to be a conductor, Lee a brakeman, Stone an engineer and Carter a fireman many years ago. The evolutionary process of development has gone on with them, just as with other leaders in industry. They have not been dealing with materials but with men—men wise and foolish; bold and timid; rash and prudent; fair and fanatical; taciturn and garrulous. They have become experts—the chiefs—and it is observed by the writer in *The Nation's Business* that "they are all American-born and bred and stand four-squared in the matter of patriotism."



"OUT THERE"—THE DRAMA OF A SOUL THAT FOUND ITSELF IN WARTIME SERVICE

ALTHO there is precious little that is dramatic about Mr. Hartley Manners's new play, "Out There," it is immensely successful as a wartime play for wartime audiences. It is a series of episodes in the life of a waif from the eastern wilderness of London, a little Cockney Joan of Arc, as the sympathetic critic of the N. Y. Times terms her. The same critic notes:

"'Out There' is made from fresh materials, gathered on the spot. Its extraordinary second act, one of the longest, most unusual, and most telling acts our theater has known in many a day, is simply a visit to a hospital somewhere in France, the account of a visit such as an alert, observant, sympathetic correspondent might send back home to his newspaper in New York. In this account is many a swift, graphic sketch, many a character study of humor, diffident kindness, stoicism, unconscious heroism, odds and ends of the great struggle which the historians will not have time to tell, which could find no place in the blazing oratory of the war, but which touch you deeply and splendidly illuminate the picture. 'Out There,' then, is just a good journalist's 'human interest' story of the war. Written and staged by a gifted playwright in four hurried weeks, it is journalistic playwriting, with some of the defects and many of the virtues you might expect to find in a work of its kind."

The first part of the play, called "Inspiration," takes place in a squalid room of a lodging-house in the East End during the fall of 1915. 'Aunted Annie (played by Laurette Taylor) is the one worth-while member of the Hudd family. She is inspired with a passion to do her bit "out there." We discover her first at work, scoffed at by her sister, sewing on a pathetically inadequate nurse's uniform. She is incessant in her exhortations to her brother, her sister and all her neighbors in the slums to go into the army or the munitions factories. She has prevailed upon her somewhat recalcitrant lover to go "out there," and keeps asking her prize-fighting brother to promise to go if she goes. Regarded prosaically, she is one of those "rough diamonds" of the stage who in real life would soon become a veritable nuisance. But Laurette Taylor has succeeded in creating an illusion of pathetic reality in her interpretation of this patriotic little daughter of the slums.

Her mother is a gin-soaked derelict who has been run down in the street during one of her "gin crawls." A philanthropic physician, Dr. Hanwell, has attended to her injuries. He announces to Annie his immediate departure to do his bit in the hospitals "out there." She begs to be taken, confessing her consuming ambition to become a Red Cross nurse:

ANNIE. You're goin' t' do somethin' f'r your country. I'm 'ere doin' nothin'—nothin'!

DR. HANWELL. There will be plenty for everyone to do presently. Every class will have to do its share.

ANNIE. I don't want t' wait! I want t' begin naow. Take me with ye. Will ye?

DR. HANWELL. Take you?

ANNIE. (Nods.) Aat there. Will ye? I want t' 'elp.

DR. HANWELL. How?

ANNIE. I want t' be a nurse.

DR. HANWELL. That's impossible.

ANNIE. Wy is it?

DR. HANWELL. You have had no training.

ANNIE. I'll learn. Learn fast, too. I'm very quick. Please take me. I'll begin at the bottom. I'll scrub floors—wash their clo'es—tear up bandages—anythin' jus' t' be near 'em. I want t' be close t' the fellers who're gettin' wounded f'r us.

DR. HANWELL. My good girl—

ANNIE. Please take me. It won't be long afore I'm broken in. I've done a bit o' nursin' 'ere right in this room. W'en mother was all cut abaot I 'elped, didn't I? Y' said once I 'ad the right 'ands for a nurse; an' the kind o' voice; that me place was at a bedside. Was y' kiddin' me?

DR. HANWELL. No. But it is very different nursing your mother—

ANNIE. (Breaking in.) If I could do it f'r 'er w'y couldn't I do it for them? Do let me go. I want to be among 'em. It's 'orrible t' sit 'ere 'elpless. D' y' know w'at 'appened t' my father in Africa?

DR. HANWELL. Killed?

ANNIE. (Nods.) But 'e needn't 'a bin. 'E laid all d'y with a bullit in 'im. No one t' give 'im a drop o' water or anythin'. W'en they found 'im it was too late. I might find some like that an' save 'em. Let me go just as a water-carrier.

DR. HANWELL. But you've had no experience.

ANNIE. W'at experience 'ave the fine ladies got 'oo are goin' aat all the time? W'at d' they know that I cawn't learn? They go f'r the excitement—an' t' get their fices in the pipers. Does anyone arst them w'at experience they've 'ad? 'Ow d' they git aat? Becos they're rich

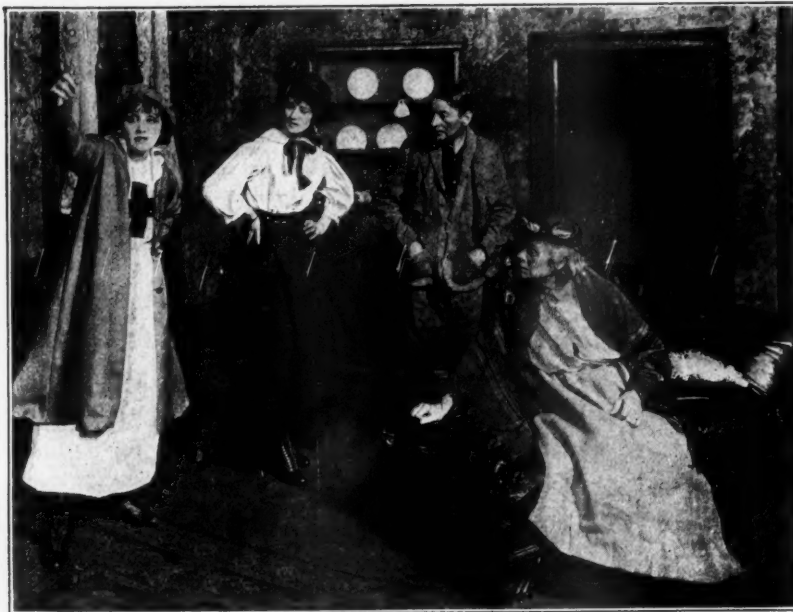
an' kn-w people. I only knows you. Do somethin' f'r me. I don't want no pay—jus' me keep. I'll go on till I drop. W'at can them ladies do that I cawn't? If one of 'em gits a stitch in 'er side she goes back 'ome, an' then she's an 'ero.

DR. HANWELL. You mustn't say that. Some of the finest people in the country are working nobly out there. No sacrifice is too great.

ANNIE. That's it. The fine can make sacrifices. W'y cawn't the poor? W'y cawn't I? Oh, ever since it started the thought's bin beatin' in me, d'y an' night, "Git aat there. Y've got t' git aat there!" (Pleading.) Y' might tike a chance with me. I'd be no trouble. Cheer 'em up, too. I can sing a bit. Dance, too. Afore it all started I used t' be quite cheerful. It's only since it broke aat I'm like this. "'Aunted Annie" they calls me naow. 'Cos I'm alwa's seein' things. Aat there I'd be as 'appy as anythin'—reely I would. Make 'em laugh, I would. See if I wouldn't. (With a little hopeless effort to smile, but her anxiety is so great she almost sobs.) I know lots o' stories, too. Funny ones. I'd keep their minds orf themselves. (With a great cry.) Oh, doctor, I want t' do somethin'—(Beating her hands helplessly.) t' do somethin'!—t' do somethin'. (Her voice fails her, she covers her eyes.) If y'd only tike me! If y'd only do it!

DR. HANWELL. (Puts his hand on her shoulder.) Why not get into one of the munition factories? You'd be helping there. I'm sure I could do something like that for you.

ANNIE. (Blazing up fiercely, forgetting her tears.) Anyone can do that. Them as cawn't feel nothin' can do that. But I want t' be near the fellers who's fightin' f'r us. I'm not afraid o' blood. Y' know that. Mother bled. I didn't mind it. I bound 'er up. An' you standin' by. An' she used t' moan all night, an' I'd soothe 'er an' mike 'er sleep. That's w'at I want t' do aat there. (Passionately.) Oh, cawn't y' see? I want t' git at the reel 'cart of it all. I'm alwa's thinkin' of it—all d'y an' 'alf the night. W'en I do sleep I dream of it. I'm a real nurse every night for a bit. An' then I wikes up t' this. (All the time searching her brain for fresh reasons why he should take her.) An' see—wait a minit—I mus' show y'—this is 'ow much I've bin thinkin' of it—(As she speaks she hurriedly opens the drawer and takes out the work over which she fought with her sister. She takes it over to the doctor, opens it out and discloses a nurse's dress, made of cheap material, a cap, and apron. She looks up expectantly at the doctor, her eyes shining; her whole manner expectant, as tho they were triumphant proof of



THE VISION OF 'AUNTED ANNIE

In her husband's new play, Laurette Taylor (the figure at the left) plays the part of a Joan of Arc of Camden Town in the slums of London, and tries to inspire her unimaginative family to do their bit in the war. She finally succeeds.

her right to go "out there.") Made 'em meself, aat o' w'at I sived. (Pause.) Are they—all right? (Pause.) Eh?

DR. HANWELL. (Very embarrassed.) They're very charming—

ANNIE. (Quietly.) Oh, no, they're not! Not 'alf good enough. I know that. But they're the best I could manage. They'd do at first—wouldn't they? (Anxiously.) Till I could get real ones?

She pleads with Dr. Hanwell, promising to scrub floors, carry water, or anything that she can do in the hospitals until he finally consents to arrange for her to go. Aroused by her zeal, even her plug-ugly brother is fired to the extent of enlisting.

The second act reveals a ward in one of the field hospitals somewhere in France. The success of Mr. Manners's play rests upon this scene. Here we discover the convalescing soldiers of the British army—the Cockney, the Scotchman, the Canadian, the New Zealander and the Irishman. Out of the contrasted types, the playwright succeeds in painting a lively and sometimes lifelike picture of patriotism put to the test. Dr. Hanwell, accompanied by a nurse, makes his rounds. Most of the men want to return to the trenches. The burly Canadian explains his reason.

CANADIAN. (With a grim smile.) I want to get back to the Hotel Knickerbocker, and the Times Square, and the Hippodrome.

DR. HANWELL. Where?

CANADIAN. Out there.

DR. HANWELL. You're thinking of New York, surely?

CANADIAN. (Eagerly.) We've got 'em "out there" too.

DR. HANWELL. (Smiling.) Have you?

CANADIAN. Sure! Didn't you know that?

DR. HANWELL. No.

CANADIAN. Sure! We get our mail at the Knickerbocker—ye get there by the Subway to Times Square—ye crawl underground. The Knickerbocker's a dug-out, and we have our sing-songs in the Hippodrome.

DR. HANWELL. (Laughing.) Do you, really?

CANADIAN. Sure! We have a juggler used to be at Hammerstein's can keep twelve plates goin' at the same time.

DR. HANWELL. (Quite interested and amused.) Fancy that!

CANADIAN. Sure! An' a couple o' comic singers. Real class they are. (Nods towards the Scotchman.) He'd like one of 'em. Sings all Harry Lauder's.

DR. HANWELL. Well, well!

CANADIAN. Sure! An' we've a soprano from California.

DR. HANWELL. Soprano!

CANADIAN. (Nods his head.) Fact! He could take a top C with Caruso. Ye should hear him in "My Little Gray Home in the Trench." He's real class! A pip-pin.

DR. HANWELL. You must have quite a good time.

CANADIAN. Sure! (Regretfully.) I wish I was back. Got a glee-party too. I'm Bass. We sang carols to the Boches last Christmas. (Sighs.) And here I am, out of it all because my head aches!

DR. HANWELL. With the piece of shrapnel you've got you're lucky to be able to talk about it.

CANADIAN. It was a piece, wasn't it? (Takes from under his pillow a large, sinister-looking jagged piece of shrapnel.) My helmet got most of it. (Looks up at helmet hanging above him with a large hole in it.)

DR. HANWELL. (Passing to the next bed.) Keep on as you've been going, and

you'll soon be enjoying all the comforts of the Knickerbocker again. How's the leg?

COCKNEY. Don' min' thet so much. (Touches his hand.) It's this 'ere gives me the pip.

DR. HANWELL. Oh? Does it hurt?

COCKNEY. Don' min' thet so much. But, y' see, I'm left-'anded. I alwa's copper 'em wi' the left.

DR. HANWELL. Copper who?

COCKNEY. You know! In a fight.

DR. HANWELL. I see.

COCKNEY. Shawn't be much good wi' the gloves no more, will I? You know. In the ring.

DR. HANWELL. Oh, I wouldn't say that.

COCKNEY. I would, you know. Cawn't close it. (Looking at his bandaged hand.) Not much use inside a glove if y' cawn't close it, is it? You know!

DR. HANWELL. It's a clean wound. It may take time. But it will heal up.

COCKNEY. (Insisting.) But I cawn't close it! I'm done as a fighter. Not 'alf! Got t' 'andle wood the rest o' me life. You know.

DR. HANWELL. What do you do?

COCKNEY. Box-maiker. You know!

DR. HANWELL. Where do you live?

COCKNEY. Poplar—born an' bred.

DR. HANWELL. How old are you?

COCKNEY. Twan'y-two.

DR. HANWELL. Been out here long?

COCKNEY. Since it started. You know! Mons.

DR. HANWELL. Really?

COCKNEY. Yaas. Not many of us left w'at started. You know! We got copped good an' plenty. Bad luck. You know! It come my turn t' be a marker. You know. Put a light coat on an' point 'em aat. 'E alwa's gits it. I got it. You know. Got it twice. 'Ere an' 'ere. (Touches his hand and his leg.) Never felt nothin' neither. Jes' flopped daan. My kept'in come a-runnin' along. 'E sees me, an' 'e calls aat, "ello," 'e says. "Y've got it," 'e says. "Yaas," says I. "Good job, too!" says 'e, tryin' t' laugh. "Y' bin aat 'ere long enough," 'e says. "Time y' went 'ome." Nice feller. You know! 'E was on'y jokin'.

DR. HANWELL. (Nods.) Of course.

COCKNEY. Got 'is thet d'y. (Reflectively.) Nice feller.

DR. HANWELL. Was he killed?

COCKNEY. Yaas. 'E needn't 'a' bin. You know! Alwa's runnin' abaat with 'is 'cad up. Nice feller. Oh, well, it's all in a life. You know!

One of the most effective scenes of the play is Dr. Hanwell's conversation with the discontented Irishman, capital-ly played by J. M. Kerrigan, formerly of the Irish Players.

DR. HANWELL. And how are you?

PAT. I don't know how I am.

DR. HANWELL. Do you sleep well?

PAT. I do not.

DR. HANWELL. Ah! (Marks the chart.) Does it bother you much?

PAT. It does.

DR. HANWELL. Does it pain?

PAT. I can't use it.

DR. HANWELL. That's not to be wondered at, is it?

PAT. It is not.

DR. HANWELL. (*To nurse.*) We'll look him over too. (*To Pat.*) Is there anything you want?

PAT. Indeed there's a lot o' things I want.

DR. HANWELL. For instance?

PAT. I want to get out o' here. I don't like the ward.

DR. HANWELL. Why not? Aren't you comfortable?

PAT. I am not.

DR. HANWELL. What do you need?

PAT. (*Stirring uneasily.*) Well, for one thing, I want more pillows.

DR. HANWELL. All right. You shall have them. (*Nods to nurse.* "She makes a note.") Anything else?

PAT. I want to be quiet. This place is too noisy. I hate it!

DR. HANWELL. When there is room I'll have you transferred where it is quieter. Anything else?

PAT. I want to walk.

DR. HANWELL. You must have patience.

PAT. I haven't. (*Sullenly, under his breath.*) I want to walk.

DR. HANWELL. How old are you?

PAT. What does it matter how old I am?

DR. HANWELL. (*Looks at nurse and nods and purses his lips.*) Well, you'll have the pillows, and we'll move you to a quieter place, and you'll walk as soon as nature permits. There! Feel more cheerful?

PAT. I do not.

DR. HANWELL. You mustn't feel that.

PAT. I do feel it.

DR. HANWELL. (*Breezily.*) Don't brood. Cheer up!

PAT. I can't. (*Indicates the others.*) They're cheerful. I hate it!

DR. HANWELL. (*Smiling.*) You seem to hate everything.

PAT. I do.

DR. HANWELL. You don't hate me?

PAT. (*Looks at him long and hard.*) I do not.

DR. HANWELL. (*Smiling.*) Well, that's something.

PAT. (*Gets sullen again.*) Only when you ask me questions an' tell me to be cheerful.

DR. HANWELL. I won't tell you any more.

PAT. All right.

DR. HANWELL. Now, smile.

PAT. I will not.

DR. HANWELL. (*Coaxing.*) Ah! Ah! Ah! Come on! (*Smiling broadly at him. Pat smiles slowly and reluctantly.*) There you are! You can. Do that every hour!

Presently into the ward comes Annie, armed with her soap and her scrubbing pail. She is, of course, the good angel of the ward, helping the men in ways that the doctors and nurses have not thought of—foraging for cigarets and papers, singing fearful ballads, cheerfully content to perform the humblest work of the hospital, but hoping, with unflagging patriotism, that somehow she will be awarded the honor of a Red Cross uniform. She is more successful than Dr. Hanwell in cheering up the pessimistic Irishman.

ANNIE. (*To Pat.*) 'Ow are y'?

PAT. I'm not well.

ANNIE. You're lookin' much better.

PAT. I'm not better.

ANNIE. Don't you contradic' me.

PAT. Go away.

ANNIE. (*Sees the orange.*) 'Ere, you've not 'ad y'r orange. (*Picks it up and offers it to him.*)

PAT. L'ave it alone. Put it down, will ye?

ANNIE. Oh, all right. (*Replaces it.*)

PAT. I hate oranges.

ANNIE. Do y'? Well, never mind. T'morrer's cherry d'y.

PAT. I hate cherries, too. That's all they ever think of, oranges and cherries. I hate fruit.

ANNIE. W'at would y' like?

PAT. Never mind now what I'd like. I can't get what I'd like.

ANNIE. Oh, gwan! Tell me.

PAT. I will not.

COCKNEY. I'll tell y' w'at 'e wants. Choc'lets. That's w'at 'e wants.

ANNIE. Like some—some—sweets?

PAT. (*Brightens up.*) I would. (*Disgustedly.*) What did ye want to speak about 'em for? No one ever thinks of 'em.

ANNIE. I'll git y' some.

PAT. Where would you get them?

ANNIE. I saw a feller eatin' some this mornin'.

PAT. (*Wistfully.*) Did ye?

ANNIE. (*Nods.*) I'm sure 'e'd give me some if I arst 'im f'r meself.

PAT. What would he be givin' you sweets for?

ANNIE. Oh, 'e likes bein' scrubbed under. 'E comes from London—The Tower 'amlets. 'E's got a bad leg, too, on'y 'e's laughin' all the time.

PAT. An' well he may, and he havin' chocolates?

ANNIE. Yaas. An' pep'm'nts.

PAT. (*Closing his eyes at the thought.*) Oh! I like them.

ANNIE. I'm glad y' like somethin'. I'll be scrubbin' raand 'is bed bimeby, an' I'll arst 'im. So, cheer up.

PAT. (*Disconsolately.*) Oh, he'll have eaten them all by then.

ANNIE. Not 'e. 'E's got several boxes. PAT. Don't be too long gettin' round to him.

ANNIE. All right, Pat. An' cheer up. Y'll soon be runnin' abaat agin.

PAT. I'll never run.

ANNIE. Yaas, y' will. Y'll be back fightin' bimeby.

PAT. I'll never fight again.

ANNIE. I s'pose as soon as y' git aat of 'ere y'll maikin' recruitin' speeches.

PAT. (*Disgustedly.*) I will not! I'll never run! An' I'll never fight. An' I can't make speeches. I hate speeches. I can't do nothin' any more.

ANNIE. Well, what are you goin' to do with yourself?

PAT. For the rest o' me life I'm goin' to impose meself on the British Government!

The convalescents are sent out into the open air, and Annie is left to clean out the ward. As Dr. Hanwell passes through, he stops to tell her of the complaint that has been made against her. She has not been rigorous enough in

observing the strict discipline of the field hospital. She must not try to move the men, as that is against the rules. She promises to obey, and questions the doctor concerning her ambition to be a real nurse.

ANNIE. I wish I was "Nurse" Annie.

DR. HANWELL. You mustn't be in a hurry.

ANNIE. D'y' think I ever will be?

DR. HANWELL. There's no reason why you shouldn't. Just now you must be content to do what you can.

ANNIE. (*Quickly.*) Oh, I'm content, sir. Reely, I am. An' 'appy too. 'Appier 'n I've ever bin, or thought of.

DR. HANWELL. That's right. Not "haunted" any more?

ANNIE. No indeed, sir. (*Smiles sheepishly.*) "Cheery" Annie, they calls me 'ere.

DR. HANWELL. Do they, indeed?

ANNIE. Yaas, sir! Y'see, I'm alwa's tryin' t' keep 'em from bein' sorry abaat theirselves. So I laugh at 'em, an' maikie light o' their troubles. Yaas, sir, I'm doin' jus' w'at I used t' dream abaat, an' think abaat—workin' f'r the soljers. Doin' somethin' f'r them, bein' near 'em. It's not much I'm doin'. Still, it is somethin'. (*Smiles wistfully.*) 'Course I saw meself with a uniform an' a cross all red across me chest. But y' cawn't git everything all at once, can y'? You 'ad t' start, didn't y'?

DR. HANWELL. Oh, dear, yes. I had years of it.

ANNIE. An' naa y've got there. Well, I've got thet t' look forward to. (*Sighs.*) I would like to be a nurse in a real uniform. It'd be fine to go back t' Camden Taan like one o' them titled lidies y' see in the illustriated paipers. Mother an' Liz would stare, an' no mistaike.

DR. HANWELL. What do you hear from them?

ANNIE. 'Erb's gorn.

DR. HANWELL. 'Erb?

ANNIE. My brother, you know. The one you spoke to.

DR. HANWELL. Oh, to be sure! Has he, indeed?

ANNIE. Yaas, 'e's 'listed. I've just 'ad a letter from Mother. 'E went orf the very d'y I left. I'm so glad.

DR. HANWELL. So am I. A fine up-standing young fellow, and a first-rate fighter.

ANNIE. Ain't 'e? 'Twasn't being afraid kep' 'im back. Just obst'nit-like. Lots like thet. Then somethin' 'appens an' orf they go.

DR. HANWELL. (*Smiling.*) You happened, eh?

ANNIE. I 'xpec' 'e felt kind o', you know. Oh, an' Mother? 'She's goin' t' do somethin'.

DR. HANWELL. Isn't that splendid? What?

ANNIE. She don't s'y w'at. "Somethin'," she said. I 'xpec' she'd bin 'avin' a little drop o' comfort. Still, she writes very cheerful. Not orfen she's cheerful. Gin's a depressin' sperrit, ain't it?

DR. HANWELL. Very.

ANNIE. Oh, an' she says Lizzie—my sister, you know—Lizzie's willin' t' maikie war-stuff if they p'y 'er better-n she's gittin'.

DR. HANWELL. Good!

ANNIE. Liz do love money. It's 'er on'y drawback. She's a fine gal's, Liz. W'y, w'en I was took ill she—

DR. HANWELL. (*Starting to go.*) I'm so glad to hear your news—

ANNIE. (*Following him.*) Oh, an' Mother says lots o' fellers in the nex' street 'a' gorn since 'Erb went. Kind o' shaimed 'em, I 'xpec'. So, taikie it all in all, aar fem'ly's doin' aar bit.

DR. HANWELL. (*Laughing genially and taking out cigaret case.*) You seem to have stirred them all up.

Two wounded soldiers are carried in to the ward on stretchers, sleeping under the influence of opiates. Annie is left in charge of the new patients for a few minutes. One of them, coming out of his sleep, begins deliriously to shout "One! Two! Three! Four! Charge!" Annie begins to sing an old lullaby to him, and finally quiets him.

strict instructions. You said he was not to be touched.

DR. HANWELL. I did.

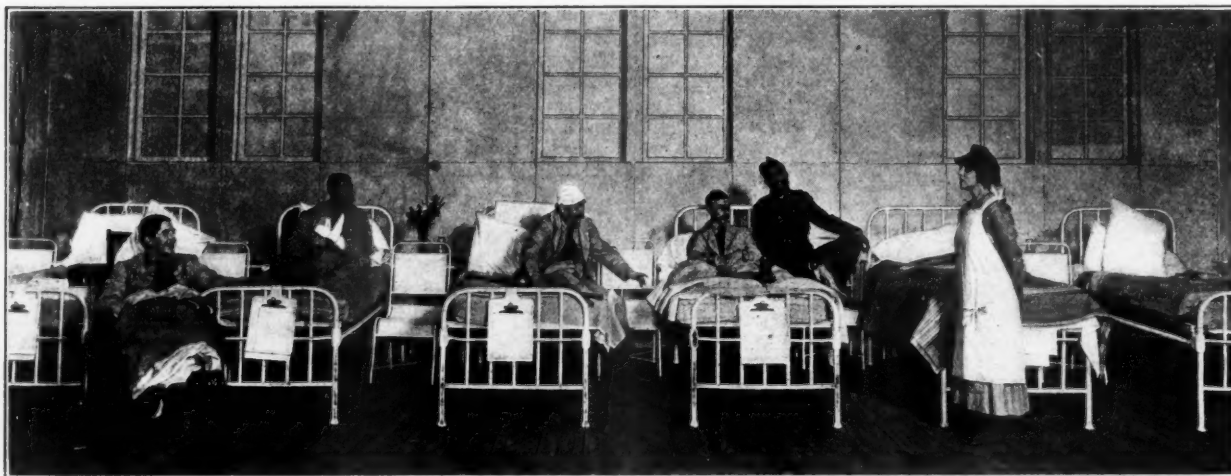
NURSE. She's not to be trusted near these people. (*To Annie.*) Leave the ward!

ANNIE. (*Finds her voice and screams vehemently and wildly.*) He's my man—my sweet'art—an' I'm not t' touch 'im! I'm t' be sent aw'y! 'E went becoss I arst 'im to, an' naa 'e's there dyin' an' I'm not t' touch 'im. I'm t' go! W'at 'ave I done? W'at anyone would do! Not touch 'im! Look at 'im. 'Is pore brain all torn an' tangled. Screamin' aat in 'is sleep, an' I stroked 'im an' sang 'im quiet. (*To nurse.*) You wasn't 'ere t' do it. W'at 'arm was there in thet? Not touch 'em! I wouldn't 'urt any of 'em. They're God's men. Thet's w'at they are! Can any man do mor'n they 'ave? (*Points to No. 5.*) Than 'e 'as? Cawn't touch 'im, an' 'e's my—my—

DR. HANWELL. (*Trying to soothe her.*)

hope of immediate reformation as revealed in the opening act, have been converted to patriotism and cheerful self-sacrifice and national service by the leaven of Annie's good deeds. Herbert Hudd has also found his soul in wartime service, and resents the implication of his sister Lizzie that Annie is not a sister to be proud of.

'ERB. (*Seriously.*) 'Ere! Thet's enough o' thet! See! I'm glad she's me sister. I'raad of it! France 'ad a Joan of Harc! Aw right, them. We've got a Annie 'Udd! She showed me w'at for. An' I've never been 'appier for anythin' I've done than I've bin f'r inlistin'. See? Not even when I won me first fight! Yaas! This is a bigger fight 'n thet. I'm goin' to 'it the fellers I 'ates, not me own kind. Thet's w'at she said. See? An' I can look people str'ight in the faice naa as I walks daan the street. An' they



IN THE FIELD HOSPITAL.

The Irishman, the Cockney, the Canadian, the New Zealander, and the Scotchman, are all represented in various stages of convalescence. To them all Annie proves to be an angel in disguise, even tho she often breaks the rules of hospital discipline. This scene is said to be one of the most effective of all those which have been inspired by the Great War.

The other man, finally regaining consciousness, recognizes the girl, and starts forward. She catches him. He is her sweetheart. The nurse, entering, gains the impression that the little East End waif has been breaking the rules again. But shocked at discovering that the man whom she has sent to the trenches is on the point of death, Annie is too hysterical to answer. The act ends with this effective scene.

NURSE. What do you mean, touching that man?

ANNIE. (*Wildly.*) 'E—'e—'e— (*Her hands beating the air helplessly.*)

NURSE. This is the last time. You will not be allowed near the men again.

ANNIE. (*Trying to speak articulately, glaring wild-eyed at the man.*) 'E was—'e was—'e was— (*Dr. Hanwell hurries in with a roll of medical equipment.*)

DR. HANWELL. Here it is. I found it the moment you'd gone. (*Handing it to nurse.*)

NURSE. (*Indicating Annie.*) She's been doing it again. I found her pulling that man about on his pillow after our

Quiet! Quiet! Tell me exactly what you did.

ANNIE. (*Breathless, crying, distracted.*) 'E cried aat an' fell forward, an' I 'elped 'im back saime as 'e is naa. An I saw 'oo 'e was, an' I was 'oldin' 'im, 'ardly believin' it, w'en she come in an' saw me, an' said I was t' go—an'an'—

DR. HANWELL. (*Stopping her.*) In this instance you were perfectly right. (*Going to side of cot No. 5 and instructing nurse.*) He must be watched continually, and kept just as he is. Don't allow him under any circumstances to fall forward, or he may have a hemorrhage. (*To Annie.*) You needn't leave the ward. From now you are an assistant nurse.

ANNIE. (*Dazed, half-hysterical.*) H'assistant nurse, sir?

DR. HANWELL. Yes.

ANNIE. (*Gives a little catching in-drawing of the breath.*) Oh!

The last act proves to be a distinct drop from the dramatic power displayed by Mr. Manners in the hospital scene. He would have us believe that the Hudd family, obviously beyond any

looks at me in these 'ere (*points to his uniform*) as if they was praad o' me. An' I'm praad o' meself. Thet's Annie's doin'. And don't talk agin 'er, Liz!

LIZ. Oh! (*She turns away a little ashamed.*)

'ERB. (*Watches her, then goes to her and puts his arm on her shoulder.*) Liz, Liz, I didn't mean ter . . .

LIZ. (*Distractedly.*) Oh! Leav' me alone, cawn't y'? Annie! Annie! Annie! Jes' becoss she sneaked her w'y inter bein' a nurse!

And so they leave to hear 'Aunted Annie's inspired recruiting speech, which since her triumph as a nurse she has been making all over the country, since her return from "out there."

In the final scene the audience is given a glimpse of Annie, now a full-fledged Red Cross nurse, standing with her back against the base of the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square, successfully haranguing the surging crowd below to enlist and fight for their country.

THE FIRST MUSICAL SPOKESMAN OF THE JEWISH RACE

FOR the first time in the history of the Jewish people and for the first time in the history of music, a composer has appeared whose avowed intention is the musical expression of what is racial in the Jew. His name is Ernest Bloch. He is a native of Switzerland and has recently become a resident of New York.

Tho Mr. Bloch is by no means the first Jew who has attained distinction in musical creation, none of his predecessors had ever attempted to write what might be called Jewish music. Mendelssohn, a convert to Christianity, who actually preached the message of the Reformation in his art, was essentially a German romanticist. Meyerbeer, the continuer of the French grand opera tradition, had no purpose but the achievement of brilliant stage effects. Rubinstein fused his identity with the atmosphere of polite salons. Offenbach was content to indulge the Gallic taste for piquant frivolity. Goldmark cultivated a pseudo-Orientalism which rested solidly on a comfortable German foundation. Mahler attempted cosmic heights to which his genius was scarcely adequate. But none of them wrote anything that could be recognized as essentially Jewish. To use Mr. Bloch's own words, as quoted in the *Musical Observer*, "they failed, consciously or unconsciously, through fear or a lack of self-knowledge, to proclaim themselves in their art." It is because of this, he argues, that Jewish composers "have never as yet attained the first rank."

Now Mr. Bloch's talent is perhaps as universal as theirs; but, in order to achieve a vigorous racial expression, he has to set certain limitations to its exercise. His music, if we are to believe Mr. Paul Rosenfeld, writing in *The Seven Arts*, is "the work of one who has foregone a thousand sensations, a thousand experiences, in order to feel one thing intensely. It is the work of one who has withdrawn himself into the cirque of racial culture, who is aflood with the sentiment of racial unity."

Yet this is not the result of a conscious procedure. It is said that non-Jewish friends first called his attention to the fact that he was writing music that was essentially racial. His own words, quoted by Mr. Philip Hale in the *Boston Symphony Program*, give us the gist of the whole matter. He says:

"It is not my purpose, not my desire, to attempt a reconstruction of Jewish music, or to base my work on melodies more or less authentic. I am not an archeologist. I hold it of first importance

to write good, genuine music, my music. It is the Jewish soul that interests me, the complex, glowing, agitated soul, that I feel vibrating throughout the Bible: the freshness and naïveté of the Patriarchs; the violence that is evident in the prophetic books; the Jew's savage love of justice; the despair of the Preacher in Jerusalem; the sorrow and the immensity of the Book of Job; the sensuality of the Song of Songs.

"All this is in us; all this is in me, and it is the better part of me. It is all this that I endeavor to hear in myself and to transcribe in my music: the venerable emotion of the race that slumbers way down in our soul."

Mr. Bloch is still a young man. He was born in Geneva in 1880, the son of a Jewish merchant. He showed musical talent in early youth and began



A MUSICAL INTERPRETER OF THE JEWISH SOUL

In his musical compositions, Ernest Bloch attempts to set forth the Jewish love of justice, the sorrow and immensity of the Book of Job, and the frank sensuality of the Song of Songs.

to play the piano at eight. He received his elementary musical training from Jacques-Dalcroze in Geneva, studied the violin with Rey, later with Ysaye in Brussels. There he also studied composition with Rasse, a pupil of César Franck. He spent some time in Frankfurt, studying with Iwan Knorr, and in Munich. After a sojourn in Paris, he returned to Geneva in 1904. Finding his family in reduced circumstances, he worked as a bookkeeper in his mother's little shop, but in his spare hours worked on his opera, "Macbeth." He had previously composed a symphonic poem and a symphony. In 1909-10 Mr. Bloch conducted Symphony concerts in Lausanne and Neuchâtel and from 1911 to 1915 lectured on esthetic subjects in the Geneva Conservatory.

A composer who refuses to follow established formulas must usually pay the penalty of non-recognition. To the Germans Bloch was too French, to the French, too German. His symphony was refused by most of the conductors of Europe. His "Macbeth," produced in Paris in 1910, brought forth a storm of adverse criticism. But Romain Rolland recognized the composer's genius and journeyed to Geneva to visit him. After hearing his first symphony the author of "Jean Christophe" wrote:

"Your symphony is one of the most important works of the modern school. I do not know any work in which a richer, more vigorous, more passionate temperament makes itself felt. It is wonderful to think that it is an early work. If I had known you at that time, I should have said to you: 'Do not trouble yourself about criticisms or praise, or opinions from others. You are master of yourself. Do not let yourself be turned aside or led astray from yourself by anything whatever: influences, advice, doubts, anything.' From the very first measures to the end of such music one feels at home in it. It has a life of its own; it is not a composition coming from the brain before it was felt."

His music is regarded by American critics as outspoken and uncompromisingly modern. They speak of dissonance that "smarts and grates," such as "even the battlepiece of 'Heldenleben' rarely ventures," of "stark chords," "mournful plangencies of minor keys," "cruel cacophony." But the *New York Tribune* calls his quartet a work "so sincere, so forceful, and, despite the use of dissonances, so unaffected that its innate pessimism can be forgiven." Other critics praise it in a similar vein, while Mr. Peyser, in *Musical America*, characterizes the work as "the finest modern chamber work heard in New York in the last five years." In reviewing the "Three Jewish Poems" Mr. H. T. Parker speaks, in the *Boston Transcript*, of strange new colorings that "flashed out of the orchestra and overspread it—tonal tints that were novel sensations to the ear, that wrought illusion and response, that bore unmistakably the image, inflection, suggestion, that the composer would impart." Again Mr. Parker speaks of "a music of vehement intensity, cleaving, tearing almost, its way to utterance."

None of Bloch's themes are Jewish and they are not even in the manner of the traditional Jewish melodies. He says of his own work: "Superficially, my works are not Jewish at all. The learned Jews will no doubt reject them altogether. In fact, I expect the

strongest opposition to my work to come from Jews. But I have tried to express the soul of the Jewish people as I feel it." That the music is "authentically Jewish" seems certain. No one, perhaps, is better able to testify on this point than Mr. Rosenfeld. Writing in *The Seven Arts* he says:

"It is authentic by virtue of qualities more fundamental than the synagogical modes on which it bases itself, the semitic pomp and color that inform it. There are moments when one hears in this music the harsh and haughty accents of the Hebrew tongue, sees the abrupt and passionate gestures of the Hebrew soul, feels the titanic burst of energy that created

the race, and carried it safely across lands and times, out of the eternal Egypt, through the eternal Red Sea. It is as if an element that has remained unchanged throughout all the ages, an element that is in every Jew, an element by which every Jew must know himself and his descent, were caught up in it, and fixed there."

FIRST STEPS TOWARD A NATIONAL NEGRO THEATER

NOT only one of the most stimulating but the most important theatrical event of the season, in the opinion of that most easily bored of critics, Louis Sherwin, has been the production of three plays by Ridgely Torrence, dealing with the life of the American Negro and acted last month in the old Garden Theater in New York by a company of colored players.



MISCENEGATION

Upon this sinister theme, Ridgely Torrence has built up in "Granny Maumee" an impressive tragedy of the Negro race in America. Only three characters are used, the colored actress here portrayed assuming a rôle that requires great tragic power.

"Stimulating," wrote Mr. Sherwin in the *Globe*, "because at certain moments it reached depths of vivid, full-blooded drama that Broadway at its best but feebly imitates. Important because it opened up that sadly neglected storehouse of dramatic material, the life of the American Negro."

Other critics are likewise impressed with the significance of this effort toward the establishment of a national colored theater. "Here at last," notes the *N. Y. Evening Post*, "we have the beginnings of something like a folk theater, entirely domestic if not altogether national, and of an indisputable, if as yet incalculable, racial significance. Should it persist, and thrive, it will find within its own peculiar domain many great opportunities, and before long it will be doing better work in better plays. It might even rival the achievements of the Abbey Theater of Dublin, which had a less propitious start."

Our failure to take advantage of the colored section of the American people, declares Louis Sherwin, has not only been curious but despicable and due chiefly to the worst kind of snobbishness:

"We have prated patronizingly about the Negro. Many people have called attention to those of his characteristics most essential to artistic talent, his humor, his pathos, his vivacity and intensity. Not that every colored man is a potential Coquelin. But there is in the race a lack of self-consciousness that gives them a greater natural aptitude for acting and various forms of song. They have a peculiar idiom in their speech and their music, peculiar characteristics that should make them especially fertile subjects for American dramatic art.

"Broadway has, of course, overlooked these possibilities. It has given us in vaudeville a bastard form of Negro humor. Many authors have introduced occasional Negro characters of a purely conventional, servile type. To all suggestions that real pictures of contemporary Negro life and people should be shown on the stage, the cautious theatrical manager has been either hostile or indifferent from prejudice or timidity. Not until Ridgely Torrence's vivid and poetic 'Granny Maumee' was done by the Stage Society a couple of years ago was any attempt made in this direction."



GRANNY MAUMEE

In the rôle of a Negro mammy with atavistic tendencies and "royal black" blood, Marie Jackson-Stuart at moments suggests the grandeur of Greek tragedy.

The performances of the colored players have also served the purpose of introducing the poet, Ridgely Torrence, as a dramatist of promise and power, asserts Mr. Sherwin. Here is "the first author since the late Joel Chandler Harris to do real artistic justice to the Negro."

"His poetic imagination, his intense, perfervid piety streaked with weird strains of atavism and superstition, his rich, unctuous humor, his naïveté and simplicity, are painted with sympathy and power. Neither has Mr. Torrence neglected to show the grim irony of the relations between white and black. The pious old 'Dr. Williams' exhorts the Rider of Dreams to lead an honest life and avoid the contaminating influence of the white man. Granny Maumee is humbled to the dust when she finds that her great-grandchild, the pride and longing of her last days, is vitiated with a strain of the white blood of the same accursed family that burned her son at the stake. She is 'royal black' and 'all our women have been honest.'

"There are passages in 'The Rider of

Dreams,' 'Granny Maumee,' and 'Simon the Cyrenian' that to my mind place Ridgely Torrence in the front rank of American authors. They have occasional defects, to be sure. At times they move too slowly. But such faults are soon corrected. For my part, I was fascinated by these plays and by the vividness and intensity of their acting. 'Simon the Cyrenian' is the only one of the three not dealing with contemporary life. It is a poetic dramatization of the Cyrenian who bore the cross for Jesus Christ to the place of crucifixion. Mr. Torrence represents the Cyrenian as a mighty man, the idol of all the slaves throughout the Roman empire, an agitator whose power and influence were feared by the strongest of the proconsuls, even by Caesar himself. The author could not resist a symbolic conclusion when he made Simon say, as he picked up the crown of thorns and the cross: 'This I will wear and this I will bear—until He comes into His own.'

Robert Edmond Jones not only designed costumes and scenery for the Colored Players but also directed the act-



SIMON OF CYRENE

Robert Edmond Jones, who designed costumes and scenery for the production of the Colored Players, thus depicts Simon, who bore the cross of Jesus. "That Jesus' crossbearer was a black man," writes Mr. Torrence, "as the early Renaissance painters represented him, is a fact that holds a certain suggestion bearing upon a phase of modern society."

ing. With Mr. Torrence, he has attempted to give the colored actors as wide a scope as possible for their inherent dramatic powers. As explained in the N. Y. Tribune:

"The producers are trying to give the players as free a rein as possible, hoping that they will play the parts as they feel they ought to be played. It may be necessary to stand by and call out to a cast of white actors just how to make this gesture, or read that line, what position to take when up-stage or how to walk when advancing to the footlights; but in this case it is felt that it will be better to let the players make the first move themselves. Then if they end up standing squarely in front of some one else or find a pose which is out of keeping with the rest of the picture, the director may direct. But in matters of essential beauty in intonation and movement it is fairly safe to wait for the negro actor to demonstrate it for himself."

The enterprize, says the *New Republic*, is as fine as the American theater has seen for years.

SACHA GUITRY AS THE COMING GENIUS OF THE FRENCH THEATER

ALTHO it cannot be truthfully reported that the war has produced any chastening effect upon the frivolous state of the French stage, it has, in a sense, if we may believe a critic of *Le Théâtre et la Musique*, intensified and dignified the curious and wilful genius of Sacha Guitry, who has at various times been described as a miniature modern Molière. As soon after the outbreak of hostilities as the theaters of Paris could conveniently reopen, Parisians turned for relief to the irresponsible comedies of Sacha Guitry. "Le Veilleur de nuit" was revived. It afforded the many admirers of Guitry an hour or two of surcease from acute worries.

In the newest play, Sacha Guitry has, for the first time in his meteoric career, turned deliberately away from France of the present day. Instead he has, as it were, paid a dramatic tribute to La Fontaine, a poet who so completely crystallizes the spirit and genius of the French race.

"Jean de la Fontaine," recently produced at the Théâtre des Bouffes-Parisiens, resurrects, says M. Régis Gignoux in *Le Théâtre et la Musique*, that dramatic art of the old masters of the French drama. Sacha Guitry brings on

the stage, he declares, a living man, not one painted and embalmed, but of flesh and blood, living such a natural life. He possesses the power to transport his audience into the very era of La Fontaine and to arouse an immediate and contemporary affection for the central figure of his drama.

"This comedy has gone so far as to disconcert those admirers of Sacha Guitry who flock to his new plays saying to themselves: 'At last, here we can laugh away an hour or two!' For this one is sprightly and sad at one and the same time. . . . Nevertheless, they must discover in this man who is so like themselves La Fontaine himself. With his marvelous naturalness, his frankness, Sacha Guitry has made his hero into a living man. The suggestion of a fable now and then recalls to us La Fontaine the poet. . . ."

"This comedy is of such a quality that it assures us forthcoming masterpieces from Guitry's pen. The breath of its success surpasses all those former successes of the author and comedian, who, in the ten years of his youth, had done so much already, to liberate, to widen, and to enrich the French theater. Let us rejoice in his victory, in all that it brings us, in all that it promises us, and because it awakens in our hearts a deeper love of La Fontaine himself: In the character of the 'good fellow' he himself interprets, Sacha Guitry surpasses himself. It would

be too easy to point out to some of the stars of the Comédie Française the lessons they might learn from his natural recitation of the fables."



AS HE SEES HIMSELF

Not content with writing his own plays and acting in them, the versatile Sacha Guitry occasionally writes flippant books, or exhibits pictures painted by himself. He is responsible for this irresponsible sketch, made while acting in his comedy concerning La Fontaine, France's famous fable-writer.

MOTION PICTURES

BAD AUTHORS MORE THAN BAD ACTORS ARE MARRING THE PHOTOPLAY

THIS is the day of complaining in the motion-picture industry. Nearly everybody is doing it. The public complains of the inferior quality of the pictures the exhibitor runs in his theater and threatens to stay away unless there is an improvement; the exhibitor complains to the producer of the poor service he is receiving; the producer complains of the incompetency of directors, the ruinous extravagance of the star system and the impossibility of getting good plays; the director raves at the actors and the actors complain of the limitations of the screen. Legislatures are beginning to complain that the motion-picture industry is not paying enough taxes, and this affords them another opportunity to investigate.

There is no doubt that motion-pictures are lacking in many essentials, agrees Rex Beach in the Authors' League *Bulletin*, but "improvement will not come until exhibitors, producers, directors and actors realize the importance of good scenarios." In blaming authors themselves for the scarcity of good scenarios, he says:

"Wretched cash prices, absurd royalties, loose and inequitable contracts are largely the result of ignorance on the part of the authors—they themselves are responsible for many of the very abuses of which they complain the loudest; and to a far

greater extent than is realized are they responsible for the dearth of good pictures about which there is a general complaint."

"The custard-pie comedy, the fatuous five-reeler, the slobbery serial will continue so long as authors continue to regard moving pictures as a 'by-product' of their work, to be sold for cigaret money. When creative writers arrive at an intelligent appreciation of moving-picture values, when they attain a true sense of proportion, then nine-tenths of the abuses in the business will automatically disappear."

So long, in other words, as writers consent to sell outright their photoplay rights, so long will producers take advantage of that fact and authors continue to complain of unfair treatment.

This eminently successful author and chairman of the motion-picture committee of the Authors' League of America gives some interesting figures in support of his argument that there is a mint of money and plenty of honor awaiting first-class writers who refuse to deal with motion-picture producers except on a straight ten per cent. royalty basis. He cites one five-reel picture which cost to produce less than \$20,000 and which has played to a gross of more than \$400,000. Deducting thirty-five per cent. for the cost of distributing the films—an average charge—leaves \$260,000, out of

which must again be deducted the positive costs—probably \$60,000—in order to arrive at the profit. Gross sales of a photoplay serial amounting to \$1,000,000 are not extraordinary. Many have earned considerably more—his own film version of *The Spoilers*, for instance—and some have yielded a net profit of half a million dollars.

"Of course all pictures are not successful—a producer will say that there are not fair examples of earnings." Quite so, many productions show a small profit, some actually lose money, but with intelligent handling and with reasonably efficient distribution there is no greater hazard in this than in the business of producing plays and an author can well afford to face the risks of no returns, in case the photoplay fails, provided he be allowed to share equitably in the profits when, or if, there are any."

On the other hand, such representative authors and dramatists as Ellis Parker Butler, Channing Pollock and Anna Steese Richardson regard photoplay-writing much as the burned child regards the fire. Mr. Butler goes so far as to say, in the same publication, that "except when the story writer is retained for a specified and satisfactory sum, the payment of which is absolutely guaranteed upon the delivery of the scenario, the story writer should not bother with motion-picture scenario-writing at all. Writing short stories is one profession and writing scenarios is another. When the story-writer takes up scenario-writing he is entering the field of another group of specialists who are, or are rapidly becoming, masters of an entirely separate craft." The author of "Pigs Is Pigs" declines "to make his own shoes, or cut his own hair, or write any more scenarios."

Channing Pollock, a playwright with many dramatic successes to his credit, renounces, rather than denounces, photoplay-writing because his share of the income "derived from fifteen photoplays—twelve months' work—was less than the income derived from any one of the eighteen plays he has written—with two exceptions." And the writing of no single play ever occupied him more than six months. Therefore:

"Motion-picture authorship, as a profession, does not pay. At least, it does not pay what the same man is paid for the same work in fiction or the drama. . . .

"The most fertile, fecund and indus-



SARAH BERNHARDT SCORES ANOTHER TRIUMPH IN THE FILM DRAMA

The great tragedienne, in the rôle of Joan Marsay, in the patriotic picture "Mothers of France," creates a character that will not soon be forgotten. The scenario was written by Jean Richepin, of the French Academy.

trious of authors, working alone, cannot turn out more than six or seven scenarios, of an average high enough to make two-thirds of them salable, in the period in which he would turn out a novel or a play. And from all the six or seven, if he disposes of them—which he won't—at the highest market price, he cannot make more than half the average return from serial or book rights of a novel or the various rights of a play. He never has

the novelist's or the dramatist's chance of big stakes from a big success."

As for Miss Richardson, a novelist and short-story writer of reputation, she says:

"Except in those cases where authors sell outright the motion-picture rights of a book, magazine serial or short story, writing for the movies, even under con-

tract, is the most discouraging form of literary gambling. The writer is entirely sincere in his efforts to meet the requirements of the producer. The producer or scenario editor is absolutely insincere in his dealings with the author."

All of which adds to the burden of proof that the photoplay, in becoming an authentic art, has a more brilliant future than it has yet realized.

ARE THE MOVIES A MENACE TO THE DRAMA?

ASKING if there is any real danger that the primary art of the playwright and the secondary art of the player will be damaged, if not destroyed, by the continuous and increasing competition of the cinematograph, Professor Brander Matthews asserts, in *The North American Review*, that while the motion picture has, to be sure, driven melodrama from the boards, it is incapable of working any harm to the drama proper, because the two "are not even competitors." There is a tendency, he finds, to confuse the theater and the drama, whereas "they are not the same thing at all"; and furthermore, according to this distinguished student of the stage, the motion picture might take over half the playhouses in the United States and still exert scarcely any influence upon the drama itself. He adds:

"The drama is an art, perhaps the loftiest and most powerful of the arts; and the theater is a commercial enterprise. Of course, the drama cannot prosper unless it is on a sound economic basis; and for this it must always depend on the theater. But the theater can get along without the drama; it can for example rely on the review, the so-called comic opera, the summer song-show in which there is little or no trace of the essentially dramatic; it can fill out its program with song and dance, with acrobatics, with trained animals, with sidewalk conversationalists, with jugglers and conjurers, and with all the other possibilities of the variety-show. In so far as the moving picture has forced itself into a prominent place among these non-dramatic entertainments, it is not in any way invading the field of the drama, and therefore it is not to be considered as a competitor . . . can never be a real rival of the drama.

"Certain kinds of melodrama the movies can do better than the regular theater; certain kinds of farce also. But comedy and tragedy are wholly beyond its reach; and equally unattainable by it are the social drama and the problem-play. It is true, of course, that the moving-picture director can take comedy and tragedy, social drama and problem-play, and that he can translate them on the screen; but what has he succeeded in presenting? The mere story, the empty sequence of events, void of nearly all the humanity that gives it meaning. He can take 'Hamlet' and put it into pictures, but he

has to leave out all that lifted 'Hamlet' above the violent melodrama out of which Shakespeare made it. He can take 'Macbeth,' which has a good story picturesquely set forth, and he can show the succession of incidents with the utmost splendor. But he cannot show what gives all its value to this external shell of episode. He can make visible the marching of Macduff's army, and the coming of Birnam Wood, but he cannot disclose the conflict in the soul of Macbeth himself; he cannot make us shudder at the slow and steady disintegration of a noble character under the stress of recurring temptation. All that the moving picture can do to a masterpiece of Shakespeare

"In the hands of these pioneers of the picture-play, the new art is finding itself as it proceeds to get further and further away from the processes needful in the spoken drama and not needed in the ampler area open before the deviser of a plot for the film. As the new art explores its own field more searchingly and as it discovers its own latent possibilities, it is likely to diverge more and more from the method of the drama and attain a technic of its own which will differentiate it still more sharply. It can do this only by frankly accepting its limitations and by seeking to turn them to its advantage, for the true artist is forever making stumbling-blocks into step-



A TAVERN BRAWL IN THE TIME OF LUCRETIA BORGIA

The novels of Victor Hugo are furnishing a wealth of material for motion-pictures and the screen version of his "Lucretia Borgia" is one of the current successes.

is to rob it of its vitality and its significance and to reduce it to the purely spectacular level of 'The Birth of a Nation.'"

This is why, Professor Matthews points out, the shrewder of the makers of motion-pictures are strenuously seeking for original stories, invented by men and women who have mastered the new art of telling tales by visual means alone and who can so plan them as to minimize the disadvantages of its strict and inexorable limitations.

ping-stones. Whenever the motion-picture is able to accomplish this, it will cease even to appear to be a rival of the drama."

Professor Matthews concludes that the differentiation between the spoken play and the picture-play will become more obvious as the movie managers cease to borrow plots of plays and devote themselves to stories strictly in accord with the possibilities and limitations of their own special art.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON FURNISHES A THRILLING MELODRAMA FOR THE SCREEN

It is based on his Oriental story, "The Bottle Imp," and among the actors are several princesses and members of the Hawaiian royal family.

PICTURES THAT ARE FORBIDDEN BY THE CENSOR

THERE are as many laws covering motion-picture supervision as there are covering divorce. There are as many different kinds of censors as there are religious denominations. And daily almost as many people attend the silent performances as go to shop, factory or office. Small wonder that there is a wide divergence of opinion as to what should or should not be ex-

hibited. What ten men, asks William T. Walsh in the *Illustrated World*, would ordinarily agree that a certain act or picture of an act was immoral or subversive of public morals? Hardly any two states in the Union agree exactly in this important matter of motion-picture censorship, he adds. *The Birth of a Nation*, for example, hailed as a super-picture in many states, is barred from some, notably

Ohio, on the ground that it tends to stir up hatred and race bitterness. Ohio and Pennsylvania, we read, are typical of the worst offenders from the view-point of the picture producers. One of them complains in the *Illustrated World*:

"In Pennsylvania, underworld scenes, opium dens, questionable resorts, must be shown in such a way that 'no one may be stimulated by the example to similar adventure or conduct.' Babies are unmentionable creatures. And you can't look at snakes.

"Neither will Ohio permit snakes to be seen; nor will it permit a bandit to be exhibited, unless his nefariousness has brought him to a timely end; nor a boy at the throttle of a locomotive."

Recently, we read, a large number of clubwomen in an Iowa town demanded that the local censor suppress a motion-picture production in which a bride was shown seated at breakfast in a superbly furnished home. Inasmuch as the husband in the story was "only on a salary," the delegation of critics thought it "a dangerous situation to set before the young women of the community."

There is no exaggeration in this nor in any of these cases, we are assured by the writer, who suggests that the simplest way to satisfy the public and at the same time remove existing obstacles to the development of cinema art is to divide motion-picture plays into two classes: first, those which minors are forbidden to see. Second, those open to all ages and classes of people.

LEADING PHOTOPLAYS OF THE MONTH

[The following film productions are selected by CURRENT OPINION in consultation with the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures as being among the best new achievements of the photodrama in addition to those mentioned in the magazine previously.]

MOTHERS OF FRANCE. World, 6 reels: This is in many ways a remarkable picture, featuring Sarah Bernhardt, written by Jean Richepin, member of the French Academy, and made under the auspices of the French Government. Mme. Bernhardt makes of Joan Marsay, the mother, a character not soon to be forgotten. The main theme of the story is loyalty to France, but there is an independent love interest, and in no way is the story in the slightest degree designed to register as propaganda.

BROADWAY JONES. Artercraft, 6 reels: Fortunately George M. Cohan was not thinking of motion pictures when he originally wrote this comedy, which serves to introduce him to the picture world, otherwise he might have added a few more complications and spoiled a good screen play. Close-ups of the star are used somewhat superfluously, but he most always has something to express in them and such a personality is only too rare on the screen.

THE BOTTLE IMP. Lasky-Paramount, 5 reels: Hawaii and the Orient—the Arabian Nights in a modern but semi-Oriental setting—meet in this picturization of the famous story by Robert Louis Stevenson. From the opening scene, in which the author is shown, impersonated, telling this wonderful story to the children, to the final fade-out it is art and fancy interwoven with pictures from the life (the company having gone to Hawaii to get the native atmosphere). Princesses of the blood royal, we are told, were given permission to act with Sessue Hayakawa, the

star, to give absolute fidelity to the characters.

CASTLES FOR TWO. Lasky-Paramount, 5 reels: But for Marie Doro this might be more of a castle for one than for two. The wealthy American heiress who discovers a lord incognito, and makes herself adorable as a kitchen-maid, are not new characters in literature, but the picturing of the fairies about her, as she discovers the forests of the emerald isle, gives the film an eerie charm. The meek manner in which the quasi-hero accepts his orders to marry the (as he supposed) unattractive American heiress is hardly true to the Irish spirit of independence. But Miss Doro makes up for what the cast lacks in animation.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. Fox, 7 reels: Charles Dickens, judging by the screen result, might have written his fiction classic with the photodrama in his mind. The scenario is singularly faithful to the story that Dickens wrote of the French Revolution. The mob scenes are real and therefore remarkable by comparison with most such scenes. Readers of Dickens will not be disappointed in this version of his masterpiece.

O. HENRY STORIES. General Film, 2 reels: Beginning with "Past One At Rooney's," "Friends in San Rosario," and "The Third Ingredient," an attempt is made adequately to photograph the elusive quality that distinguishes the work of O. Henry. It is a quality that defies photography, however, and the best that can be said of these

three initial pictures is that O. Henry would have been interested in them.

THE ETERNAL SIN. Selznick, 5 reels: It was the misfortune of Victor Hugo, in so far as he was destined to write for the movies, to be a novelist without a very pronounced sense of humor. The villainy in this screen version of his "Lucretia Borgia" is so deep-dyed that one must look away from the procession of violences to find relief. Florence Reed, in the titular rôle, carries the picture dramatically from horror to horror to its greswome end. The photography is excellent and many of the scenes are gorgeous in setting.

WOMANHOOD. Vitagraph, 8 reels: After the "Battle Cry of Peace," the "Fall of a Nation," and other similar pictures in support of the defense propaganda, J. Stuart Blackton and Cyrus Townsend Brady are hardly to blame for showing nothing new in this rather ambitious screen melodrama. There are many striking achievements of photography in it, but the picture as a whole, while timely, is no less tedious than a twice-told tale.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL. Artercraft, 7 reels: In the hands of Mary Pickford, the character of Gwendolyn, in this screen version of the Eleanor Gates play, is vastly different and much more convincing than in the original. Much comedy has been added, of which little Miss Pickford makes the most. Her Gwendolyn ranks as one of her best screen creations.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

LATEST INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE CONNECTION BETWEEN DIET AND WORK

FOR some time an investigation of the food of workers in its relation to their health and efficiency has engaged the skill of Professor Leonard Hill. His most recent report, issued by the British government, is endorsed by the *British Medical Journal* (London) as "a mine of highly practical, soundly scientific and for the most part novel material." Food reformers usually demand that we make radical alterations in diet; but the late William Roberts, who was a very wise physician, more than once observed that not to give due weight to the habits and customs of mankind founded on the experience of unnumbered generations was rash and unscientific. Professor Hill seems to have had this advice in mind. He does not present men with model diets to fit a novel theory. He has examined the diets popular with workers, male and female, young and old, and has tested them primarily by their yield in energy as expressed in calories, using the term calory as a unit of heat.

In the first place, he examined the value of meals served in canteens, clubs and restaurants. The difference in price is very striking. In a popular restaurant a meal of steak-pudding, potatoes, cabbage and syrup pudding, yielding 1,334 calories, cost thirty-four cents (72 calories for two cents). In a factory canteen under amateur management a dinner of steak-pudding, peas and potatoes, jam roll and rice pudding cost ten cents and yielded 1,443 calories or 288 calories for two cents. The cheap ten-cent meal was not made by cutting down the protein, for it actually contained over ten per cent. more protein than the meal that cost thirty-four cents. It contained the same amount of fat and rather more carbohydrate. Such a result must give the housekeeper food for thought, says the medical paper:

"The food of women workers was, on the whole, less satisfactory than that of men and boys, and the yield in calories was probably, in most cases, insufficient. A restaurant meal of roast mutton, potatoes, cabbage and syrup roll yielded 687 calories, and cost 6d. [12c.]; another in a teashop, consisting of a roll, butter, milk, sugar, stewed prunes, and syrup, yielded 397 calories, and cost 7d. [14c.]. A meal, brought from home, of roast pork, Yorkshire pudding, potatoes and cabbage, yielded 590 calories; but another, consisting of roast beef, potatoes, cabbage, and

haricot beans, yielded only 295. Whether deficiencies in the meal taken during the working period are made up by more liberal meals at home or whether these meals are also deficient could not be ascertained; but, says Dr. Hill, 'even if the home meals are more liberal the distribution of the day's eating is on the wrong lines.' He considers that in a long day's work there should be a good meal in the longest break if the efficiency of the worker is to be maintained for months and years."

Experience, according to Professor Hill, indicates that for a large class of workers home meals are hurried and, especially for women workers, too often consist of white bread and boiled tea. A worker starting the day with a bread and tea breakfast and walking or traveling for an hour or more to work can not remain for long efficient. Professor Hill thinks much lost time and illness result from this cause. He accepts the estimate of various investigators that the energy required by a man engaged in fairly light work is about 3,500 calories of food as purchased; but where calculations are based, as in his investigations, on food as eaten, the minimum canteen diet should be about 3,000 calories. For a man engaged in a sedentary occupation as little as 2,200 calories may suffice.

An investigation was had at a well-managed eating-house where each wage-earner was allowed to eat as much as desired. Four meals were supplied—the British fashion for workers now—breakfast, dinner, tea and supper.

"Bacon or sausage, or both, were served at breakfast, either meat or fish at dinner, and either meat or ham and cheese at supper. The calorie values varied between 3,847 and 3,913. This should satisfy the requirements of factory workers unless very heavy work is being done, and could perhaps be reduced somewhat if facilities for getting extra food were afforded to any one who wanted more. Five sample daily dietaries are suggested, yielding from 2,956 to 3,252 calories. Any one of them would seem to most town-livers an ample dietary. Thus that which yielded the lowest number of calories consisted of a sausage and a rasher of bacon, with two slices of bread, sugar and milk, for breakfast; roast beef, potatoes, peas, and currant pudding for dinner; two slices of bread, butter, and jam, sugar, milk, and a piece of cake for tea; and two slices of bread and butter, ham, and cheese, for supper. It is interesting to note how Professor Hill distributes his

calories during the day. In three of his five diets the largest number is provided for midday dinner, the yield being 1,346, 1,102, and 1,003 respectively. In the two others the yield provided from breakfast is a little higher than that from dinner. In all diets the yield from supper is lower than that for dinner, and in all but two lower than that for breakfast."

For the relief of monotony an important factor is a change of surroundings during the meal. A short walk before partaking of it may be desirable. The custom of eating in an environment devoted ordinarily to other purposes should be avoided. The importance of fatigue in causing indigestion should never be overlooked: we must not eat when we are very tired mentally or physically.

A diet free from meat is not as safe as the diet containing meat. Such is the general conclusion of the assistant in animal nutrition at the University of Illinois, M. Helen Keith, whose results are set forth in *The Scientific American*. While in many respects, according to her, the food constituents from animal and vegetable sources are altogether equivalent and replaceable, and while it is undoubtedly possible for some people to live in perfect health and comfort on a well-regulated diet selected from vegetable sources, with the addition of milk and eggs, the selection of a suitable variety from these limited sources requires special care in the choice and probably special care in the manner of preparation. It may be said emphatically, however, that the narrow restriction of the diet to cereals leads to injury.

Furthermore, during the last few years there has been brought out some positive evidence of injury resulting from an exclusively vegetable diet. In one set of experiments such effects were observed in several species of mammalia, even when the diet was made up of mixed cereals, legumes and fresh vegetables. If fresh beef, ox liver, eggs or milk were added to the diet of vegetables, the health of the animal was protected. In animals that died as a result of an exclusive diet of vegetable substances there were signs of pathological conditions in the central nervous system and in the alimentary canal, and of structural changes in the tissues of the organs. The experiments seem to demonstrate that the mixed diet supplies elements the lack of which in vegetable products

may cause injury to vital tissues. These experiments were carried out on monkeys, white mice, rats and hogs. The effects are in some respects quite like those of pellagra and beriberi among men in communities where the food is very limited and consists entirely of cereals. Dr. Keith says further in *The Scientific American*:

"If one may infer from certain data on albino rats collected at Leland Stanford University, the case stands convincingly against the vegetable diet. Observations on the lower animals have the advantage that the effects of a particular dietary treatment cannot be influenced by any preconceived notion on the part of the subject as to how they will come out.

"The report from the experiment is that: Rats fed on a mixed diet did more work, voluntarily, than those on a vegetable diet. The vegetarian rats aged much earlier in life. The growth of the vegetarians was greatly retarded. The ratio of maximum weights was 1.6 to 1 in favor of the omnivorous feeders. The effect on the general condition of the body was most overwhelmingly in favor of the omnivorous. The vegetarians were frail, weak, and showed extreme lassitude and indifference. The omnivorous were the reverse in all these respects. The average life of the omnivorous was 1,020 days,

that of the vegetarians 555 days. This was a ratio of 1.83 to 1.

"In this evidence every claim of the vegetarian meets a counter-claim."

Nevertheless, whether rats or men, whether statistical or unrelated, this kind of evidence does not go deep enough and is not sufficiently definite to furnish a satisfactory basis for judgment. With human subjects it has a disadvantage in the impossibility of eliminating personal prejudice and an advantage in the probable inclusion of a wide range of food materials within the designated field and a free choice of activity not affected by experimental conditions. But one must ask what is the physiological explanation of any advantage of either type of food? Are there any specific values in animal foods which give reasons why they should be eaten?

"The physiologists and nutritional chemists have generally put it about this way: Altho proteins, carbohydrates, fats, and salts are found in both classes of food, meat is *par excellence* a protein food, and the cereal grains and other vegetable products are carbohydrate foods. Fats and oils are abundant in both kingdoms; but, as a matter of fact, those which have

been most used as foods are of animal origin. Proteins, carbohydrates, and fats are all used by the body for the production of heat and muscular energy; proteins also serve a specific need as building material in replacing the wear and tear of the body. Since all are present in vegetable foods as well as in animal foods, it is possible for a person to subsist on food of either type to the exclusion of the other; but a large use of meat means a large amount of protein, and the question of the liberal use of meat involves the much-discussed question of the desirability of a high-protein or a low-protein diet. As is more and more fully realized of late years, this last question of the protein requirement needs to be settled more on the ground of quality than of quantity, and until much more information is gathered with regard to just what proteins are of greatest value to the animal body it will be best to advocate a rather liberal allowance of protein, selected from as wide a field as may be. It is generally recognized that a large excess of protein is undesirable, and a diet made up entirely of meat could be endured only by those living in the Arctic regions and under strenuous exercise. On the other hand, a vegetable diet generally has so low a protein content that a large bulk of it must be eaten in order to secure a sufficient supply of protein."

A PHYSICIAN'S PROTEST AGAINST THE CURRENT DELUSION OF "GLARE"

A MISTAKE regarding the influence of sunlight upon the eyes is so widely current just now, affirms Doctor F. Robbins in *The Medical Record*, that the public seems threatened with a veritable heliophobia or fear of the sun. It is not appreciated that the optic nerve needs to be stimulated by light. Too many people have vague fancies regarding injuries to their eyes from light or from the direction of the light or from the color of the light. Such people proceed to darken a room to suit their peculiar notion. What is the basis of this irrational attitude—for such the doctor deems it—towards sunlight and of the fear of its effect upon the eye? The answers vary from the naive "It hurts my eyes" to a more sophisticated reference to the "injurious" ultra-violet rays. These are the rays whose wave-lengths are so short as to be invisible, just as the ultra-red rays, at the other end of the spectrum, are too long to be visible. Says Dr. Robbins:

"It has been shown that rays of shorter wave-length than 38 nm. are practically entirely absorbed in the cornea, so that these rays cannot possibly exert an injurious effect upon the lens and retina, but at most only upon the superficial portions of the eye, the cornea and conjunctiva. These short wave-lengths are es-

entially responsible for the phenomenon of snow-blindness, the changes of which are usually restricted to the conjunctiva. Concerning the injurious action of short wave-rays on the endothelium of the cornea and on the crystalline lens, the interposition of an ordinary glass plate, such as window-glass, between the source of light and the eye suffices to prevent an injurious action on the endothelium."

The contents of sunlight—even less so than those of artificial light—in ultra-violet rays are not sufficient to cause eye-trouble. Persons who work daily in a strong artificial light, as in electrical concerns, for example, suffer very rarely from ocular disturbances, except through negligence or accident. Under ordinary conditions of daily life, the ultra-violet rays do not enter into consideration at all in the protection of the eye against an alleged excess of light. At a low sea-level, ordinary daylight contains very small amounts of ultra-violet rays, which are absorbed to a considerable degree by the deeper air-layers. Moreover, the ultra-violet rays, not being perceived by the retina, can not produce unpleasant sensations of any kind. The dazzling sensation caused by a glare of light is derived from the visible rays of the spectrum, the same rays which are injurious to the eye in diseased conditions of the retina and chorioid or middle coat of the eye. In all such cases, ordinary

smoked glasses will protect the wearer against all fancied or real danger.

"In the presence of hyper-irritability of the retina, even a small amount of bright daylight may elicit unpleasant sensations, and this is frequently the case in neurasthenic and hysterical individuals. Fuchs compares this intolerance of light with the equally common hyper-susceptibility to noise, in nervous patients. People of this description are apt to complain not only of more or less brilliant daylight but also of unpleasant sensations produced by bright or shining objects, for example, by the white paper, when reading or writing. In illustration, Fuchs mentions the case of an overworked and highly neurasthenic business man who finally came to shield his eyes with his hand when signing his name, in order to avoid being dazzled by the white paper. In all probability he had also contracted the delightful habit of lowering all blinds within his reach. Shrinking from bright daylight or sunshine is a very common sign of neurasthenia. The victims of drug habits, especially morphine, often insist upon the most rigid exclusion of sunlight from their shadow-realm."

The light of day, says Dr. Robbins in conclusion, "has never been shown to have an injurious influence upon the eye, in health or even in disease," and it is an antiquated notion to hold strong sunlight responsible for certain forms of eye-trouble.

THE CELL AS A CONSCIOUS AND INTELLIGENT BEING

AFTER a series of investigations extending over some years and a study of the latest laboratory investigations by contemporary biologists, Doctor Nels Quevli has put forth a theory that the cell is endowed with intelligence. The cell is conscious. It has memory, will, judgment. The cell learns from experience, as organisms in general may be said to do. The cell, then, is a complete animal made up of still smaller individuals and organs just as a larger animal is. It has a head or directing center which seems to direct the action of other parts. This directing center is called the centrosome. The cell has a series of subheads located in the middle of the body of the cell. They seem to be the part of the cell which contains power, knowledge and skill to perform the different kinds of work which the cell is required to do in order to exist. These subheads of the cell taken together are called the nucleus and they appear to be not one individual but a colony of individuals. That this part of the cell called the nucleus is the part which has the power and knowledge of how to build the different structures in life is shown by the fact that if this is destroyed the cell can not do any more work nor reproduce itself nor feed itself. In the same manner an animal is made helpless by the removal of its head.*

The cells are not all of the same size. Some are more highly organized than others and seem to contain a larger number of the primordial cells of which they are composed, and other special cells differentiated for various functions not yet all understood. The smallest cells are the bacteria. Then come the fungi and plant cells. The largest are the animal-building cells and those similar to them which lead separate lives in the water and do not build colonies like plants and animals.

"All living things are either cells living singly and alone as separate individuals which we call single cells, like bacteria and others, or else a colony of cells numbering up into the billions, like plants, animals or trees, where the cells all work together for the benefit of all. As long

as the tree or animal lives, they all live; but if the tree or animal dies, it is the cells in the tree or animal that die. By reason of the high-power microscope now made, it has been shown that the cell is made up of still smaller cells. These smaller units of life, which I would call primordial cells, have been described by various authors under a number of different names. The following are some of the names given to these hypothetical units of which the cells are supposed to be composed: Gemmules, pangens, plasomes, micellae, Plastidules, Biophores, bioplasts, somacules, idioplasms, idiosomes, biogens, microsomes, gemmae. This is only a partial list of the names and they all mean the same. Each name represents a different author and generally a different theory."

These theories have hitherto stopped short of the attribution of intelligence to the cell only because there is no general agreement among experts as to the definition of that word intelligence. Intelligence does not imply genius or the creative faculty of imagination, nor does it suggest that its possessor is inspired or even lofty in the scale of existence. Intelligence in an animal consists, apart from definition, of the work of two departments of the individual, the sense organs and the brain. The sense organs must gather the information from the outside world and transmit it to the cells in the brain and the brain cells must act on such information. These are the requirements and the only requirements for the performance of an intelligent act by an animal. An intelligent act will be based on every other intelligent act and upon a power which we call memory. Memory is the ability to take and keep a record of past events and use it as a reference and guide to future acts. This power of storing away memoranda of different transactions that have taken place in the past we find is possessed by all cells or living beings. And three things are necessary to make up the mental machinery of an individual—to receive; to think and to direct. Those three things make up the processes of the mind, practically, apart from theory.

"In the past the subject of mind had been studied as the human mind, animal mind and child mind, but of late it has

been recognized that all living beings have a mind. Now this question of mind can be studied in two ways; first, by examining your own mind and the actions arising from it; and, secondly, by observing the actions of others.

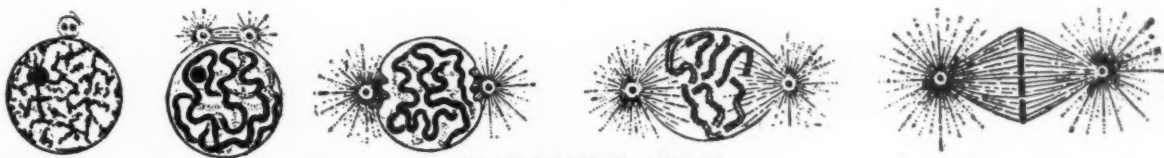
"From late investigations it has become clear that the mind of man is the result of the minds of the individual cells working together in his head, which we call in the aggregate, his brain.

"The real thinkers are the brain cells. They are there for that special purpose. The minds of men are not all alike because they have not all received the same information from the outside world. The cells of the brain can only act on such information as they get from the outside world."

Again, there is no work in the development of organic life that requires such accurate knowledge and faithful execution at all times as does the work of keeping the body in repair. This work is done without the knowledge of the upper brain cells. Disease germs or bacteria are everywhere watching for the slightest opportunity to enter the body. These lodge in the throat, nose and mouth and are known as a cold or catarrh or as pneumonia germs. They must be destroyed before they multiply and get into the blood. Who looks after this work?

"The cells of the body, which we call the white cells, are cells that have not taken upon themselves any particular work, like the cells of the muscles and nerves, but live as separate beings in the body in the same manner as the amoeba now lives in water. These cells have the work of destroying invading armies of other cells, such as disease bacteria of all kinds, and also of repairing broken parts. If you cut your finger, they will rush to the spot in countless numbers and commence at once to close up the cut. To do this they will sacrifice themselves, if necessary, in destroying and fighting germs trying to enter the body through the cut. In the struggle for existence it is necessary at times under certain circumstances for one individual to sacrifice his life for others. It is done by an intelligent being exercising his intelligence and judgment in the matter on the theory that it is the best that can be done under those particular circumstances. Here we might also consider the fact that the body has to do the best that can be done in each particular case—for instance, if for some reason a broken bone in an animal can-

* CELL INTELLIGENCE. By Nels Quevli. Minneapolis, Minn.: The Colwell Company.



AN INTELLIGENT ACTION?

In these diagrams we have illustrated the first stages in the act of cell division, according to the illustrious Edmund Beecher Wilson. The resting stage of a cell, showing passivity, is followed by a beginning of division. The Centrosome divides until a nucleus or crowd of workers, as one theory has it, begins in turn to divide, and at last we have what one theorist calls the skilled workers lined up for division.

not be healed, it will proceed to make a joint at the place. . . .

"When the white cells rush to the place, like a wrecking crew to a railroad wreck, and proceed to clear away the wreckage and build it back into a useable condition, every act must be done with a purpose to effect certain ends. Every move must be intelligent, just as in the taking care of a railroad wreck. The correct size of the artery and other blood vessels must be determined upon, proper materials provided, and so on in every detail of the work.

"How are these beings able to communicate to each other what each shall do in these cases? We do not know their language any more than we know the language of bees and ants, who also live a social life, like civilized man."

Man's intellect, proud as he is of it, is not justified, then, in denying mere intelligence to the cell—the cell which

alone has produced all the wonderful structures that have existed in the past history of our planet. The idea of a true intelligence outside of ourselves and especially in a microscopic being seems absurd only because we have never looked into the evidence. We have not duly weighed the fact that when we study the actions of the cell swimming in the water or the cell in the human brain doing man's thinking, we are studying the same individual but in different situations. We have not followed to their logical conclusions experiments, some of them classical, repeated almost daily in the laboratory and showing that intelligence is everywhere in the body, the brain being by no means the only place in which it is to be found. Thus, Doctor Quevli has repeated many times the

experiment first described by Professor James, that of the decapitated frog, which can not of course see or feel and can not consciously perform any movement:

"Yet if a drop of acid is placed on the lower surface of the thigh of the frog in this state, it will rub off the drop with the upper surface of the foot of the same leg; if this foot be cut off, it cannot thus act. After some fruitless efforts it gives up trying in that way, seems restless, as tho it was seeking some other way, and at last it makes use of the foot of the other leg and succeeds in rubbing off the acid. Notably here we have not merely contractions of muscles but combined and harmonized contractions in due sequence for a special purpose. These are actions that have all appearances of being guided by intelligence, and instigated by will, in an animal the recognized organ of whose intelligence and will has been removed."

WHAT ZEPPELIN REALLY ACHIEVED AS A PIONEER AERONAUT

EVER since the death of Zeppelin, there has existed a controversy over the precise nature of his service to aeronautical science. Despite the trouble the Germans have taken to publish elaborate scientific accounts of Zeppelin's work, despite even the Count's own writings, the principles upon which Zeppelins are based seem still misunderstood in England and in this country. The Zeppelin is too often dismissed in a rather offhand fashion as a huge, rigid, light framework in which some fourteen or eighteen gas bags are confined and from which motor and pilot cars are suspended. Mr. Waldemar Kaempffert, editor of *Popular Science Monthly*, writes in the *New York Times* as follows:

"In every other type of balloon or airship much gas is lost. The hydrogen with which dirigible military balloons and airships are inflated expands rapidly as the altitude increases. To relieve the great pressure thus produced, valves must be opened so that some of the gas may be permitted to escape into the atmosphere. When the vessel returns to the ground it has lost a very large portion of its buoyant gas and must be reinflated, in part at least.

"Not so with a Zeppelin. Its gas bags are only partially inflated. At high altitudes the comparatively small amount of gas within the bag expands to the full. None whatever is wasted to relieve pressure."

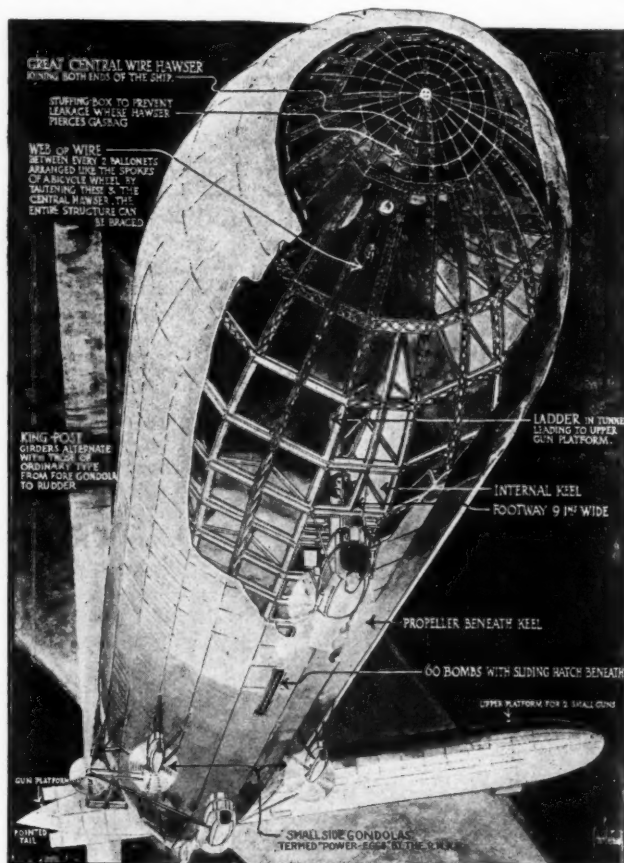
Still more important is Count von Zeppelin's recognition of the value of speed. When a Zeppelin is driven at high velocity it acts not as an airship but as an airplane. The lifting effect is extraordinary because of the design. The late Count took the utmost pains to point this out and so have many ex-

pert German writers. Even aeronautic engineers who ought to know better persist in assuming that a Zeppelin depends for buoyancy only upon its gas. The truth is that the gas is used at

high altitudes only when the ship is drifting or standing still, or in starting or landing. By giving this huge craft a minimum speed of sixty miles an hour, Count von Zeppelin at one stroke overcame all the fatal imperfections of balloon support—the fluctuations in displacement resulting from the chilling effect of high altitudes on confined gas as well as the changes in volume that take place in ascending and descending. The Zeppelin would be an impossibility if it did not act as an airplane. That has been pointed out again and again in German publications, and yet few ever pay the slightest attention to it. In conclusion, Mr.

Kaempffert writes in a recent issue of the *New York Times*:

"Count von Zeppelin deserves to rank as a very great inventor, a man scientifically comparable with Samuel P. Langley



THE INTERIOR TO-DAY

This yields by way of a diagram all that is certainly known on the subject of the construction of the Zeppelin. It will be seen that the mechanism is very much like that of the first projects for this kind of craft. To the *Popular Science Monthly* must be given credit for this vivid elucidation of one of the mysteries of the air.

or Wilbur Wright, one who not merely made a slight improvement in dirigible balloons but one who worked out an entirely new principle in aeronautics.

"It is significant that, of all the dirigibles built before the war by France, England, and Germany, only the Zeppelins have given a good account of themselves. They, and they alone, set out upon voyages with something like the regularity of battleships or transatlantic liners.

"As bomb-droppers the Zeppelins have unquestionably been failures. But let it

not be supposed that either Count von Zeppelin or the German General Staff cherished any illusions as to the possibilities of wiping out cities by dropping bombs upon them. Before the war experiments in bomb-dropping had been made with Zeppelins and other types of airships which simply confirmed the conclusions reached long ago by experts on explosives. If the German General Staff misjudged the moral effect of bomb-dropping, that is not the fault of the Zeppelin.

"The chief function of the Zeppelins has

been that of keeping the German Navy informed of the location and movements of the British fleet. Without the aid of the Zeppelins the Germans would hardly have been able to have planned the Jutland engagement as nicely as they did. There can be no doubt that the location of every British dreadnought, cruiser, and scout is known in Berlin. Surely the gathering of such vitally important information—information which could not be gathered by an airplane—justifies the existence of the giant ships."

A NOVEL THEORY OF THE ORIGIN AND OCCURRENCE OF PETROLEUM AND COAL

VAST amounts of time and money could be saved and a great addition to scientific knowledge must ensue if, instead of the vague and perhaps false ideas prevailing of the origin or formation of coal, we possessed a more rational account of the process through which carbonaceous matter passes before its appearance upon what experts call the "coal horizon." For that reason, *Out West Magazine* devotes much space to the studies into this matter of the well-known oil prospector and practical mineral expert, William Plotts, who, contrary to received notions, avers that petroleum, coal and other carbonaceous products occur in orderly, definite, limited "horizons," independently of the plane of stratification. Petroleum and coal, he writes, occur in strata of various ages and of the greatest variety of texture and hardness. Their general appearance may vary greatly but in every region where they occur there is something in common that is more or less manifest to the observer. Many observers, in trying to define this similarity, call it "the age of the strata," because these strata seem much younger and more crumbly than strata in the same series thousands of feet lower. This is, however, a misleading phrase, for different oil and coal-bearing strata vary greatly in age, as shown by fossils in them. Those of Pennsylvania are much older than those of California.

The true explanation of the facts, according to the Plotts hypothesis, is that each horizon of like products has been subjected to a like approximate pressure from the mass of material above it and to an exactly like maximum of heat at the time of its greatest subsidence. This heat reached the point of distillation of these products (probably several hundred degrees). The source of this heat was the pressure of material above. The classification of strata, according to the amount of pressure and heat they were subjected to is of the greatest importance from a mineral standpoint.

Most of the earth's present land surface has plainly had miles of material eroded above it. The original deposits above the petroleum have been so vast that where even half of them remain the petroleum is hopelessly beyond our reach.

Petroleum occurs in a plane of former equal heat (isogeotherm). Coal and many other more or less closely related products occur in like manner. So do limestones of like type. Many, perhaps most, of our minerals and non-mineral earth products have a closer relationship to one another than has yet been suspected. All authorities of any note, we are assured, now concede that most parts of the dry earth show evidences of former subsidence and emergence during inconceivably long ages of time, and that some of these subsidences and subsequent elevations have amounted to several miles vertically.

"We see different kinds of debris and sediment carried continually into the oceans, building up the strata on the bottom. In this sediment is a proportion of vegetable matter, composed mainly of finely ground-up leaves, etc. The remains of the lowest animal life might also, in some cases, be sufficiently preserved to contribute; but the vegetable remains would seem to be ample.

"Of course, the percentage of such remains in any strata might be small, but the aggregate in miles vertical of strata would be enormous, and from such deposits, perhaps miles thick, we might expect to come the principal part of the carbonaceous matter that forms our petroleum, coal, our massive limestones, and allied minerals. . . .

"Of course, where a succession of regular strata is being built on an ocean floor, there is a gradual subsidence of the region, which might continue many million years, and, after the subsiding strata became sufficiently hot, on account of the constantly added material above it, the heat would drive the distilled matter from the leaves, wood, etc., upward. Or, rather, the resulting volatilized matter, instead of subsiding with the strata, would maintain its relative distance from the surface, or at least from the bottom of the ocean, as the constantly reinforced mass subsided, 'skimmed' of its carbonaceous matter, which accumulated in quantity according

to the amount of subsidence and the richness in said matter."

There is no difficulty in conceiving of compounds of carbon penetrating and permeating any strata at several hundred degrees temperature and under tons of pressure per square inch. The varying carbon compounds would thus be left "blended with the strata, confined to a definite, vertically limited, horizon, which would occur independently of the plane of stratification." So much is certain.

People past middle age who have been interested in geological maps notice that the "carboniferous" areas have enormously increased in the past two decades. This period is coincident with the discovery and development of coal all over the world. The extension of the "carboniferous" has been for the purpose of bolstering up the popular notion that there was once an age of extraordinary development of vegetation. This belief was in its turn necessary to bolster up the popular theory that coal represented accumulated vegetation, a theory which, we are now asked to believe, in the light of the Plotts hypothesis, has no basis at all in fact:

"It is popularly believed that hard, or anthracite, coal became differentiated from other coal by having subsided to a great depth after the carbon became fixed, and where the heat operated on it.

"That the heat operated on it the same as on other coal, and no more, is what seems to be proven by anthracite that occurs above a petroleum horizon in the coast country of Columbia, near Barrenquilla, South America. The coal occurs sparsely at several places, apparently 600 or 800 feet above the oil horizon, which latter is well marked. The writer did not observe any or hear of any deposit that was worth working, but it is there just the same. The stratum is recent, probably tertiary.

"The fact that sometimes coal is hard, at other times soft, or coking, or non-coking, or a worthless lignite, or merely a manifestation of coal, seems to make little difference in regard to its occurrence in orderly horizons and its relationship to other minerals."

HOW OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE GLACIAL EPOCH DIS-CREDITS CURRENT EVOLUTIONARY IDEAS

THE conditions of the glacial epoch were so abnormal that they render vain a vast number of inferences drawn from present conditions concerning the events of the prehistoric period. This assertion is made by that famed authority on the glacial period, Doctor G. Frederick Wright, who combines the character of clergyman with that of scientist and who has made exhaustive studies of the physical geography of the Noachian deluge. In connection with the advance and retreat of the glacial ice, says Doctor Wright in his latest work,* there was a greater destruction of animal species that were contemporaries of man, and a remarkable development and redistribution of species both of plants and animals. There seems abundant evidence that great changes of land level occurred in the northern hemisphere, first in its depression during the accumulation and climax of the period and again in its relevation after its close.

This post-glacial depression amounted to six hundred feet at Montreal and a thousand feet farther north in America and in corresponding latitudes in northern Europe. There is, also, distinct evidence of a depression in central Asia amounting to seven hundred feet, and much evidence of its extension to two thousand feet. At the same time, the floods connected with the final melting of the ice were perfectly enormous in amount and incalculable in their destructive effects on animal life. During that period the Missouri River was compelled to handle, during the summer months, twenty-five times its present volume of water, causing floods two hundred feet in height, while the Mississippi River was compelled, at the same time, to dispose of sixty times its volume.

Furthermore, the glacial epoch, affirms Doctor Wright, contradicting more than one expert, continued down to historical times. The evidence, he thinks, is such as should convince anyone who candidly considers all the facts, that glacial ice did not retreat from southern Sweden until seven thousand years ago. Nor did it retreat from central New York and northern Minnesota at a much earlier date. It is still retreating at a rapid rate in Alaska, the Muir Glacier having retired seven miles and a half in the last twenty-five years, and nearly all the other glaciers proportionately. Thus it would appear that when the civilization of Egypt, Babylonia and central Asia was at its height, the

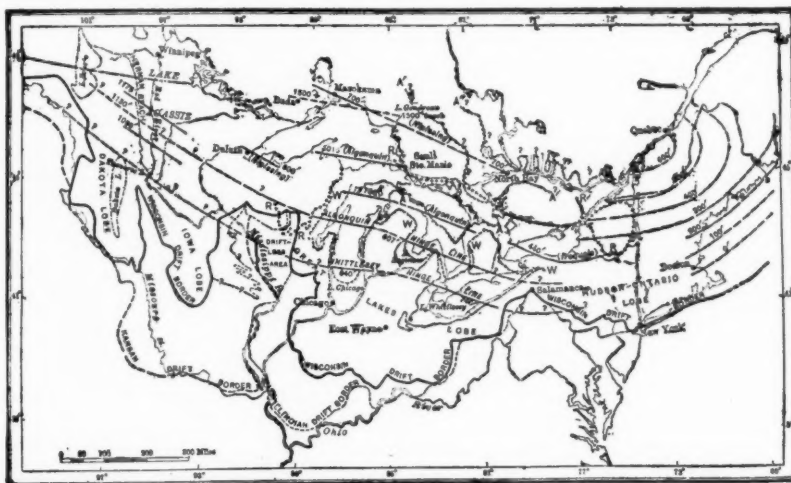
most populous progressive present centers of the world were buried beneath a glacial covering. Anyone who draws inferences concerning the earliest history of mankind without duly considering these facts and correlating them with others of a relevant kind, is sure to be misled. Hence the abnormal conditions connected with the glacial epoch make it impossible, when the documents are properly interpreted, to discredit the stories of the flood in Genesis and of the distribution of the human race from central Asia.

Nor is this attitude to Genesis unscientific from the standpoint of the origin of life on our planet. Precisely as there is evidence that the glacial period continued down to historical times, there is reason to infer that the principle of life came into the world as a new creation. This belief rests partly upon the fact that its effects are contradictory to those of the other forces of nature. Gravitation pulls everything down. The friction of the elements wears away the rocks and reduces everything to a level. Life builds up new structures which defy the power of gravitation and in animals moves them hither and thither without any regard to the inertia of their component particles. Doctor Wright maintains this belief in the face of the eminent scientists who believe that somewhere in infinite time and amid the series of changes through which matter has been called to pass, life with all its possibilities did somehow originate from material forces. This is not, Doctor Wright thinks, a scientific conclusion on the part of the scientists in question. Huxley, for instance, af-

firmed his faith in the conclusion referred to and yet he had just admitted that the theory of spontaneous generation is shown by a variety of experiments to be without foundation.

Once the principle of life had been brought into the world, there was an orderly progress from lower to higher forms, as in the geological ages, says Doctor Wright, in the light of the evidence. Conditions became favorable for the maintenance of these forms of life. There is not, however, sufficient evidence to show that this progress has been due wholly to the forces of nature.

"The average human brain weighs three times as much as the average brain of the gorilla. The average brain capacity of the earliest prehistoric skulls yet discovered is equal to that of existing races. The upright position of man; his free and shorter arms, with the delicately adjusted thumb and fingers upon the extremity; his well-developed lower limbs, and the broad-soled foot with the stiff projecting big toe; the absence of a hairy covering, together with the mental capacities enabling man to make fire at will, to construct implements of stone and bone and wood, create spoken language and means of perpetuating his thoughts by hieroglyphs and alphabetical characters; especially his powers of inductive reasoning, by which he learns the courses of the stars and studies the history of the earth in its rocky strata, and through a variety of sciences learns the history of man in the past and forecasts his future both in this world and the next—such a combination of bodily and mental characteristics could not have been produced by piecemeal. Without the mental characteristics those of the body would be disadvantageous."



THE LINE OF RECESSION OF THE ICE AGE HERE

The glacial period as a whole has been found to be made up of four (or possibly five) distinct epochs of glaciation separated by intervening warm periods when the ice sheet either shrank to relatively small proportions or disappeared altogether, according to Dr. Frank B. Taylor. The last ice sheet deposited what is known as the Wisconsin drift. It seems certain that the depressions which constitute the lake basins were involved in each one of the several glacial epochs, and yet all the basins, excepting perhaps that of Lake Superior, retain very distinct characters which belong to stream-eroded valleys. Indeed, except for the drift deposits and effects produced by tilting, it may almost be said that they show no other characters.

* *STORY OF MY LIFE AND WORK.* By G. Frederick Wright, F.G.S.A. Oberlin, O.: Bibliotheca Sacra Co.

GERMANY'S PRESENT METHOD OF BUILDING HER SUBMARINES WHOLESALE

GERMANY applies to the building of her U-boats, according to an expert naval constructor, the same kind of workshop-methods that are employed by the manufacturers of cheap American automobiles and motor cars. Parts and processes are duplicated carefully with the object of facilitating quick construction. Thus and only thus have enough submarines or U-boats been obtained, according to a naval constructor writing in the *London Mail*, to make the latest blockade a serious matter. This is how Germany's system of building the craft is translated from theory into practice:

"A standard pattern of U-boat has been designed. Each separate part of it is made in quantities by firms who devote themselves to this task only. Some construct a given section of the hull or a portion of the fittings or the machinery. Whatever may be the task allotted to a factory, it concentrates all its attention on that fraction of the vessel and undertakes no other part of it, with the result that the workmen, being always employed in making one thing, have become expert at their task and able to do it expeditiously.

"The various parts thus produced are sent to one of the shipyards and there

bolted together by staffs of men whose whole time is given to 'assembling' the portions of hull and machinery which other men have made. The building yard employees merely 'sew together' a garment that has been cut out elsewhere. 'A submarine built at Kiel' really means a submarine put together there. Possibly 30 different establishments in as many different parts of the country were each responsible for their little piece of her, in the manufacture of which they had specialized.

"The advantage of such a system as this in speeding up construction will be obvious to anyone acquainted with ship-building. By it a dozen boats can be turned out for every one that could be constructed by the usual methods which entrust a yard with the building of a complete boat and make no provision for the standardizing of parts so that they can easily be duplicated."

This practice of standardizing her submarines helps Germany immensely in another way that is quite as important to her as rapid construction. All her new U-boats being of the one type, crews can be changed from one vessel to another without any loss of efficiency. The new submarine to which they go is exactly like the old one they have left and no breaking-in period is necessary to enable officers

and men to get used to the craft. Nor do the advantages end here. In the Baltic Germany has established a station for the training of submarine crews. If she had varying types of U-boats, one at least of each kind would have to be tied up for instructional duties and the officers and men taught to handle one class could not be transferred to another and sent off to sea directly. Standardized training thus follows upon standardized construction.

"It is this methodical way of going about the business which has enabled her to make her submarine menace at last a very real one. Germany has not always had her pirate fleet organized on this well-thought-out plan. Its adoption coincided with her decision to devote her naval energies mainly to submarine warfare. Having made up her mind for the action, she began methodically preparing to make it as effective as possible when the time came to start—when she was quite ready.

"Germany's requirements differ so much from those of other Powers that what meets her case would be of no use to them. This building of submarines on the standardized principle has drawbacks as well as advantages. The latter are only for a country that has to meet an emergency."

A NEW CONCEPTION OF COLOR VISION

THE eye is sensitive to a limited range of wave-lengths in the spectrum. It is not equally sensitive to all the wave-lengths lying within this range. There is a maximum on both sides of which the sensitiveness falls away rapidly. If the spectrum is a very bright one, this maximum lies in the yellow. If the brightness is decreased, the maximum moves towards the green. What is the cause of this selective action of the eye? The reply of Dr. R. A. Houston, lecturer on physical optics at Glasgow University, as given in *Science Progress* (London), does not ascribe the cause to absorption of the ultra-violet and infra-red radiations by the aqueous humor, vitreous humor and crystalline lens. This explanation, altho widely accepted, is, he says, at best only a partial one, since it has been shown by experiment that the near ultra-violet and near infra-red are not absorbed. The selective action must, as Helmholtz points out, be ascribed to something in the retina itself.

The selective action of the eye is like action occurring in many other regions of physics. For example, if we have two tuning forks of the same pitch and the first of these is sounded and held

near the second, the sound-waves strike the second and set it in vibration. The second fork thus exercises a selective action on the sound-waves. If their pitch coincides with its own, it absorbs energy from them and is set in vibration; but if their pitch is different from its own, it remains at rest. Dr. Houston gives another illustration:

"In the same way, if a ship at sea is lying broadside on to the waves, and the natural period of rolling of the ship coincides with the period of the waves, the ship may be made to roll violently, even tho the waves are comparatively small. For the effect of each successive wave is added to that of its predecessor, and the cumulative effect is great. But if the period of the waves does not coincide with the natural period of the ship, the effects of successive waves neutralize one another and the ship remains at rest. For example, the first wave may give the ship a motion to the right, and the second may strike it when it is coming back again through the equilibrium position, thus destroying the motion which the first wave has created. The ship thus exercises a selective action on the waves, taking energy only from those the period of which is approximately the same as its own."

Something similar to this takes place in the case of selenium. The selenium cell, as is well known, changes its resistance to a current of electricity

when exposed to light. If rays of different single-colored lights fall upon it, the change in resistance will be found to be at its greatest for one particular wave-length, and less for those either shorter or longer. This can be explained, we are told, by assuming that in the selenium cell are electrons capable of vibrating about positions of equilibrium. They are set into vibration by the light-rays, and the vibrations are greatest when the period of the wave-length coincides with the natural period of the electrons.

It seems reasonable, says Dr. Houston, to explain the selective action of the eye in the same way. We must assume that there are in the eye a great number of vibrators or oscillators—electrons perhaps—performing the functions of a pendulum. Sir William Abney in a recent lecture likens the color-perceiving apparatus in the retina to three pendulums, one for each primary color—green, red, blue. These vibrators are assumed to exist in the eye to take up the energy of the light-wave. The arrangement may be compared with a telephone. The vibrators in the retina play the rôle of the diaphragm in the transmitter which takes up the sound-waves, and the optic nerve plays the rôle of the telephone wire.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

HOW THE BRITISH SOLDIER FEELS HIS RELIGION

A BOOK that is exciting considerable enthusiasm in the religious world is entitled "A Student in Arms."* The author, Donald Hankey, was a university student and a settlement worker. At the outbreak of the war, he enlisted, with many thousands of other Englishmen, in "Kitchener's Army" and went to the front. He was killed in October, 1916. His book consists, for the most part, of essays contributed to the *London Spectator*. He pays tribute to the high spiritual idealism of his comrades, and he has a great deal to say of the mental attitude of fighting men toward religion and the church.

When he first began to live the life of the barracks, Mr. Hankey confesses, he was somewhat disillusioned. "Barrack-life is narrow and rather sordid, like the life of all workingmen, and it lacks the spice of risk." The more heroic qualities were not called into action. A few of the men were frankly bestial, obsessed by two ideas—beer and women. But for the most part they were good fellows. They were intensely loyal, very ready to share what they had with a chum, extraordinarily generous and chivalrous if anyone was in trouble, and that quite apart from his deserts. The quality they disliked more than anything else was hypocrisy. "They certainly did believe in unselfishness, generosity, charity and humility. But it was doubtful whether they ever connected these qualities with the profession and practice of Christianity."

It was not until he got out to Flanders and was on the eve of his first visit to the trenches that Mr. Hankey heard the first definite attempt to discuss religion, and then only two or three took part in the conversation. The remainder just listened.

"It was bedtime, and we were all lying close together on the floor of a hut. We were to go into the trenches for the first time the next day. I think that everyone was feeling a little awed. Unfortunately we had just been to an open-air service, where the chaplain had made desperate efforts to frighten us. The result was just what might have been expected. We were all rather indignant. We might be

a little bit frightened inside; but we were not going to admit it. Above all, we were not going to turn religious at the last minute because we were afraid. So one man began to scoff at the Old Testament, David and Bathsheba, Jonah and the whale, and so forth. Another capped him by laughing at the feeding of the five thousand. A third said that in his opinion anyone who pretended to be a Christian in the Army must be a humbug. The sergeant-major was fatuously apologetic and shocked, and applied the closure by putting out the light and ordering silence.

"It was not much, but enough to convince me that the soldier, and in this case the soldier means the workingman, does not in the least connect the things that he really believes in with Christianity. He thinks that Christianity consists in believing the Bible and setting up to be better than your neighbors. By believing the Bible he means believing that Jonah was swallowed by the whale. By setting up to be better than your neighbors he means not drinking, not swearing, and preferably not smoking, being close-fisted with your money, avoiding the companionship of doubtful characters, and refusing to acknowledge that such have any claim upon you.

"This is surely nothing short of tragedy. Here were men who believed absolutely in the Christian virtues of unselfishness, generosity, charity, and humility, without ever connecting them in their minds with Christ; and at the same time what they did associate with Christianity was just on a par with the formalism and smug self-righteousness which Christ spent His whole life in trying to destroy.

"The chaplains as a rule failed to realize this. They saw the inarticulateness, and assumed a lack of any religion. They remonstrated with their hearers for not saying their prayers, and not coming to Communion, and not being afraid to die without making their peace with God. They did not grasp that the men really had deep-seated beliefs in goodness, and that the only reason why they did not pray and go to Communion was that they never connected the goodness in which they believed with the God in Whom the chaplains said they ought to believe. If they had connected Christianity with unselfishness and the rest, they would have been prepared to look at Christ as their Master and their Savior."

Mr. Hankey goes on to illustrate the nature of the unconscious and inarticulate religion of the British soldier by telling of the "lost sheep" of the Kitchener battalion. These were the incurably disreputable—what most men would call "the wastrels." They were

always in trouble, always impecunious, always improvident. They drank too much; their morals were not above reproach. And yet, for all that, they made strong appeal to the imagination. They had the elusive charm of youth, irresponsibility, vagabondage. Mr. Hankey tells us:

"They plunged headlong. It was their chance. For this, they felt, they had been born. Their hearts were afire. They had a craving to give their lives for the great cause. They had a hunger for danger. And what a nuisance they were in that first weary year of training!

"They plunged headlong down the stony path of glory; but in their haste they stumbled over every stone! And when they did that they put us all out of our stride, so crowded was the path. Were they promoted? They promptly celebrated the fact in a fashion that secured their immediate reduction. Were they reduced to the ranks? Then they were in hot water from early morn to dewy eve, and such was their irrepressible charm that hot water lost its terrors. To be a defaulter in such merry company was a privilege rather than a disgrace. So in despair we promoted them again, hoping that by giving them a little responsibility we should enlist them on the side of good order and discipline. Vain hope! There are things that cannot be overlooked, even in a 'Kitchener battalion.'"

But the hour was to come when "the last should be first and the first last." Mr. Hankey writes:

"Then at last we 'got out.' We were confronted with dearth, danger, and death. And then they came to their own. We could no longer compete with them. We stolid respectable folk were not in our element. We knew it. We felt it. We were determined to go through with it. We succeeded; but it was not without much internal wrestling, much self-conscious effort. Yet they who had formerly been our despair were now our glory. Their spirits effervesced. Their wit sparkled. Hunger and thirst could not depress them. Rain could not damp them. Cold could not chill them. Every hardship became a joke. They did not endure hardship, they derided it. And somehow it seemed at the moment as if derision was all that hardship existed for! Never was such a triumph of spirit over matter. As for death, it was, in a way, the greatest joke of all. In a way, for if it was another fellow that was hit it was an occasion for tenderness and grief. But if one of them was hit, O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is

* A STUDENT IN ARMS. By Donald Hankey. With Introduction by J. St. Loe Strachey. Dutton.

thy victory? Portentous, solemn Death, you looked a fool when you tackled one of them! Life? They did not value life! They had never been able to make much of a fist of it. But if they lived amiss they died gloriously, with a smile for the pain and the dread of it. What else had they been born for? It was their chance. With a gay heart they gave their greatest gift, and with a smile to think that after

all they had anything to give which was of value.

"One by one Death challenged them. One by one they smiled in his grim visage, and refused to be dismayed. They had been lost, but they had found the path that led them home; and when at last they laid their lives at the feet of the Good Shepherd, what could they do but smile?"

With all sincerity, comments J. St. Loe Strachey, editor of *The Spectator*, a commander of to-day might parody Wolfe and declare that he would rather have written that passage of Hankey's than win a general action. The book as a whole has its own peculiar quality, and is being widely discussed.

BILLY SUNDAY ASSAILED BY LEADERS OF THREE DENOMINATIONS

AS the evangelist, William Ashley (generally known as "Billy") Sunday, has completed his Buffalo campaign and turned his face toward the biggest task of his career in New York City, an unusual amount of hostile criticism has been in evidence. This has appeared not only in magazines such as *Pearson's*, where Sunday is elaborately depreciated by Guido Bruno, and in *The Fra*, where a charge of paranoia is made, but also in religious papers and in public utterances. Leaders of three denominations have taken occasion to attack the evangelist. One of these—Bishop Joseph Berry, of the Methodist Episcopal Church—expresses the conviction that the imitation of Billy-Sunday methods and the stampeding to his sort of evangelism by the young men of the church is threatening the very foundations of the Methodist Church and of all Protestantism.

The Bishop made this statement in his address as presiding officer at the eighty-first conference of his church, held in Atlantic City. In the same speech he expressed his distaste for "personally appointed evangelists who have an astonishing mania for grotesque religion," and he warned his hearers against the danger of supplanting pastoral evangelism with this "startling and spectacular system." He said further:

"The stampede has reached alarming proportions. These young men employ the method of Billy Sunday, imitating him and often using his words. The wide newspaper publicity, the shower of gifts, huge collections, the reputation of saving thousands of souls and the financial aspect are having their too-strong appeal. We are on the verge of surrendering our responsibility to the roaming evangelist. Are we ready for it? It is time for Methodists in the name of God to call a halt.

"Any system which supplants the church building with tent or tabernacle is a danger to the church, as is the leadership of grotesque, flamboyant, sensational, itinerant evangelists. The per of the business is that the dependence we place on the evangelist may discount the work of our own ministers."

A second vigorous attack upon Billy Sunday has been made by the Rev. Dr.

Stephen S. Wise, a leader in Reform Judaism and the speaker at the weekly services of the Free Synagog in Carnegie Hall, New York. Rabbi Wise has lately devoted two sermons to a consideration of the methods of the spectacular evangelist. He said that Billy Sundayism was a disease and that it offered no real cure for the spiritual problems of mankind. He objected to spiritual coercion masquerading under

the mantle of evangelism, and he cited the case of a young rabbi in a Pennsylvania town who had been forced out of his pulpit because he had preached against Billy Sunday during a revival. Dr. Wise ventured the assertion that there were more than a hundred Christian clergymen in New York City who would so offend their congregations as to lose their places if they dared to say in their pulpits what they actually



HITTING THE SAWDUST TRAIL

The culmination of a Billy Sunday revival as George Bellows sees it. This picture was shown at a recent exhibition of Mr. Bellows' paintings in New York.

thought of Billy Sunday. He characterized the evangelist as "the greatest theological strike-breaker in history." He also said:

"Billy Sundayism is deeper than the man is, knows, or apprehends. It is grave and imperiling, and reveals a social disorder, a moral failure, and religious bankruptcy in our time. It is only an incident which means that the church may be in danger of failure or doomed to extinction.

"When religion comes to life again, as it is to be hoped that it will, Sundayism will go. Billy Sundayism is possible because of theological standpatism and intellectual moribundness."

A third indictment of Sunday's methods appears in the first issue of the *American Church Monthly* (New York), a publication edited and directed by a representative group of leading clergymen and laymen of the high-church membership of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The author of the article, the Rev. Hamilton Schuyler, is the rector of Trinity Church, Trenton, New Jersey. He charges Billy Sunday with commercializing the gospel, and declares that some of his financial methods "approximate the nature of a polite blackmail." More specifically, he says:

"The facts show that the so-called 'free-will' offerings are in reality not such at all, but are the direct result of a well-considered, highly organized and sys-

tematic plan that is the very negative of the spontaneous spirit.

"At every meeting urgent appeals are made for generous contributions to defray the cost of the campaign. When these are assured, as is usually the case two or three weeks before the campaign closes, there is inaugurated a systematic canvass for funds to swell the free-will offering for the personal benefit of the revivalist. The town is districted in accordance with a scheme which is carefully studied out, and a host of solicitors appointed. The various individuals are visited and pledges secured.

"The large shops and industrial plants have usually their own special corps of collectors and 'boomers,' foremen and superintendents wherever possible being selected to act in such capacity. Employees of these various establishments are given to understand that a certain definite minimum is expected of them, and evidence of unwillingness on their part to contribute does, it is safe to say, serve to commend defaulters to the good grace of their superiors. In the case of business and professional men, efforts to obtain contributions are equally systematic. Often an exact sum is specified. Individuals are told that they are rated as belonging to a certain group of givers. They are five-dollar men, ten-dollar men, or higher, as the case may be.

"Pressure of every sort is employed to induce the giving of the sum fixed upon as representing their proper share. In some instances it is not too much to say that arguments are used which approx-

imate the nature of a polite blackmail. Appeals based upon civic pride, the fine advertisement which the city will get if the offerings for the revivalist reach a certain sum, are freely resorted to."

The actual sums withdrawn by Billy Sunday from the cities that he has visited during the last seven years are estimated as follows:

Boston	\$55,000.00
Philadelphia	51,136.85
Paterson, N. J.	25,000.00
Omaha, Neb.	20,000.00
Syracuse, N. Y.	25,000.00
Trenton, N. J.	35,000.00
Baltimore, Md.	40,000.00
Kansas City, Mo.	32,000.00
Pittsburgh	46,000.00
Scranton	22,398.00
Wilkes-Barre	22,288.90
Columbus, O.	20,939.58
Wheeling, W. Va.	17,450.00
Toledo, O.	15,423.00
Johnstown, Penn.	14,000.00
McKeesport, Penn.	13,438.00
Des Moines, Ia.	13,000.00
Canton, O.	12,500.00
Springfield, O.	12,000.00
Erie, Penn.	11,565.00
South Bend, Ind.	11,200.00
Wichita, Kan.	10,111.00
Denver, Colo.	10,000.00
Beaver Falls, Penn.	10,000.00
Lima, O.	8,050.00
Portsmouth, O.	7,100.00
Colorado Springs, Cal.	5,611.58
Total	\$566,114.91

THE CURSE OF SPIRITUALISM AS A ROMAN CATHOLIC SEES IT

THE revival of Spiritualism as a result of the war, which has been noted in many quarters, suggests to J. Godfrey Rappert, a writer in the Roman Catholic weekly, *America*, the thought that there is one aspect of modern psychical and spiritistic research which is very consistently neglected by most writers on the subject. The aspect to which he refers is this—that success in securing spiritistic phenomena depends on the cultivation of a passive state of mind on the part of the medium and the investigators. It is certain, he says, that no really evidential phenomena can be evoked without this passivity, and that the success or failure of an experiment is always in proportion to the degree of passivity which can be attained. Moreover, he adds, "it is beyond all doubt that herein lies the real danger of these experiments, altho the fact is seldom and only very imperfectly realized by that vast and daily increasing multitude of seekers after truth who fall victims to the lure of occultism."

All students of mysticism are acquainted with the claim that there is a state of submission and quietude by

which the soul is brought into close contact with God. But "it is sometimes forgotten," the writer in *America* declares, "that there is also a false mysticism which induces a form of mind-passivity that has nothing in common with the former state, but, on the contrary, terminates in a condition of trance and insensibility during which the soul is exposed to the wiles of evil spirits." The argument proceeds:

"Writers on psychic subjects, even of the better class, are habitually leading thousands of wavering souls astray by tacitly assuming the identity of the two states. Reflecting persons, however, should have no difficulty in recognizing the gulf that separates them.

"A humble submission to God is not a weak, hypnotic attitude of the mind, depending for its development upon temperament or peculiar physical conditions; on the contrary it is a very definite operation of the will. It is the cooperation of the human will with God's will. It comes of a successful effort to silence the jarring voices of the world, sounding in our ears, and to induce a calmness that makes it possible for us to catch the sound of God's voice. There is involved in this idea the notion of energy and determina-

tion, not of dreamy, sentimental imbecility.

"The condition cultivated by modern psychic investigators is totally different from this state of soul. It is a mere travesty and caricature of it. In the former consciousness remains intact, and the highest and noblest powers of the soul are called into operation. No injury, physical or moral, is inflicted thereby.

"The latter condition terminates in the loss of consciousness, with the after effect of an increased activity of the sense-life and the passions, and a loss of self-control which brings about a state of physical and moral helplessness. While the former shuts the door which gives access to evil spirits, the latter throws it open."

The same writer is convinced that the cultivation of a dangerous mind-passivity, in one form or other, is an element in practically all the modern, heretical systems of belief and "thought-movements." In all of them he finds practices that expose the soul to evil influences that eventually entirely dominate it in a most distressing way. He points to the use of the very word "contro" as implying the idea of supremacy over the spirit, and he says further: "The process itself is subtle,

but progressive and necessarily pernicious. It always terminates in a disturbance of the moral judgment and in a weakening of the will." The victims of these diabolical operations, it seems, are seldom fully aware of what is happening to them. They are apt to delude themselves into thinking that their progressive mental and moral deterioration is an illumination induced by superior knowledge. The writer regards Sir Oliver Lodge as of this type. He concludes:

"There is at the present moment, as we

know, a vast and daily increasing influx of a hundred forms of error into the modern mind, and it is certain that the very sources of the moral and intellectual life of our time are being poisoned. Few, alas, recognize where the real roots of the evil are to be found, and how very strong and widespread those roots are. The evil will most certainly increase in proportion as the perilous practices of occultism are encouraged and sanctioned by scientific men, and as the departure from Christianity, with its aid and safeguard, lays unstable souls open to the beliefs and practices of paganism.

"And the worst feature of this whole

problem is that the avenues to the souls, once fully opened to these perilous occult influences, can seldom be effectually and permanently closed again. In most instances, as experience ordinarily demonstrates, they remain open, giving facilities to the invading intelligences to continue their operations and even to extend them beyond the limits of the original sphere. Hundreds of cases might be cited in illustration of the truth of this assertion.

"And may not the true solution of many a perplexing problem in the life and history of individuals and nations be legitimately sought in this direction? An honest answer is in order."

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S SUBSTITUTE FOR WAR

TO me, the chief thing to be learned through the war has been a certain view of the springs of human action, what they are and what we may legitimately hope that they will become." So writes Bertrand Russell in the first paragraph of his new book, "Why Men Fight."* The sentence supplies the keynote to the book, and suggests its main thesis, namely that the way to get rid of war is to give human nature opportunities to express itself in new ways. The argument rounds out the line of reasoning followed in the author's previous book, "Justice in War Time," and is hailed in some quarters as a masterpiece of style and of reasoning.

All human activity, Bertrand Russell claims, springs from two sources—impulse and desire. War, he continues, is one of the natural activities that rests not on calculated desire, but on an impulse to the activity itself. If it were not so, the rational argument against war would long ago have put an end to it. There are many people who think of impulse as something that ought to be suppressed. Mr. Russell is not one of these. "Blind impulse," he says, "is the source of war, but it is also the source of science and art and love. It is not the weakening of impulse that is to be desired, but the direction of impulse towards life and growth rather than towards death and decay." Mr. Russell proceeds:

"There are three forces on the side of life which require no exceptional mental endowment, which are not very rare at present, and might be very common under better social institutions. They are love, the instinct of constructiveness, and the joy of life. All three are checked and enfeebled at present by the conditions under which men live—not only the less outwardly fortunate, but also the majority of the well-to-do. Our institutions rest upon injustice and authority: it is only by closing our hearts against sympathy and our minds against truth that

we can endure the oppressions and unfairnesses by which we profit. The conventional conception of what constitutes success leads most men to live a life in which their most vital impulses are sacrificed, and the joy of life is lost in listless weariness. Our economic system compels almost all men to carry out the purposes of others rather than their own, making them feel impotent in action and only able to secure a certain modicum of passive pleasure. All these things destroy the vigor of the community, the expansive affections of individuals, and the power of viewing the world generously. All these things are unnecessary and can be ended by wisdom and courage. If they were ended, the impulsive life of men would become wholly different, and the human race might travel towards a new happiness and a new vigor."

The two chief sources of good relations between individuals, Mr. Russell goes on to say, are instinctive liking and common purpose. Instinctive liking is the feeling which makes us take pleasure in another person's company, find an exhilaration in his presence, wish to talk with him, work with him, play with him. Of an entirely different character is that attraction which unites men in the accomplishment of common ends, in the economic organization, in the political party. These two motives are interconnected, and, in Bertrand Russell's view, should be consciously fostered by political institutions.

"When a man's growth is unimpeded, his self-respect remains intact, and he is not inclined to regard others as his enemies. But when, for whatever reason, his growth is impeded, or he is compelled to grow into some twisted and unnatural shape, his instinct presents the environment as his enemy, and he becomes filled with hatred. The joy of life abandons him, and malevolence takes the place of friendliness. The malevolence of hunchbacks and cripples is proverbial; and a similar malevolence is to be found in those who have been crippled in less obvious ways. Real freedom, if it could be brought about, would go a long way towards destroying hatred."

Men of to-day, as Bertrand Russell

sees them, are cramped by the State and thwarted in their desires. Their separate lives are unadventurous and dull. In the morning they go to the office or the plow, in the evening they return, tired and silent, to the monotony of wife and children. They take up arms, sometimes, just to satisfy the claims of adventure, imagination, risk. They return to the primitive war passions because their sophisticated life has become a misery to them.

But all this, Bertrand Russell contends, should be changed. Human impulses must be kept alive without making war the outlet of them. "Every additional peaceful outlet for men's energies," he remarks, "diminishes the force which urges nations toward war, and makes war less frequent and less fierce." To this end he urges revolutionary changes in the social constitution. He believes in less government and in more initiative. He would foster trade-unions, syndicates, cooperative societies and every form of organization that makes men coworkers and controllers of their economic destinies, rather than wage-workers at the beck of economic masters. He sees vast changes impending in education, in marriage, in religion. He would relegate the State to somewhat the position of a court of arbitration, and he wants to separate its civil and political powers. He hopes, finally, for a World-State in which the different nations will adjudicate their disputes.

But how, it will be asked, are these immense changes to be brought about? Mr. Russell replies frankly: "We must recognize that the world is ruled in a wrong spirit, and that a change of spirit will not come from one day to the next." He continues:

"Our expectations must not be for tomorrow, but for the time when what is thought now by a few shall have become the thought of the many. If we have courage and patience, we can think the thoughts and feel the hopes by which, sooner or later, men will be inspired, and weariness and discouragement will be turned into energy and ardor. For this

* WHY MEN FIGHT: A METHOD OF ABOLISHING THE INTERNATIONAL DUEL. By Bertrand Russell. Century.

reason, the first thing we have to do is to be clear in our minds as to the kind of life we think good and the kind of change that we desire in the world.

"The ultimate power of those whose thought is vital is far greater than it seems to men who suffer from the irrationality of contemporary politics. Religious toleration was once the solitary speculation of a few bold philosophers. Democracy, as a theory, arose among a handful of men in Cromwell's army; by them, after the Restoration, it was carried to America, where it came to fruition in the War of Independence. From America, Lafayette and the other Frenchmen who fought by the side of Washington, brought the theory of democracy to France, where it united itself with the teachings of Rousseau and inspired the Revolution. Socialism, whatever we may think of its merits, is a great and grow-

ing power, which is transforming economic and political life; and socialism owes its origin to a very small number of isolated theorists. The movement against the subjection of women, which has become irresistible and is not far from complete triumph, began in the same way with a few impracticable idealists—Mary Wollstonecraft, Shelley, John Stuart Mill. The power of thought, in the long run, is greater than any other human power. Those who have the ability to think and the imagination to think in accordance with men's needs, are likely to achieve the good they aim at sooner or later, tho probably not while they are still alive."

"Why Men Fight" appeals to Floyd Dell, of *The Masses*, as the most interesting, profound and illuminating book that has appeared since the war.

"It is a star for the next century to steer by," he says. Dr. Horace M. Kallen writes in the *Chicago Dial*:

"It is easy to pick flaws in the detail of its argument and the measure of its data, and if our lives are circumscribed by the narrow circle of mere instinct and mere patriotism, to deny its merit and appeal altogether. But the time is too momentous for flaw-picking by those who are animated by any real hope and set with any good-will toward the future of mankind. This man's message comes from too great depths and sounds too lofty a note. Particularly for Americans, it contains a warning and a program, because America is in greatest danger from the evils it denounces, and nearest to attainment of the excellences it urges. It is a handbook for patriots whose concern is the soul of our country."

DREISER'S ARRAIGNMENT OF OUR INTELLECTUAL ARIDITY

ON the ground that America tends to become a dull, conventionalized, material world, "duller even than its reputed mother, sacred England," Theodore Dreiser, the novelist, makes a passionate plea, in *The Seven Arts*, for a larger intellectual liberty. Himself the victim of a Puritanical censorship which forbids the publication of his latest novel and which has hampered him from the very beginning of his career, he hits back. He charges us with intellectual provincialism. He claims that we have a quarrel with original thought. He goes so far as to say: "No nation has ever contributed less [than America has contributed], philosophically or artistically or spiritually, to the actual development of the intellect and the spirit."

The average Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian or Lutheran, according to Mr. Dreiser, is bounded, intellectually, by what he has been taught in his Sunday-school or his church or by what he has stored up or gathered from the conventions of his native town. Altho the world has stored up endless treasures of knowledge in regard to itself chemically, sociologically, historically, philosophically—still the millions and millions who tramp the streets and occupy the stores and fill the highways and byways, and the fields, and the tenements of the city, have no faintest knowledge of anything that can be said to be intellectually "doing." They live in theories and isms, and under codes dictated by a church or a state or an order of society which has no least regard for or relation to their natural mental development. "The darkest side of democracy," Mr. Dreiser contends, "is that it permits the magnetic and the cunning and the unscrupulous among the powerful individuals to sway vast

masses of the mob not so much to their own immediate destruction as to the curtailment of their natural privileges and the ideas which they should be allowed to entertain if they could think at all." Mr. Dreiser proceeds:

"The point which I wish to make here is just this: That in a land so devoted to the material, altho dedicated by its constitution to the ideal, the condition of art and intellectual freedom is certainly anomalous. Your trade and your trust builder, most obviously dominant in America at this time, is of all people most indifferent to, or most unconscious of, the ultimate and pressing claims of mind and spirit as expressed by art. If you doubt this, you have only to look about you to see for what purposes, to what end, the increment of men of wealth and material power in America is devoted. We have something like twenty-five hundred colleges and schools and institutions of various kinds, largely furthered by the money of American men of wealth, and all devoted to the development of the mental equipment of man, so we are told, yet all set with the most flinty firmness against anything which is related to truly radical investigation, or thought, or action, or art."

Mr. Dreiser cites the remark of a professor in one of our successful State colleges who has watched the output of male graduates from his institution for a number of years, and who says: "They are little more than types, machines, made in the image and likeness of their college. They do not think; they cannot think, because they are bound hard and fast by the iron band of convention." Mr. Dreiser says that he himself knows a woman's college, an American institution of the very highest standing, which has sent forth into life some thousands of graduates and postgraduates who were supposed to be individuals, capable of individual

thought; yet "out of all of them not one has ever entered upon any creative or artistic labor of any kind." We are drifting, Mr. Dreiser fears, into the clutches of a commercial oligarchy whose mental standards, outside of trade, are so puerile as to be scarcely worth discussing. He concludes:

"The most significant and, to me, discouraging manifestation in connection with the United States to-day, is the tendency to even narrower and more puritanic standards than have obtained in the past. . . .

"Shakespeare has been ordered from the schools in some of the States. A production of 'Antony and Cleopatra' has been raided in Chicago. Japanese prints of a high art-value, intended for the seclusion of a private collection, have been seized and the most valuable of them held to be destroyed. By turns, an artistic fountain to Heine in New York, loan exhibits of paintings in Denver, Kansas City, and elsewhere, scores of books by Stevenson, James Lane Allen, Frances H. Burnett, have been attacked, not only, as in the case of the latter, with the invisible weapons of the law, as might be expected, but, in regard to the former, with actual axes. A male dancer of repute and some artistic ability, has been raided publicly by the Vice Crusaders for his shameless exposure of his person! No play, no picture, no book, no public or private jubilation of any kind, is complete any more without its vice attack.

"To me this sort of thing is dull, and bespeaks the low state to which our mental activities have fallen. When it comes to the matter of serious letters it is the worst. In New York a literary reign of terror has been and is now being attempted. The publisher of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's latest novel is warned before he brings it out that he will be prosecuted—a work that probably has no more defect than being intelligent and true. Similarly, Mr. Przybyszewski's 'Homo Sapiens'—a by no means pornographic work—was at once seized on its appearance,

and the publishers frightened into withdrawing it. This was true of 'Hagar Revelly,' 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles,' 'Sapho,' 'Jude the Obscure,' 'Rose of Dutchers Cooley,' 'A Lady of Quality,' 'A Summer in Arcady' and indeed scores of others. Imagine banning a book like 'A Summer in Arcady' from the public libraries! And now 'The Sexual Question,' by the eminent August Forel, has been banned also. Think of it—the work of a scientist of Forel's attainments being banned!

"This sort of interference with serious letters is, to me, the worst and most corrupting form of espionage which is conceivable to the human mind. It plumbs the depths of ignorance and intolerance; if not checked, it can and will dam initiative and inspiration at the source. Life, if it is anything at all, is a thing to be observed, studied, interpreted. We cannot know too much about it, because as yet we know nothing. It is our one great realm of discovery. The artist, if left to himself, may be safely trusted to observe, synchronize and articulate human knowledge in the most palatable and delightful form. Human nature will seek and have what it needs, the vice crusaders to the contrary notwithstanding. There is no compulsion on anyone to read. One must pay to do so. What is more, one must have taste inherently to select, and a brain and a heart to understand. With all these safeguards and a double score of capable critics in every land to praise or blame, what need really is there for a censor, or a dozen of them, each far less fitted than any of the working critics, to indulge his personal predilection and op-

position, and to appeal to the courts if he is disagreed with?

"Personally, I rise to protest. I look on this interference with serious art and serious minds as an outrage. I fear for the ultimate intelligence of America, which in all conscience, judged by world standards, is low enough. In our youth and conceit we think ourselves wise. Intelligent cosmopolitans actually know that our ignorance is appalling. In the main we are unbelievably dull and wishy-washy. Now appears a band of wasp-like censors to put the finishing touches on a literature and an art that has struggled all too feebly as it is. Poe, Hawthorne, Whitman and Thoreau, each in turn was the butt and jibe of unintelligent Americans, until by now we are well-nigh the laughing-stock of the world. Where is it to end? When will we lay aside our swaddling clothes, enforced on us by ignorant, impossible puritans and their uneducated followers, and stand up, free thinking men and women? Life is to be learned as much from books and art as from life itself—almost more so, in my judgment. Art is the stored honey of the human soul, gathered on wings of misery and travail. Shall the dull and the self-seeking and the self-advertising close this store on the groping human mind?"

Mr. Dreiser's arraignment has not, as yet, been met by any adequate rejoinder. "The Listener" in the Boston *Transcript* suggests that it exaggerates, but is salutary. Likewise, the San Francisco *Chronicle* comments: "It is certainly powerful writing, and if there



"PERSONALLY, I RISE TO PROTEST"

Theodore Dreiser sees this country dominated by a narrow Puritanism. "In the main," he says, "we are unbelievably dull and wishy-washy."

are those who object to his picture on patriotic grounds, they may be soothed by reading a chapter or two of Carlyle on the hypocrisy of the England of his day."

HOW NIETZSCHE BRIDGED THE DEEPEST CHASM OF HIS PHILOSOPHY

LIFE presented itself to Friedrich Nietzsche, the Polish-German philosopher and rhapsodist, as a ceaseless striving toward the realization of a perfect selfhood; his Superman was to be an ideal individual. But when he tried to express this conception he felt in danger of falling into incoherence. He was everlastingly in search of the permanent elements, the "absolute law," that would give his philosophy the firm background that it needed; and he found such a law, according to a posthumous essay by Prof. Josiah Royce, of Harvard University, in his theory of "eternal recurrence."

The notion that what has happened before will happen again goes back at least to Pythagorean days. It suggests a fatal tendency of the world to a precise repetition after long cycles of all its changes, of all its conflicts, ideals, evolutionary processes and individual occurrences. In Greek thought it was incidental and probably had something to do with astronomical observations and astrological speculation. In Nietzsche's teaching it bore a fundamental relation to his conception of the ethical

problem. "Seldom," Professor Royce says, "has a purely fantastic freak of the imagination stood in a more interesting relation to a profound problem of the formulation of an ethical ideal."

Zarathustra, the hero of Nietzsche's philosophic poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," has at once to follow and to define the ideal. The ideal is that of the perfect individual. The perfect individual is to be self-contained, a law unto himself, no follower of God or of man, no recognizer of any rule that is imposed upon him from without. His every act is to be a transition. The one thing that he is not to tolerate is commonplaceness, vulgarity. He is to find his joy neither in the hope of heavenly joys nor in the will of the gods, but in the continuous struggle to rise to higher things. "Ye have made your way from worm to man, and much within you is still worm. Once ye were apes; even now man is ape in a higher degree than any ape. Behold, I teach you beyond man."

The question arises, If this infinite development has not its meaning in heaven or in the service of mankind,

and if at every stage of the process one finds nothing but a passing on to the next, what is the significance of the whole process? The answer to this question is given by Nietzsche in terms of the hypothesis of the eternal recurrence of every event in the world. As Professor Royce puts it (in the *Atlantic*):

"The hypothesis in detail asserts that life in its wholeness, with all its struggles expressed, with all its fate completely worked out, with all its individuality finally embodied, is present, not only once, but endlessly numerous times, in the course of infinite time. The idea thus suggested, mystical as it essentially is, is Nietzsche's equivalent in his closing period for what the religious consciousness had formerly sought in the conception of a divine plan of the universe. The conception is mystical because Nietzsche can grasp it only by intuition, and can give only the most insufficient reason for his belief. It appeals to him partly because it is unconventional, is no article of a traditional faith, and appears consistent with a purely naturalistic view of things, and with the existence of a world of rigid law. It is comforting to him as well as terrible. . . . His thought is that

the justification of life must be the whole of life, for life is everywhere a passage from less to greater, or from problem to partial solution, or from the outworn to the new."

Zarathustra's struggles almost all have to do with the difficulties and the inspirations arising out of this doctrine. When he meets the tempter dwarf, his baser self, he is told that his restless idealism, his search for the absolute individuality, is self-defeating, and that all is vanity because nothing can be accomplished. To this he replies that all that is possible has already been numberless times accomplished. But his reply also suggests vanity. The striving soul demands novelty. The individual shudders before the abyss of fate which yawns at his feet. "The reaction from this terror at the haunted way of life," says Professor Royce, "comes when one remembers that the closed circle of eternal life is one of significant striv-

ing, and that therefore the very closing of the circle involves the completion of the striving." Professor Royce continues:

"The wanderer in life's wilderness sees no shining light of an eternal city beyond him. His home is in wandering. He has not the romantic sentimentality, but he certainly has the deep restlessness of the hero of Schubert's 'Wanderer's Song.' Nietzsche will have him learn courage and absolute endurance in his wandering. And the courage is to result from the very facing of this most abysmal thought, that the wandering as a whole is one completed expression of an endlessly restless, but still in each of its cycles perfectly self-expressed life.

"With this thought in mind Nietzsche thenceforth is able to speak of eternity as his delight and his goal. The deepest problem of life becomes the attainment of sufficient courage to endure the hardships of the world-cycle, knowing that by just this series of struggle the complete

life has to be expressed. If this moment has its fixed place in the cycle that expresses the whole meaning of life, then one can return to a delight in the present for its own sake, which will reconcile the strenuousness of Nietzsche's ideal with the joyousness, with the naïveté in accepting experience, which is also one of his essential motives. The joy of life returns when one has become convinced that the goal of life is not something utterly undetermined, but absolutely predetermined.

"The lesson of the experience has also for Nietzsche its general aspect. His constant teaching is, if you have any insistent horror, conquer it by facing it and thinking it out. If you have any evil thought, make it a part of your free self by expressing once for all its whole meaning. Do not suppress your weaknesses. Build your strength upon them. It is with the painful, as it is with the so-called evil element of your nature. It is to be won over to the service of perfection even by being fearlessly accepted, worked out, and thereby conquered."

DOES SHOPPING DEMORALIZE WOMEN?

IT is high time, says Simeon Strunsky, in a semi-humorous essay in *Harper's*, we should recognize that the department store is not only a place but a force for good and evil. Women spend a great part of their lives "shopping"; they are influenced by the stores with which they deal; and in some instances, Mr. Strunsky claims, they are demoralized by shopping customs. He refers, in particular, to the system of "purchase with a proviso." He explains what he means in the following passage:

"And you can always exchange it," says the saleswoman to the woman shopper.

"The saleswoman who is worth her salt knows the precise moment when that suggestion must be made. It is the moment when the customer's doubts have apparently been resolved. She wants the new gown very much. It pleases her, soothes her, fits her. It is the moment when the male purchaser would nod and say, 'I'll take it,' and pull out his check-book. In that moment the woman shopper goes panicky at the thought, the sudden but inevitable thought, whether this new fabric will mean quite the same to her at home as it does now in the store. For, whereas man buys clothes to satisfy a physical need, woman shops largely for the satisfaction of her soul. A man's chest measure and sleeve length are the same at home and in the shop, and a three-button sack cannot conceivably change to a two-button sack under any surroundings. But emotion is not to be tested by the yardstick. Woman, when she has picked and chosen, says to herself, 'Yes, I like it now, under this light, in this room, set off against all the other shades and patterns; but how will it be at home?' How will it be with her when she has the new gown to herself, away from this superheated atmosphere of ac-

quisition, in the sudden drop of spirits that is sure to come? At home when she looks into the mirror and sees herself tired around the eyes, or when she first lifts the gown from the box in the cold light of the morning after, when her liberty of choice is gone, when that gown is hers to have and to hold, what then?

"In that moment of crisis the wise saleswoman says, quietly, 'And you can always exchange it, of course.'"

When we consider, Mr. Strunsky continues, that human society, and, indeed, all civilization, are based on the inviolability of contract, we are bound to recognize that this system of purchase with a proviso raises a question of great moral importance. Organized life is possible only on the assumption that a man surrenders what he has promised to surrender, and keeps what he has promised to keep. If he changes his mind, he is penalized for the privilege. And this penalty he pays as a matter of course because he knows that to decide one way and to want something else hampers the work of the world. It is chaos. Too many women, however, Mr. Strunsky asserts, enter the department store with the knowledge that they are doomed to buy something they will want to exchange.

"Woman begins shopping in the certainty, which is almost part of her fate, that her choice will be bad, but that it is of no consequence, since she can always send the things back. You see at once how utterly destructive this must be of all moral standards. It means living in a world of free choice where the sinner is not in the least handicapped against the saint. The woman who chooses wisely and once for all is no better off than the woman who keeps on exchanging things until she is satisfied. Consider, now, what it would mean to this world if men went

at their day's work every morning saying, 'I know I shall make a mess of it.' Consider what it would mean if McLoughlin said to himself, 'Of course I shall lose the first set, but then we can play it over till I win.' Consider what it would mean if Dr. Mayo were to say, 'I know this major operation is going to be a failure, but we can always bring the patient to life again.'"

Mr. Strunsky dwells on the matter at some length because, so far as he knows, no one before him has pointed out the vicious effect of the department store's unrestricted exchange system upon woman's nature and her place in society. What sincerity, what force, can there be, he inquires, in woman's demand for an equal place in our man-made world as long as she continues to live so many hours a week in a world in which consequences do not follow upon acts? Mr. Strunsky's argument concludes:

"Imagine a world in which the wages of sin are not death, but a transfer slip which you present at a little window in the rear of the store.

"And you can see how the practice of unlimited and unpenalized exchange, if sufficiently continued, might stretch outside the realm of the department store and into life. If choice is always to be made with the idea that the first attempt will fail, and that there is always a second chance and a third, then how, when it comes to selecting a profession, a cause to work for—a husband? The matter here becomes intricate and dangerous, and as a pioneer in the subject I am not bound to exhaust it or even develop it through all its implications. As some one has said, whenever an idea is difficult or dangerous, or does not seem to justify your spending your own time upon it, throw it out as a suggestion for some one else to work out."



CLAUDE BRAGDON'S PLEA FOR A NEW BEAUTY IN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

ARCHITECTURE lags a little behind those arts which have entered upon a phase in which the bolder spirits are rejecting alike the passing fashions and the forms sanctified by time and are seeking new generalizations in their place. But the great unrest has seized this art as well, declares Claude Bragdon, an American architect who looks forward to a new American architecture. Traditional forms can no longer satisfy us because they indicate that "the modern architect has not grasped the modern problem." The architect of to-day fails to think and work in terms of his time and place. This mistake is evident, Claude Bragdon thinks, in the unsuitability of many commonly used forms and features to practical needs and to climatic and other conditions. Secondly, the architect fails to think and work in terms of his own time. The ornaments he uses are all echoes of the dead past, not those eloquent of the present. Thirdly, architects fail to think and work in terms of their materials. They indiscriminately substitute one building material for another, violating one of the most important functions of architecture—"the showing forth of the splendor and beauty (be it a beauty of strength or of fragility) of different materials, making the most of the unique characteristics of each."

Mr. Bragdon suggests a way in which American architecture may be awakened to the new beauty of American life. It must become *organic*. Just what this means he explains in lectures recently delivered at the Art Institute of Chicago and now published by the University of Chicago Press.*

"The great issue of the immediate future is between the forces of materialism, on the one hand, which work against the practical realization of human brotherhood, and those obscure spiritual forces which are working for it. If materialism triumphs—and materialism is as strongly entrenched in the hovel as in the mansion, in the church as in the market-place—however highly developed and perfected, it will be the work of slaves for masters—arranged by master minds. If, on the other hand, the spirit of de-

mocracy and true brotherhood triumphs, architecture will become again *organic*, the ponderable expression of the truths of the spirit, wrought out in all humility and lovingness by those who are its subjects but not its slaves."

Organic architecture, as defined by Mr. Bragdon, both in its forms and the disposition of these forms, follows everywhere the line of least resistance, achieving an effect of beauty mainly by reason of the fact that utility is



HE WANTS ARCHITECTURE TO BE AMERICAN

Claude Bragdon, already known as a daring adventurer in the realm of the fourth dimension, looks forward now to a spiritual renaissance of architecture.

the parent of beauty and that any increase in fitness is an increase in beauty. To the devotee of arranged architecture, beauty is its own sufficient justification; to him who follows the organic ideal, as soon as a thing becomes false to the mind it ceases to be fair to the eye.

"The spirit behind organic architecture is adroit, inventive, fertile, resourceful. It is economical of material and means, even in its most sumptuous creations. It is most itself when engaged in attaining a given end in the simplest and most di-

rect manner possible. It is given to short cuts and uses the tools and materials nearest at hand. The great cathedrals are built of stones of easily manageable size, requiring no elaborate machinery. The spirit behind arranged architecture disdains these considerations. The first seems to say to Nature: 'Permit me, madam, to assist you; there is a final felicity, which, with your permission, I shall add.' And it does this quite in Nature's manner, without, so to speak, disturbing a hair of her head. The second says, rather, 'I'll show you a trick worth two of that,' and proceeds to obliterate the landscape and put something altogether different in its place."

To-day in America, this authority continues, we use only to misuse the architectural languages of the past. The reason is because materialism holds us and rules us. "If to-morrow we are able to express ourselves in a language of new beauty, it will be the result of some fresh outpouring of spiritual force, such as occurred long ago in Egypt, later in Greece, in China following the introduction of Buddhism, and in northern Europe during the two mystic centuries of the Middle Ages. . . . In the familiar, warmed and lighted chamber of our every-day environment we sit snugly content, playing at what we call the game of life, when suddenly, just when we fancy we are safest, we are rapt out of ourselves into the infinite beatitude, as a fevered gambler might be summoned from his table by some beautiful, veiled woman, who leads him out into the cool, illimitable night." The definition of the new beauty for architects proceeds:

"Do not conceive of beauty in any narrow way, as limited to mere esthetics. Seek out the things that thrill you, and be sure that there is beauty in them, for the test of beauty is the measure of the joy it brings. Beauty is mystery and enchantment, the thing with star-dust on it. Learn to recognize the brush of its invisible wing, not alone in art galleries and concert halls, but in a face in a crowd, a song at twilight, moonrise, sunset; in the din and glare of cities as well as in the silence of great spaces; in the train taking its flight to the seaboard as well as in the crow taking its flight to the rooky wood.

"Knowing not when nor in what questionable shape beauty may reveal itself, it behooves you to cultivate so wide a catholicity of taste that no manifestation,

* SIX LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE. (The Scammon Lectures.) By Ralph Adams Cram, Thomas Hastings, Claude Bragdon.

however strange and disturbing, may pass untested through the alembic of your mind. You should constantly strive to realize what I have called the organic ideal in the work of your hands, not permitting your personal power of invention to atrophy by continual copying of the work of others, no matter how beautiful nor how sanctioned by time that work may be. Of everything you create you should ask: first, is it sincere and expressive; second, is it beautiful to you.

The architecture of the future in this country, Mr. Bragdon ventures, whether "arranged" or "organic," will probably resemble neither the Gothic nor the Renaissance. "If it" springs from deep within the soul, it will unfold new and unimagined beauties. If, on the other hand, it is a product of the purely rational consciousness, it will consist of additions to and modifications of the architecture which we already have."

"Because spirituality is the source of all beauty, arranged architecture proceeds from and succeeds organic. When the mystic spirit which produces organic architecture departs, the forms of its creating survive by reason of their beauty, but they are meaninglessly applied. All of the time-honored forms and arrangements of our so-called classic architecture were originally organic. Nothing could be more organic than the colonnade of a Greek temple; nothing could be less so than the same colonnade with an iron stanchion buried in each column and the lintel held up by concealed steel beams.

"Now, while it is necessary to draw these distinctions, and even to insist upon them, there is a higher synthesis in which they disappear. Every masterpiece disdains and defies classification. If it succeeds, we know that whatever the means and methods, they can be only the right ones and are their own sufficient justification."

Our esthetic poverty, concludes Claude Bragdon, is of our own making;

we can end it at any time by utilizing the beauty that is everywhere at hand in our own continent. As each age has in its monuments told its own story to the world, we must also, says Claude Bragdon, tell our story to future generations in our own way.

"There is nothing more absurd than to suppose that our age is bankrupt of beauty. It is preeminently an age of power, and power at the ordained season translates itself to beauty in men's souls and thence flows into visible and ponderable forms. 'There is a fount about to stream.' Out of modern civilization, chastened by suffering and sacrifice, awed into reverence by supernal revelations, stirred into hope by an imminent divine, man will weave new patterns on the loom of space just as he did anciently in China, in Assyria, in Egypt, and in Greece.

"This is the artist's work, and let every artist rededicate himself to the task. As was said by Emerson, our great high priest, of that beauty which endures, 'Fear not the new generalization.'"

HOW A PROVINCIAL CRITIC TRACKED DOWN THE BIG GAME OF LONDON LITERATURE

PROVINCIALISM teaches an artist humility and perspective; it induces in him that wordless belief in something finer than he has ever experienced. "A Londoner," wrote Dixon Scott, the young Manchester critic whose trenchant attacks upon British literary lights have now been collected into a posthumous volume*—"a Londoner sees life at an angle, foreshortened, as from a stage box; instead of taking to it gradually, breast on, from the primitive beach, every step an adventure, he nips into it aslant, deep water at once, from the door of his sophisticated bathing-van—a solid half of experience irrevocably missed."

The young English champion of provincialism in literary criticism began his career as a bank clerk in Liverpool, and as a young man started to write articles and reviews for the local newspapers. He wrote a weekly article for the *Liverpool Courier* and later contributed signed reviews for the *Manchester Guardian*. London was finally forced to take notice of the brilliant gifts of the young provincial, and he was asked to contribute to the *London Bookman*. This he started to do in 1914. He became a lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery, and perished at Gallipoli in October last year.

Dixon Scott possessed a genius for trapping the accepted literary stars in his net, for impaling them with a word, or a phrase. Thus, he writes of "The Innocence of Bernard Shaw," "The Meekness of Mr. Rudyard Kipling," "The Artlessness of Mr. H. G. Wells,"



HE WANTED TO SEE THE WHEELS GO ROUND

Dixon Scott, who perished at Gallipoli, liked to pull to pieces the mechanism of a master's style and show his readers how the thing was done. He confessed himself a huntsman tracking down literary game.

or "The Guilt of Mr. Chesterton." Criticism for Dixon Scott was an adventure, one of its chief joys being the pleasure of detection—"detection not merely of some secret of style, some technical trick or caprice, but an actual hounding down of a live human being, a regular ding-dong, Dartmoor hue-and-cry. It is the greatest of games. I know nothing like it!"

"Here in your hand you hold a book—a little cabinet of mimic scenes; it is a magic box into which, by the aid of the talisman of letters, you can positively

creep and then go roaming through as in a world. Well, all the sights that now spread round you, all the landscapes, gardens, groves, and all the flitting figures who pass to and fro and talk there, are simply parts of a private kingdom, a sort of Xanadu retreat, built by the artist for his perfect habitation—a secret place where he can fling off all disguise and live completely, with a sincerity impossible outside. There alone his soul, escaped, can frame a world to fit its needs; there only does he dare to be himself. And there only, accordingly, can you hope to hunt him down, and catch him with his character unmasked. From the clues of dropped metaphors—by the trails of well-used rhythms—from scraps of conversation heard by eavesdropping among his characters—in and out, ruthlessly, you track him through the maze, until the last barrier breaks, and you are on him.

"A queer moment, that! One never quite gets hardened—so staggering is it to discover how little he resembles the tax-paying and be-photographed *simulacra* who pass for him so plausibly outside. It is on these differences that you fasten, marking, measuring, comparing: your sketch-book has another scalp. After that he can rejoin his imposing outside proxies when he will—they will never impose on you again. You know them now for mere doorkeepers; you know exactly what they ward; and the majestic way they carry off their mischievous pretence will always fill you, when you meet them, with a deep and holy glee.

"Brutal? Not a bit of it. They say a fox likes seeing scarlet, because it gives him, these tame times, his only opportunity for showing the world what he can really do; and tho that is just as may be, it is at least quite certain that the true writer, in his ambuscade, simply pines to be pursued and passionately hopes that you may win. To be vanquished is his victory—to escape is his defeat; for cryp-

* MEN OF LETTERS. By Dixon Scott. With an Introduction by Max Beerbohm. George H. Doran Co., New York.

tic, till you capture him, must still in part remain his work; enigmatic, all these groves without a guide." . . .

Only be shameless enough, continues the Manchester critic, merciless enough, and your quarry, when you compel him to throw up his hands, will really be wanting to wave them with joy

"For you will have done what in his heart of hearts he hungers for us all to do—won the freedom of his kingdom by the only possible way, gained the single certain key to its design—and are now, at last, in a position to appreciate properly the points of his self-created world—that little world which is always, willy-nilly, whether he be realist or romanticist, a Barker, Bennett, Barrie, James, or Wells, just a mimic model of his vision of what the outside world would look like if only it were cleaned of its encumbering litter and debris. All our artists, in that sense, are Futurists, prophets; all their books are books of revelation."

How relentless Dixon Scott occasionally was in tracking down the big game of British literature is perhaps best exemplified in his treatment of Rudyard Kipling. He begins in this way:

"A writer's reputation is often a premature ghost that soars up between him and his audience, bothering and blurring their vision; and in Mr. Kipling's case this exasperating Doppelgänger has proved specially poppy and imperious and full of energy. The autobiography it rattles off, convincingly enough, generally runs like this:

"I came out of the East, a youngster of twenty, but wiser than your very oldest men. Life had shown me her lost secrets, her unmentionable sins. I was as cool about them as a connoisseur toward curios, and I tossed you tales of twisted deaths and intricate adulteries with an air of indulgent half contempt. I could do anything I liked with words. I had the splendid nonchalance of the conjurer;

and in my splendid insolence (I was only 20, mind you) I made Poetry learn slang, common sanguinary slang, and set her serving in canteens. Born blasé! muttered one of your own writers, maddened—himself reckoned something of a prodigy, 'Too clever to live,' wrote another one, Stevenson, and was the cleverest young man of my day.

"And then I came West to your dingy, cosy Babylon, tasted fame and flesh-pots and found them very good. And the brightness died out of my colors and the snap from my tunes. I lost my gift of shining vision. I relied contentedly on tricks I'd learned before. . . .

"It seemed the last delirious insolence of esthetics-bizarrie of the best. The youngster was bracketed with Beardsley. Mr. John Lane began to collect his first editions. . . . The little sun-baked books from Allahabad seemed, if anything, more golden than the Yellow Book. The test of the literary epicures became their capacity for properly savoring the subtle Kipling liqueur. . . . And, then, the exasperating fellow went popular."

THE GANGSTER WHO BECAME THE FIRST GREAT POET OF FRANCE

STEVENSON called François Villon the earliest of the Decadents. In thus characterizing France's first great poet (with the possible exception of Rutebeuf), the gentle Stevenson for once exhibited a very nasty sneering spirit, in the opinion of H. De Vere Stacpoole. Mr. Stacpoole's new life of Villon (Putnam) lifts the poet out of the vague, unreal atmosphere of the historical novel, and portrays him as a living figure of flesh and blood, a modern of the moderns, one of the greatest realists the world has ever seen, and, above everything, eternally human. Mr. Stacpoole divides the classics into two great camps, the cold and the warm, the lifeless and the living. "The greatest intellect among the cold lies below the lowliest intellect among the warm. Villon exists among the warm. It is this fact that is the crowning fact about him; it is for this reason that so many men have written about him, commented on his works, and labored over his life; it is for this reason that to-day, despite his sores and diseases, his wickedness, his crimes, we feel him to be a brother-man with a living voice, a fellow-sinner more near to our hearts than any dead saint. He showed us human nature in showing us his heart. Shakespeare showed us his heart in showing us human nature. Villon's method is far the more dangerous to the exhibitor's reputation."

The real Villon, as Mr. Stacpoole portrays him, was a veritable child of Paris. And the Paris of his century was a rapidly growing center, leaping over its boundaries and walls, its het-

erogeneous population of such a character that the enforcement of laws was totally inadequate. Paris of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was not unlike our New York of the nineteenth. Gangs had become indigenous to the narrow medieval streets as later they were to flourish in the streets of New York. And Villon, in this sense, was a "gangster." Turned loose from the University into a city containing no less than three thousand "cabarets" and taverns, he soon fell in with the gang of the Cockleshell, the notorious Coquillards. Mr. Stacpoole describes this unsavory brotherhood:

"These same Coquillards . . . formed a vast secret society spreading all over France with Paris for its head center. Its sign was the cockle-shell, which was the sign of the Pilgrim. Its complexity and the extent of its ramifications may be judged by the fact that I am bound to consider it as one of the elements of Villon's university career. The society numbered among its members all sorts and conditions of men, from the merchant to the tavern-keeper, from the tavern-keeper to the clerk. It was a large business with as many departments as a New York store, and, to extend the simile, its chief aim and object was to make money. Coining, burglary, highway robbery, selling indulgences and false jewelry, card-sharping and dice-playing with loaded dice, were chief among its industries.

"But if you were to fancy that the Coquillards were pure and simple robbers whose aim in life was pure and simple robbery you would fall slightly short of the truth. Their aim was pleasure. They spent their money freely. They were *bons viveurs* who had the courage to live

well by coining in an age when the coiner was boiled alive, when caught, and then hanged; by theft in an age when thieves, when caught, were hanged and strangled. . . .

"I have no doubt that petty robberies of the poor were committed by members of the Coquillard band, but from the evidence before us their operations were mostly conducted against the well-to-do. That is not very much to say for them, but still it is something. You will say that it applies to the criminals of to-day who conduct their operations mainly against the rich. It does. But it does not apply to the criminals of to-day who apply their operations mainly against the poor."

Tho he was not a continuous and constant gangster and criminal, and tho once in a while he found himself among the courtiers at Blois, for instance, he was more at home sleeping under hedges, or roystering in low taverns and disreputable resorts. To his genius the real stuff of life was as food and drink. The greatest poet of the France of his day was more in his poetical element when giving a leg-up to a burglar than when giving a rhyme to a lady at a court where verse was the speech of the courtiers. "The burglary was a bit of life, and life alone could inspire Villon, who drew into his verse the soul of the crust he ate, the mother who bore him, the rope that swung for him, the bottle he sucked from; who lived by the vitality of common things—the only earthly immortals." Recklessness, disaster, starvation, punishment and death,—all these things seized him in turn, and from them all, as they devoured him, he drew the food of his genius.

THE MOST IMAGINATIVE PAINTER THIS COUNTRY HAS YET PRODUCED

ALTHO he was wholly impractical, an infant in every-day affairs, some instinct must have told Albert Pinkham Ryder that elaborate "duplex" studios are not made for dreams but for business. So Forbes Watson remarks, commenting in the *N. Y. Evening Post* upon the recent death of the most imaginative artist America has yet produced. Ryder, whose vision may be compared on the one hand with that of the English mystic William Blake and on the other with Odilon Redon, France's painter of dreams, never troubled himself with the business side of his art. "Contrast his orderless poverty and the conditions under which an astute and flattering portrait painter lives," writes Mr. Watson.

"There is greater art, richer mystery, more powerful design in some of Ryder's little canvases than in the pomp and circumstances of many a flaunting decoration. Ryder belonged to no school and recognized no fashion. . . .

"Complete absorption and disinterestedness, lack of glib display or exhibition tricks, mark this precious art. He made use of abstract forms years before the word abstract became the plaything of art controversialists. In a world of realism and brownstone fronts he created visions that belonged to him alone. His art stood on its own feet, or rather flew on its own wings, for Albert Ryder was as distinctive, as truly poetical, a figure, as American art has yet produced.

"One reason why Ryder holds such a

unique position in American art is that he succeeded in finding something beyond the actual—a magic and a mystery indefinable. He was that exceedingly rare type of American painter, the poet. We have many scumblers, many men who glaze and manipulate, many men who have learned by years of paint-mixing and canvas-preparing how to fool themselves as well as the public into the fond belief that they are poets."

Albert Ryder lived a life of complete devotion to art. He lived with the simplicity of the prophets, and as he grew older drew further and further away from mundane affairs. He himself once expressed his philosophy of art and life in the following words (*Current Literature*, September, 1908):

"Imitation is not inspiration, and inspiration only can give birth to the work of art. The least of a man's original emanation is better than the best of a borrowed thought. In pure perfection of technique, coloring and composition, the art that has already been achieved may be imitated, but never surpassed. Modern art must strike out from the old and assert its individual right to live through twentieth-century impressionism and interpretation. The new is not revealed to those whose eyes are fastened in worship upon the old. The artist of to-day must work with his face turned toward the dawn, steadfastly believing that his dream will come true before the setting of the sun.

"It is the first vision that counts. The artist has only to remain true to his dream and it will possess his work in such a manner that it will resemble the work of

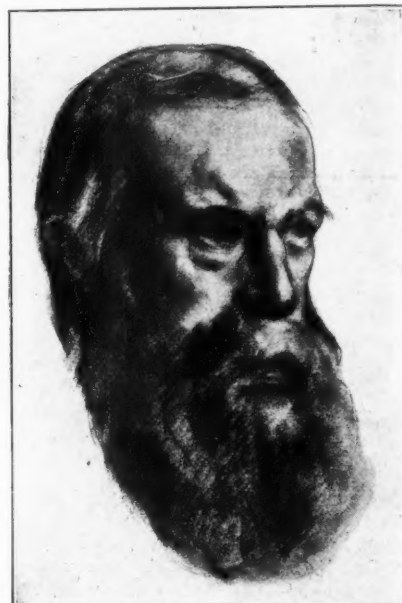
no other man—for no two visions are alike, and those who reach the heights have all toiled up the steep mountains by a different route. . . .

"The artist needs but a roof, a crust of bread and his easel, and all the rest God gives him in abundance. He must live to paint and not paint to live. He cannot be a good fellow; he is rarely a wealthy man, and upon the potboiler is inscribed the epitaph of his art."

Like other visionaries and mystics, Albert Ryder could not coordinate his dream life with the material needs of every-day life. He had to be

"looked after," and he lived the greater part of his life in an atmosphere of careless squalor. A characteristic description of one of his studios is quoted by Henry McBride, art critic of the *N. Y. Sun*:

"Two-thirds of that room was full, packed solid, with things that had never been moved since they were set three years before—chairs, tables, chests, trunks, packing boxes, picture frames, vast piles of old magazines and newspapers. Overhead long streamers of papers from the



OUR FIRST GREAT "MODERN" PAINTER

We are indebted to Mr. Kahlil Gibran, the Syrian poet, mystic and artist, for this striking portrait study of Albert P. Ryder.

ceiling swayed in the air. All around the edge of the conglomeration sat dishes on the floor, tea cups with saucers over them, covered bowls, crocks, tin pails, oil cans, milk bottles, boxes of apples and packages of cereals.

"In one corner a pile of empty cereal packages mounted to the ceiling. In another a stately tall chair staggered under its accumulated load. A black wedding chest rich with carving was almost undiscoverable under the odds and ends that burdened it. A splendid Greek head stands on top of the cupboard with a foot bath on one side and a box of hay on the other. Against an exquisite piece of portrait sculpture, the work of a master hand, a friendly package of rice. The confusion was unimaginable, incredible."

Altho Ryder seemed far away from the actualities of every-day life, and drew his inspiration from spiritual and poetical sources, he was nevertheless capable of transmuting incidents which were brought to his attention into symbolic canvases. One of his most impressive pictures is "The Race Track."



PEGASUS

Albert P. Ryder was deaf to the entreaties of his patrons to finish his canvases in a certain time. He fussed over them for years, patiently awaiting the unfolding of the mystical ideas most of them contained. He was in no sense a brilliant draughtsman, but always succeeded in conveying the beauty of his strange dreamlike visions.

He explained the genesis of this picture to a friend. It seems that in taking his meals at the Hotel Albert, he had become interested in one of the waiters who was playing the races:

"In the month of May, the Brooklyn Handicap was run, and the Dwyer brothers had entered their celebrated horse Hanover to win the race. The day before the race I dropped into my brother's hotel and had a little chat with this waiter, and he told me that he had saved up \$500 and that he had placed every penny of it on Hanover winning this race. The next day the race was run, and, as racegoers will probably remember, Hanover came in third. I was immediately reminded that my friend the waiter had lost all his money. That dwelt in my mind, as for some reason it impressed me very much, so much so that I went around to my brother's hotel for breakfast the next morning and was shocked to find my waiter friend had shot himself the evening before. This fact formed a cloud over my mind that I could not throw off, and 'The Race Track' is the result."

"For almost the first time," says Henry McBride in an eloquent tribute to Albert Ryder in the *N. Y. Sun*, "I can comprehend the requiem dances of the Greeks. There is something special and triumphant about Ryder's death. If we had poets I would command them to celebrate it cheerfully." Mr. McBride quotes a prose-poem to



THE RACE TRACK

Here is one of the most striking of Albert P. Ryder's pictures. It is reproduced through the courtesy of the Montross Gallery of New York. The genesis of this strange painting is recounted elsewhere.

Ryder written by the Syrian mystic poet and artist, Kahlil Gibran, from which we extract the following passage: "Thine is the Giant-World of primal truth and unveiled visions, whose days stand in awe of mystic

nights, whose nights are big with high and lustrous days, whose hills relate the unrecorded deeds of unremembered races, whose seas chant the deep melody of distant time, whose sky withholds the secrets of unnamed gods."

MARK TWAIN'S PEN-PICTURE OF HIS ALL-TOO-HUMAN BROTHER

YOU must put him in a book or a play right away! You are the only man capable of doing it." So Mark Twain wrote, concerning his brother Orion, to William Dean Howells. A series of letters written by Mark Twain to Mr. Howells and others is now given to the American public in *Harper's Magazine*. In the letter already quoted from he went to exhort Mr. Howells: "You might die at any moment, and your very greatest work would be lost to the world. I could write Orion's simple biography, too, by merely stating the bald facts . . . but you must put him into romance."

Orion was one of the most human creatures that ever lived, remarks Albert Bigelow Paine, who edits the letters; his humanity excluded every form of artificiality. To such a close friend as Howells, Mark Twain evidently could not resist telling the amusing truth about this all-too-human brother. In one letter he is led into penning an elaborate portrait of the childlike Orion. Could any novel have made him more living and plausible?

"Observe Orion's career—that is, a little of it: He has belonged to as many as five different religious denominations; last March he withdrew from the deaconship in a Congregational Church and the superintendency of its Sunday school, in a speech in which he said that for many months (it runs in my mind that he said 13 years) he had been a confirmed *infidel*, and so felt it to be his duty to retire from the flock.

"2. After being a Republican for years, he wanted me to buy him a Democratic newspaper. A few days before the Presidential election, he came out in a speech and publicly went over to the Democrats; he prudently 'hedged' by voting for 6 state Republicans, also.

"The new convert was made one of the secretaries of the Democratic meeting, and placed in the list of speakers. He wrote me jubilantly of what a ten-strike he was going to make with that speech. All right—but think of his innocent and pathetic candor in writing me something like this, a week later:

"I was more diffident than I had expected to be, and this was increased by the silence with which I was received when I came forward; so I seemed unable to get the fire into my speech which I had calculated upon, and presently they began to get up and go out; and in a

few minutes they all rose up and went away."

"How could a man uncover such a sore as that and show it to another? Not a word of complaint, you see—only a patient, sad surprise.

"3. His next project was to write a burlesque upon 'Paradise Lost.'

"4. Then, learning that the *Times* was paying Harte \$100 a column for stories, he concluded to write some for the same price. I read his first one and persuaded him not to write any more.

"5. Then he read proof on the *N. Y. Eve. Post* at \$10 a week and meekly observed that the foreman swore at him and ordered him around 'like a steamboat mate.'

"6. Being discharged from that post, he wanted to try agriculture—was sure he could make a fortune out of a chicken farm. I gave him \$900 and he went to a ten-house village 2 miles above Keokuk on the river bank—this place was a railway station. He soon asked for money to buy a horse and light wagon—because the trains did not run at church time on Sunday and his wife found it rather far to walk.

"For a long time I answered demands for 'loans' and by next mail always received his check for the interest due me to date. In the most guileless way he let

it leak out that he did not underestimate the value of his custom to me, since it was not likely that any other customer of mine paid his interest *quarterly*, and this enabled me to use my capital twice in 6 months instead of only once. But alas, when the debt at last reached \$1800 or \$2500 (I have forgotten which) the interest ate too formidably into his borrowings, and so he quietly ceased to pay it or speak of it. At the end of two years I found that the chicken farm had long ago been abandoned, and he had moved into Keokuk. Later, in one of his casual moments, he observed that there was no money in fattening a chicken on 65 cents worth of corn and then selling it for 50.

"7. Finally, if I would lend him \$500 a year for two years (this was 4 or 5 years ago) he *knew* he could make a success as a lawyer, and would prove it. This is the pension which we have just increased to \$600. The first year his legal business brought him \$5. It also brought him an unremunerative case where some villains were trying to chouse some negro

orphans out of \$700. He still has this case. He has waggled it around through various courts and made some booming speeches on it. The negro children have grown up and married off, now, I believe, and their litigated town-lot has been dug up and carted off by somebody—but Orion still infests the courts with his documents and makes the welkin ring with his venerable case. The second year he didn't make anything. The third he made \$6, and I made Bliss put a case in his hands—about half an hour's work. Orion charged \$50 for it—Bliss paid him \$15. Thus four or five years of lawing has brought him \$26, but this will doubtless be increased when he gets done lecturing and buys that 'law library.' Meanwhile his office rent has been \$60 a year, and he has stuck to that lair day by day as patiently as a spider.

"8. Then he by and by conceived the idea of lecturing around America as 'Mark Twain's Brother'—that to be on the bills. Subject of proposed lecture, 'On the Formation of Character.'

"9. I protested, and he got on his war-paint, couched his lance, and ran a bold tilt against total abstinence and the Red Ribbon fanatics. It raised a fine row among the virtuous Keokukians.

"10. I wrote to encourage him in his good work, but I had let a mail intervene; so by the time my letter reached him he was already winning laurels as a Red Ribbon Howler.

"11. Afterward he took a rabid part in a prayer-meeting epidemic; dropped that to travesty Jules Verne; dropped that, in the middle of the last chapter, last March, to digest the matter of an infidel book which he proposed to write; and now he comes to the surface to rescue our 'noble and beautiful religion' from the sacrilegious talons of Bob Ingersoll.

"Now come! Don't fool away this treasure which Providence has laid at your feet, but take it up and use it. One can let his imagination run riot in portraying Orion, for there is nothing so extravagant as to be out of character with him."

A PROSE PEAN TO THE ANONYMOUS HEROISM OF THE SIMPLE SOLDIER

THE "first great work the war has yet given us!" This exclamation was made by Henry Bataille concerning "Le Feu," Henri Barbusse's novel of France's entrenched and "uprooted civilians," recently awarded the Goncourt prize of 1916. "The last hundred pages are as furiously beautiful," the distinguished dramatist continued, "as certain apostrophes of Ecclesiastes, and it equals elsewhere the visionary and realistic pity of Tolstoy. . . . It is for you, just multitude, that the poet has lived this book. Read it reverently! Know that you now possess a book which honors your sufferings, your truth and your ideal. Your glory has merited the work of a great Frenchman and a great poet."

M. Barbusse's novel is an ardent tribute to the mute, inglorious millions of ordinary men constrained to heroism by circumstances, brave, determined, reliable, but not imbued with any military spirit—those millions of uprooted civilians who differ in every respect from the professional soldier. He recounts all that they are forced to endure and depicts their fortitude in this endurance—the mud that "glues the *poilu* to the ground," the cold that "freezes him into a statue," the vermin that filch his sleep, or the rain, worst hell of war, that drenches him to the marrow. Here is one of his pictures:

"More than charges that resemble reviews, more than visible battles deployed like oriflams, more even than the screaming hand-to-hand encounters, this war is awful, superhuman fatigue, and water up to the middle, and mud and excrement and infamous filth. This war is fly-blown

faces and lacerated flesh and corpses that do not even resemble corpses, supernatant on the surface of the voracious earth. This war is infinitely monotonous misery interrupted only by acute dramas, and not the bayonet glittering like silver, nor the clarion call of the trumpet in the sun."

M. Barbusse skilfully indicates the peculiar mentality of these anonymous heroes in the preparation for an attack:

"Everything is prepared. The men silently take their places, with their blankets slung crosswise over their shoulders and their helmet-straps under their chins, and lean upon their guns.

"They are not soldiers; they are men. They are not adventurers, warriors meet for massacre—butchers or driven cattle. They are plowmen and laborers easily recognizable as such under their uniforms. They are uprooted civilians. They are ready. They are waiting for the signal of death and of slaughter; but in contemplating their faces between the vertical lines of bayonets, you perceive that they are simply men.

"Every one of them knows that he is going to offer his head, his chest, his trunk, his whole body, to guns pointed in advance, to shells, to piled-up grenades, and especially to the methodical and well-nigh infallible mitrailleuse—to everything wrapped in ominous silence over yonder—before he can reach the other soldiers it is his duty to kill. They are not reckless of their lives, like bandits, nor blind with wrath, like savages. Despite the efforts to excite them, they are not excited. They are superior to every sort of transport. They are not drunk either literally or figuratively. They have come together, in full consciousness, as in full force and full health, to play once more the rôle imposed upon them by the madness of their kind. In their silence,

in their immobility, in the masks of superhuman calm on their visages, reflection and fear and longing are discernible. They are not the sort of heroes they are popularly supposed to be; but their sacrifice is nobler than those who have not seen them will ever be able to divine."

"The future! The future!" cries Corporal Bertrand, an ardent Socialist and internationalist, whom the war has transformed into a grave, energetic citizen soldier. "It will be the task of the future to efface this present, to efface it more completely than you can imagine, as something scandalous and abominable. And yet this present is absolutely indispensable." For the war demonstrates to him the strength of the people, the grandeur of these anonymous heroes. This dialog sums up the inspired message of Henri Barbusse:

"After all, what makes the grandeur and the horror of war?"

"It's the grandeur of the people."

"But the people—we are the people?"

"The speaker looked at me with the question."

"Yes," I said, "yes, old chap, that's true! It's only with us they fight the battles. We are the material of war. War is made up of the flesh and souls of simple soldiers. It's we make the fields of dead and rivers of blood—we, all of us—each is invisible and inaudible because of the immensity of our numbers. Ours is the wilderness of desolated cities, and villages destroyed. Yes, it is we—all of us in a lump, and no one else beside."

Strangely, for a winner of the Goncourt prize, M. Barbusse has been editor of a magazine notorious for its lack of distinction.

VOICES OF LIVING POETS

THE "new" poetry has not killed the old poetry. Three books now on our desk indicate that all the strange 'isms of recent years have not shaken the hold the sonnet-form long ago secured. Two of these books—"Ideal Passion," by George Edward Woodberry, and "Sonnets: A First Series," by Mahlon Leonard Fisher—are wholly devoted to the sonnet-form. A third—"Poems," by Alan Seeger—contains forty-two sonnets, and some of Seeger's best work, or at least his second best work, is contained in that form.

Alan Seeger's one unforgettable poem is the one entitled: "I have a Rendezvous With Death." Since his death, July 4, 1916, incurred while charging with his comrades of the Foreign Legion on the German trenches at the village Belloy-en-Santerre, this poem has achieved a wide fame. His work as a whole, as it appears in this volume (published by Scribner), is uneven; but at its lowest it is full of promise, and at its highest, in the war-poems, it is excelled by only two or three poems produced by the war. He was but twenty-eight when he died and, as William Archer says in a long and adequate introduction, "of all the poets who have died young, none has died so happily." He was born in New York City, of New England stock, educated at Harvard, and the great war found him vainly trying to publish his volume of earlier poems in London. Before the war was three weeks old he had enlisted in the Foreign Legion.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH . . .

BY ALAN SEEGER.

I HAVE a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling
shade

And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and
fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my
breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,

Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true.
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Professor Woodberry's volume consists of a sequence of forty-two sonnets, and is published by the Woodberry Society in an edition limited to 400 copies. The sequence is a passionate tribute of love and adoration of his "lady," that is to say, of Poesy. The tribute is exquisitely wrought and finely sustained. It will appeal to a small audience but it will be treasured by a few long after most of the raucous tones of the ultra-modern verse have ceased to be heard. We reprint sonnets XXIX and XXXI:

FROM "IDEAL PASSION."

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

I KNOW not what in other men may
sleep
Of lower forms, which nature knew
to shape
To higher, and from her primal slime
escape
To sea, and land, and heaven's aerial
deep;
Nor with what stirrings their thick blood
may leap
Of ante-natal slaughter, brutish rape;
I own no kinship with the obscene ape;
No beast within my flesh his lair doth
keep.
The memory of the rose-tree runs not
back
Through the dim transmutations of the
rose;
Sphere over sphere, above the solar track,
The round of heaven greatens as it
goes;
So am I changed; tho the last change I
lack,
When over love itself oblivion flows.

From what a far antiquity, my soul,
Thou drawest thy urn of light! What
other one
Of royal seed—yea! children of the
sun—
Doth so divinely feel his lineage roll
From the full height of man? The im-
mortal scroll
Of thy engendering doth from Plato
run,
Colonnos singing, Simois, Marathon!
Into thy birth such secret glory stole.
The kings of thought and lords of chiv-
alry
Knighted me in great ages long ago;
From David's throne and lowly Galilee
And Siloa's brook my noble titles flow;

Under thy banners, Love, devout and
free,
Storing all time, thy child, I come and
go.

Mr. Fisher is too enamored of the sonnet to devote any time to the other verse-forms. There is something like consecration in his attitude toward it, and if he persists in confining his poetic work to this one form he is likely to run to seed prematurely. "They know not England who only England know," and too exclusive devotion to a single form of verse is sure, we would think, to spoil one's perspective and to stale the mind. To us, the best thing in his volume is this:

TO A ROMAN DOLL.

BY MAHLON LEONARD FISHER.

(Found in a Child's Grave in Hawara,
Egypt.)

WHAT little Roman maiden loved
you so?
Now, at the night, when one I
love is led,
All drowsy-eyed and smiling, up to bed,
She holds her baby close—the way you
know.
What little maiden was it, long ago,
Who pled for you before she fell
asleep?
And did she dream of slumber centuries
deep,
Where changeless dark should mask the
morning's glow?
She held you all the ages on her breast.
What wondrous love was hers, outlast-
ing thrones!
Her lullabies, out sounding battle tones,
Outlingering Iliads, brought unbroken
rest.
Sphinx-like you gaze; but speak, lest
Fame forget,
Who waits you back in Egypt, faithful
yet.

Cale Young Rice, in the preface to his new book of poems ("Trails Sunward," Century Company), takes a fall out of the "new poetry." He sees in it simply a reaction toward realism and regards it as serving a useful purpose when it is sincere. But when it is an expression of a mere desire for novelty, or when it neglects passion, imagination and charm, he sees in it an influence that may dissipate the wave of interest in poetry produced by a dozen years of achievement. Mr. Rice's own work, as it seems to us, has been overpraised and there is now some disposition to under-value it. His technique is not sure and his lines are frequently bad; but he does sing and he does soar, and the beat of his pinions at times

manifests surprising power and majesty. In proof we offer this:

THE CHANT OF THE COLORADO.

(AT THE GRAND CANYON.)

BY CALE YOUNG RICE.

MY brother, man, shapes him a plan
And builds him a house in a day,
But I have toiled through a million years

For a home to last away.
I have flooded the sands and washed them down,
I have cut through gneiss and granite.
No toiler of earth has wrought as I,
Since God's first breath began it.
High mountain-buttres I have chiselled,
to shade
My wanderings to the sea.
With the wind's aid, and the cloud's aid,
Unweary and mighty and unafraid,
I have bodied eternity.

My brother, man, builds for a span:
His life is a moment's breath.
But I have hewn for a million years,
Nor a moment dreamt of death.
By moons and stars I have measured my task—
And some from the skies have perished:
But ever I cut and flashed and foamed,
As ever my aim I cherished:
My aim to quarry the heart of earth,
Till, in the rock's red rise,
Its age and birth, through an awful girth
Of strata, should show the wonder-worth
Of patience to all eyes.

My brother, man, builds as he can,
And beauty he adds for his joy,
But all the hues of sublimity
My pinnacled walls employ.
Slow shadows iris them all day long,
And silvery veils, soul-stilling,
The moon drops down their precipices,
Soft with a spectral thrilling.
For all immutable dreams that sway
With beauty the earth and air,
Are ever a play, by night and day,
My house of eternity to array
In visions ever fair.

A handsome volume has just been made by Houghton Mifflin Co. of the collected poems of John Hay. Mr. Hay was never, even in his own day, accounted one of our bards of the first rank; but we think that our younger writers, who are disposed to patronize the literary achievement of one and two generations ago, will be surprised to see what excellence a poet might achieve in those days and still remain in comparative obscurity as a verse-writer. Of course the "Pike County Ballads" became popular; but Hay himself hardly took them seriously. They were a stunt. In regard to his other work he had no delusions. He wrote because, in a busy life, he loved poetry and loved to express himself in metrical forms; but he would be the last man to assert any claims to greatness. Yet some of these poems are too good to let die and none of them are worthless. Here is one of the best:

TWO ON THE TERRACE.

BY JOHN HAY.

WARM waves of lavish moonlight
The Capitol enfold,
As if a richer noon light
Bathed its white walls with gold.

The great bronze Freedom shining,
Her crest in ether shinning,
Peers eastward as divining
The new day from the old.

Mark the mild planet pouring
Her splendor o'er the ground;
See the white obelisk soaring
To pierce the blue profound.
Beneath the still heavens beaming,
The lighted town lies gleaming,
In guarded slumber dreaming—
A world without a sound.

No laughter and no sobbing
From those dim roofs arise,
The myriad pulses throbbing
Are silent as the skies.
To us their peace is given,
The meed of spirits shriven;
I see the wide, pure heaven
Reflected in your eyes.

Ah love! a thousand eons
Shall range their trooping years;
The morning stars their peans
Shall sing to countless ears.
These married States may sever,
Strong Time this dome may shiver,
But love shall last forever
And lovers' hopes and fears.

So let us send our greeting,
A wish for trust and bliss,
To future lovers meeting
On far-off nights like this,
Who, in these walls' undoing
Perforce of Time's rough wooing,
Amid the crumbling ruin
Shall meet, clasp hands, and kiss.

There is plenty of ozone in Louis Untermeyer's latest volume ("These Times," Henry Holt & Co.), and we are disposed to give careful heed to Professor Erskine when he says of Mr. Untermeyer that "he may well become the most truly poetical interpreter of our day." His work challenges and stimulates. It is strong and it is clever; but it is not always nourishing and the heart interest is often slight. This criticism, however, is decreasingly true. He seems to us of late to rely less upon cleverness, and a note of deep tenderness heard now and then conveys a sense of depth as well as brilliance. We reprint two lyrics. The first seems to have been directly inspired by the stirring events in Washington in the last few weeks:

REVEILLE.

BY LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

WHAT sudden bugle calls us in the night
And wakes us from a dream
that we had shaped,
Flinging us sharply up against a fight
We thought we had escaped?

It is no easy waking, and we win
No final peace; our victories are few.
But still imperative forces pull us in
And sweep us somehow through.

Summoned by a supreme and confident power
That wakes our sleeping courage like a blow.
We rise, half-shaken, to the challenging hour,
And answer it—and go. . . .

THE ROBBER.

BY LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

I FEAR the night, the ruthless night—
It reaches down its great, dark hands
And takes the color from the day,
A world of children from their play,
And laughter from all lands.

I fear the night, the stealthy night—
It creeps up noiselessly, and soon
It robs the housetop of their gold;
It grasps the sun and leaves—behold!
That dull and leaden moon. . . .

I fear the night, the envious night—
Its jealous stars; its sharp-eyed crew. . . .
Oh, hide your head upon my breast;
Or Night, that steals the whole world's best
May see and covet you!

An unpretentious little book with an unpretentious title ("Songs of Inexperience," by Beatrice Daw, published by Richard C. Badger) contains not much that is noteworthy. It is worth attention, however, because of one striking and genuine piece of work. This is it. Note especially the last two lines.

ON LOOKING THROUGH A SET OF HISTORY EXAMINATION PAPERS.

BY BEATRICE DAW.

DIM figures move across the changing stage,—
Vague forms, half lost in shadow,
half defined;
Now and again, one greater, to their mind,
Pushes to foreground,—warrior, priest, or sage.
Now busy peace succeeds to war,—the rage
Of hard-fought battlefields is left behind,
And here are matters of a homely kind,
"Commerce, pursuits and customs of the age."

Well-trained, these young folk! Facts at fingers' ends!
The shames and glories of the centuries
Are focussed in the facile book they quote,
And the young judgment blithely apprehends.
A penscratch covers tottering dynasties;
A nation's downfall makes a schoolgirl's note.

In the *Midland* (Iowa City) we find an excellent poem by a Kansas poet

whom we have had the pleasure of introducing before:

BON VOYAGE.

BY WILLARD WATTLES

THE little sheltered fishing-smacks
That hug the narrow cove,
They have not felt the stinging
spray

Where winds of heaven rove,
They only drift with slackened sail
And scarcely seem to move.

The slim defiant four-master
Slips by them quietly:
With barnacles upon her flanks
From an uncharted sea,
She moves before the empty air
Impelled invisibly.

What golden sands her foot has spurned
In harbors far and fair,
How has she leapt electric to
Thin ministers of air,
And foundered in what frozen seas
In what unknown despair?

The little sheltered fishing-smacks
Creep over-burdened home;
They never venture seaward when
The black waves thickly comb,
But the slim-waisted four-master
Spits stars on her jib-boom.

O silly little fishing-smacks,
I wonder, will ye find
'Tis better to have sailed strange seas
Before the inquiring mind,
Than in the limp and common crowd
To stay and rot behind?

I wonder when the Captain draws
His ships from ocean-stream
And lifts the everlasting Scale
Of inviolable beam,
Which cargoes He will value most
Or which the richer deem?

I care not what His judgment be
Or which pan higher goes,
I cannot drift with fishing-smacks
To the dull day's empty close,
For I am out with the four-master
Where God's great tempest blows.

In the *American Hebrew* appears an article by Elias Lieberman on "Hoffenstein, Poet of Shadows." A number of his poems are given, selected from a collection entitled "Life Sings a Song" (Wilmarth, N. Y.). We reprint two short lyrics that seem to us well worth while.

MOONLIGHT IN THE STREET.

BY SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN.

IT lies like tired, spent lightning that has
fallen on the ground,
It melts the cold dark into music, into
music that breathes not a sound,
It sheets the dead trees in splendor with
motherly fingers and kind,
And it eases soft as a carpet the stinging
feet of the wind.

It is Beauty reft of its passion, it is
Pathos cleansed of its pain,

It is spun of the veins of lilies, and of
sun-threads sunken in rain,
It is born of the darkness praying with a
God-light on its face.
And the Ultimate Pity hath sent it—a
grace of Its Grace.

CRÊPE ON THE DOOR

BY SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

THE dead they sleep a long, long
sleep,
The dead they rest and their rest
is deep;
The dead have peace, but the living weep.

The moonlight sleeps like a silver
lake. . . .
The dead they know nor pain nor ache;
The living watch and their hearts they
break.

The night stands mute at the shuttered
pane. . . .
The dead shall need no prayers again,
But the living cry unto God in vain.

The wind goes by with a weary
moan. . . .
The dead lie stark and still as stone,
But the hearts of the living cry for their
own.

The candles gleam where the pale dead
sleep. . . .
The dead they rest and their rest is deep;
The dead have peace, but the living weep.

The dead they sleep—and soft is their
bed;
Oh! why do the living weep for the dead?
And why not weep for themselves in-
stead?

Elsa Barker seldom gives us a lyric
of her own nowadays, and we like her
own works so much better than that
of her ghostly friends. This is from
McClure's:

THE QUESTIONER.

BY ELSA BARKER.

IF you and I were destined thus to
stand
Always apart, to count the frustrate
days
And tossing nights whose every hope
betrays
And leads nowhither, by what strange
command
Of what strange God did your hand
clutch my hand
In the vague human chaos, your eyes
raise
Curtains on unknown stars, your spirit
craze
My spirit with this dream forever
banned?

Are we but pawns in some stupendous
play
Whose rules we know not? Are the
ends of Truth
Served by this feigned indifference
and the vain
Tears in the dark? Or are we the dumb
prey

Of some grim God love-baffled in His
youth,
Who craves our comprehension of
His pain?

The following poem (in *The Masses*)
appeals to us as a vivid expression of
what war may mean to a woman:

THE SUMMONS.

BY JEAN STARR UNTERMAYER.

WHAT urged me through sleep to
the narrow window?
Towards the east marches the
packed army of the snow,
Crowding the street, from side to side;
Driving ahead with chilling haste;
Going to some white splendor,
Leaving behind a white desolation.

The window panes rattle,
Like drum-beats that echo, off-key;
Calling. . . .
The snow rushes on with a mad purpose,
Gathering recruits as it goes.
Always the drum-taps summon. . . .

What do they ask for?
Whom are they calling?

I go trembling back to bed,
Stiffened with a cold courage,
And throw warm and defensive arms
Over the body of the man I love,
As he twitches and starts in a restless
sleep.

Another poem born of the war, but
a poem of love not hate. We take it
from the *N. Y. Times*:

VIVE LA FRANCE.

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER.

"France is dying."—Hindenburg.

IF France is dying, she dies as day
In the splendor of noon, sun-
aureoled.
If France is dying, then youth is gray
And steel is soft and flame is cold.
France cannot die! France cannot die!

If France is dying, she dies as love
When a mother dreams of her child-
to-be.
If France is dying, then God above
Died with His Son upon the Tree.
France cannot die! France cannot die!

If France is dying, true manhood dies,
Freedom and justice, all golden things.
If France is dying, then life were wise
To borrow of death such immortal
wings.
France cannot die! France cannot die!

Here is a poem that comes, so one
feels, straight from the heart of a per-
sonal experience. We take it from the
Century:

THE INVALID.

BY LEOLYN LOUISE EVERETT.

NOW as I lie month after month so
still
The world that was so full of
life, so gay
With varied joy, fades like a dream, be-
comes

Incredibly remote, as if a mist
Had risen up before my eyes, and far,
Oh, very far away, I saw pass by
A theater pageant where, in rags and
gold,
The people agonized their hearts away
For sins and virtues that were only shams
That did not matter in themselves at all,

But might be worn like silken masks or
gloves,
And so dispensed with, if they only knew.
Once had I given judgment on the
play
As I partook of it, had drawn aside
From evil and praised valor; now their
hue

Has met and mingled to such utter gray
I cannot separate them. With amaze,
Dismal amusement, and a kind of ache
I see the bitter warfare that is made
By those who would so tabulate and name,
So mark in stated value, fantasy
Less real than this thin hand the sun
shines through.

DIE MUTTER—A TRUE STORY

This is a tale of the war which is told by Madeleine Z. Doty, in her new book, "Short Rations" (Century Co.). The author is the same Miss Doty who spent a week as a voluntary inmate in Auburn prison to let the world know the conditions of the women prisoners. She has recently returned from a trip to Germany and her book describes the situation there, especially as it affects the women. This "true story" is enough to make the angels weep.

THE sky was shining blue. The air was still. The warmth of summer brooded over the land. But no bird's song broke the stillness. No bees fluttered over flowers. The earth lay torn and bare. In deep brown furrows of the earth, hundreds of restless men lay or knelt or stood.

The land was vibrant with living silence. But now and then a gigantic smashing roar broke the tense stillness. Then in some spots the ground spit forth masses of dirt, a soldier's helmet, a tattered rag of uniform, and bits of a human body.

It was after such a blast that a great winged object came speeding from the north. It skimmed low over the trenches and dipped, and circled and paused above the English line. Like a great eagle it seemed about to rush to earth, snatch its prey, and then be off. But as it hung suspended, another whirling monster flew from the south. It winged its way above its rival, then, turning, plunged downward. The great cannons grew silent. The eyes of the pigmies in the trenches gazed skyward. A breathless tenseness gripped the earth. Only sun and sky shone on with no whisper of the mad fight of these two winged things.

For a few wild moments they rushed at one another. Then the bird with wings of white rose high, turned back, and plunged again upon the creature marked with huge, black crosses.

IT missed its prey, but there came a crackling sound. A puff of smoke, like a hot breath, burst from the bird of the iron crosses. It shuddered, dropped, turned, and fell head down. With sweeping curves the pursuer also came to earth. A lean young Englishman sprang from the whirling engine. His body quivered with excitement. He sped with running feet to the broken object lying on the ground. He knelt by the twisted mass. Beneath the splintered wood and iron he saw a boyish figure. It was still and motionless. He gently pulled the body out. A fair young German lay before him. A deep gash in the head showed where a blow had brought instant death. The body was straight and supple, the features clear-cut and clean. A boy's face with frank and fearless brow looked up at the young Englishman. The eyes held no malice. They were full of shocked surprise. The brown-haired lad felt the lifeless heart. A piece of cardboard met his fingers. He pulled it from the coat pocket. It was a picture—a picture of a woman—a woman with gray hair and kindly eyes—a mother whose face was lined with patient suffering. Scrawled beneath the portrait in boyish hand were the words, "Meine Mutter."

A SOB choked the young Englishman. Tenderly he gathered the lifeless form in his strong arms. Then he rose and walked unheeding across the open field of battle. But no angry bullets pelted after him. The men in the trenches saw and understood. Behind the lines the boy laid his burden down. Taking paper and pencil from his pocket and placing the little picture before him, he began to write.

When he had finished he placed the letter and portrait in a carefully directed envelope. Then walking hurriedly to his machine, he prepared for flight. Soon he was skimming low over the enemy trenches. Leaning out, he dropped his missile. The cannons roared, but no rifle was turned on the bright figure. Instinctively, men knew his deed was one of mercy. As the little paper fluttered downward it was picked up by eager soldier hands. A little cheer broke from a hundred throats. Willing messengers passed it to the rear. Speedily it went on its way.

Twenty-four hours later a mother with pale face and trembling hands fingered the white scrap of paper. Her unseeing eyes gazed out on a smiling landscape. Between green meadows in the warm summer sunshine lay the glittering Rhine. But she saw nothing. Her baby boy was dead. Memories of him flooded her. She felt again the warmth of the baby body as it clung to her's and the pull of the tiny hands at her breast. She saw him as a boy, his eager restlessness. She heard his running steps at the door and his cry of "mother." It was over. That bright spirit was still. The third and last son had been exacted.

HER fingers touched the letter in her lap. Her eyes fell on the penciled words. Slowly they took meaning. This boy who wrote: he'd seen the beauty of her son. He'd held the dear body in his arms. His heart was torn by anguish. What was it he said:

"It's your son. I know you can't forgive me, for I killed him. But I want you to know he didn't suffer. The end came quickly. He was very brave. He must also have been very good. He had your picture in his pocket. I am sending it back, tho I should like to keep it. I suppose I am his enemy, yet I don't feel so at all. I'd give my life to have him back. I didn't think of him or you when I shot at his machine. He was an enemy spying out our men. I couldn't let him get back to tell his news. It meant death to our men. It was a plucky deed. We were covered up with brush. He had to come quite low to see us and he came bravely. He nearly escaped me. He handled his machine magnificently. I thought how I should like to fly with him. But he was the enemy and had to be destroyed. I fired. It was over in a second. Just a blow

on the head as the machine crashed to earth. His face shows no suffering, only excitement. His eyes are bright and fearless. I know you must have loved him. My mother died when I was quite a little boy. But I know what she would have felt if I had been killed. War isn't fair to women. God! how I wish it were over. It is a nightmare. I feel if I just touched your boy, he'd wake and we'd be friends. I know his body must be dear to you. I will take care of it and mark his grave with a little cross. After the war you may want to take him home.

"For the first time, I'm almost glad my mother isn't living. She could not have borne what I have done. My own heart is heavy. I felt it was my duty. Yet now when I see your son lifeless before me and hold your picture in my hand, it all seems wrong. The world is dark. O Mother, be my mother just a little, too, and tell me what to do.—HUGH."

SLOWLY great tears rolled down the woman's cheeks. What was this monster that was smashing men? Her boy and this other, they were the same. No hate was in their hearts. They suffered—the whole world suffered. Her country went in hunger. The babies in the near-by cottages grew weak for want of milk. She mustn't tell that to the English lad. His heart would break. Why must such suffering be? Was she to blame? There was the English lad without a mother. She had not thought of him and others like him. Her home, her sons, her Fatherland, these had been sufficient. But each life hangs on every other. Motherhood is universal.

Suddenly she knew what to write, what she must say to that grief-stricken English boy. Quickly her hand penned the words:

"Dear Lad: There is nothing to forgive. I see you as you are—your troubled goodness. I feel you coming to me like a little boy astounded at having done ill when you meant well. You seem my son. I am glad your hands cared for my other boy. I had rather you than any other touched his earthly body. He was my youngest. I think you saw his fineness. I know the torture of your heart since you have slain him. To women brotherhood is a reality. For all men are our sons. That makes war a monster that brother must slay brother. Yet perhaps women more than men have been to blame for this world war. We did not think of the world's children, our children. The baby hands that clutched our breasts were so sweet, we forgot the hundred other baby hands stretched out to us. But the Earth does not forget, she mothers all. And now my heart aches with repentance. I long to take you in my arms and lay your head upon my breast to make you feel through me your kinship with all the earth. Help me, son, I need you. Spread the dream of oneness and love throughout the world. When the war is over come to me. I am waiting for you.—DEINE MUTTER."

HOWELLS, AT EIGHTY, RECEIVES NOTABLE TRIBUTES AS THE DEAN OF AMERICAN LETTERS

THE astonishing versatility of William Dean Howells as novelist, essayist, dramatist, critic, poet and as a preeminent man among men—lavish with aid and encouragement to younger writers—was given marked emphasis at the recent celebration in honor of his eightieth birthday held at the National Arts Club in New York. His many-sided genius was the key-note of some hundred and fifty letters of tribute to his character and work from Americans and Europeans eminent in literature and in other arts and crafts. Says the *New York Sun* in reporting the event:

"Evidently the committees in charge of the Howells celebration had quite underestimated the appeal of their party; had failed to realize that any pretentious effort to honor in an interesting way the dean of American letters would require the ample spaces of Carnegie Hall or even of Madison Square Garden. Certainly the accommodations of the one-time Samuel J. Tilden Mansion, now occupied by the National Arts Club, were unequal to the affair.

"At least fifteen hundred persons thronged the rooms, and those on the outskirts of the distinguished audience had little more than the vaguest notion of what was being said or sung in honor of Mr. Howells. At times fragments of the remarks of Hamlin Garland, who presided, fell upon straining ears as from a great distance. At times came detached words from the readings by Augustus Thomas, Irving Bacheller, Florence Wilkinson and Robert Underwood Johnson. Sometimes strains from Edward MacDowell's "The Haunted House," as played by Mrs. MacDowell herself, floated to the hopeful listeners, but very many gave up all hope of hearing and withdrew to the comfort of the restaurant.

"Possibly it was just as well that Mr. Howells himself was not present, for the experience might have been trying even for his sturdy eighty years. He will receive interesting souvenirs of the occasion, particularly a handsomely bound volume of letters written in appreciation of his merit by fellow craftsmen."

It was left for Cass Gilbert, the architect, says the *New York Times*, commenting on the many-sidedness of William Dean Howells, as reflected in the letters of tribute, to point out that he had done more to cultivate good taste in architecture than any architect now living.

"A single sentence in 'Silas Lap- ham,' " Gilbert wrote, "about black walnut changed the entire trend of thought and made it possible for the architects of the time to stem the turbid tide of brown stone and black walnut, then so dear to the heart of the American millionaire."

President Wilson desired to pay a genuine tribute to Mr. Howells, but wrote that "it would be unworthy of the subject were I to try something offhand which would not be a thoughtful and serious assessment of the remarkable work he has done, and to do that is for the present out of the question for me." The pregnancy of this comment was received rather solemnly, the assemblage comprehending all that it implied.

Colonel Roosevelt wrote that Mr.



A MASTER OF MANY ARTS

Fifteen hundred men and women distinguished in nearly every line of endeavor have contributed testimonials to a remarkable birthday book for our foremost living novelist and all-around man of letters, in commemorating his eightieth anniversary.

Howells "has played a great and familiar part in the history of American literature. I belong to the generation whose youth was profoundly influenced by his books. They not only gave us keen pleasure as works of literature, but they helped us toward a spirit of kindliness and justice in dealing with our fellows, and they stirred our souls to the strife for national ideals."

Among others who praised the sterling Americanism of Mr. Howells were Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Richard Burton, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, George W. Cable, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Irvin S. Cobb and Secretary Franklin K.

Lane, the latter of whom "does not know whether Howells is a great photographer or a great artist"; but who does know that he "likes him because he sees through his own American eyes."

Dr. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, drew attention to "the innumerable phases of American life, common and uncommon, "that Mr. Howells had portrayed, always "with accuracy, sweetness, sympathy with all the good there is in characters on the whole squalid or malignant, as well as all that is noble and lovely in the best of humanity." Professor Brander Matthews found him to be "the least sectional of all our writers, the most intensely national and the most truly cosmopolitan"; while Edward Bok was of the opinion that "one of Mr. Howells's greatest contributions to modern literature" has been "his constant and patient encouragement of young writers." His attitude of encouragement toward younger writers is, in fact, the theme of many of these felicitations. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge wrote: "When I was a young man and a still younger writer, Mr. Howells, as editor of the *Atlantic*, showed me a kindness and consideration which I have never forgotten."

Hamlin Garland has found Howells to be "not merely the most eminent of all our literary men of to-day—poet, novelist, essayist," but "one of our most typical citizens, standing for a true Democracy, a society founded upon justice and equality before the law." William T. Smedley expressed himself as feeling, in view of the occasion, "very much as Lincoln did about consecrating the battlefield of Gettysburg"—there was nothing adequate that could be said.

Writing from Indiana, George Ade saluted "timidly" the gentlest potentate and the youngest old man listed in "Who's Who." William Gillette, the actor, also wrote with some timidity, saying: "If I were sufficiently gifted to be able to find the language which would express my feeling for and about Mr. Howells, you people would be giving this affair for me instead of for him."

The joint committee in charge of the celebration was composed of the following club executives: John G. Agar, for the National Arts Club; Winston Churchill, for the Authors' League of America; Ernest Peixotto, for the MacDowell Club; Augustus Thomas, for the Society of American Dramatists and Composers; Franklin H. Giddings, for the Authors' Club, and Edward J. Wheeler, for the Poetry Society of America.

TELLS BY ITS COLOR WHETHER A POEM IS MASCULINE OR FEMININE

JUST as the human body has five senses, so it is that every poem, if it be a true poem, appeals in five ways. There is the face-meaning, corresponding to the sense of touch; the symbolic significance, corresponding to the sense of smell; the sound, corresponding to hearing; the form, corresponding to sight; and the color corresponding to taste. Certain persons are attracted to the same poem by two or three of these elements in varying combination—a fortunate few by all five together. The fifth, that of color, in the opinion of Reginald Wright Kauffman, has been too much neglected by critics and by poets themselves.

Mr. Kauffman has constituted himself a sort of individual laboratory of research to prove the correctness of his theory. Taking as his premises the general idea that color is present in every poem, he is of the opinion, expressed in an address to the Poetry Society of America, at the National Arts Club, New York, that the particular colors evoked by a given poem are actually inherent in the poem and are not different in the mind of each reader or hearer. Furthermore, "since colors, from the brushes of certain artists, evoke auditory sensations; sounds, whether used in a mass by a Wagner or Palestrina, among composers, or in a poem by a Swinburne, evoke color-sensations." By the study of these sensations and "the refractions of a little analytical logic," it is possible, he believes, to describe a world-spectrum and to divide its colors into masculine and feminine groups. He says:

"A use of rudimentary psychology will divide the primary colors into red, green,

blue and indigo as essentially masculine, and orange, yellow and violet as essentially feminine; and the crossing of the first masculine with the second feminine element—the ideal combination of the leading masculine with the merely secondary feminine—gives us that brown which, dominantly masculine in tone, yet contains the feminine component that is normal and necessary to the poet who is masculinely to express both the masculine and feminine.

"What I call the simple spectrum represents the emotional range of the present average middle-class personality. In dealing with a higher personality, the poet advances into the farther reaches

to the emotions of the supercivilized—even prophetically to a race yet to be."

By way of concrete illustration Mr. Kauffman finds, among contemporary American poets, Margaret Widdimer's "Factories and Other Lyrics" to be "literally a symphonic poem in brown." Josephine Preston Peabody's metrical habit is sapphire. Anna Hempstead Branch writes "largely in the key of emerald," and Louis How is canary. It is, for Mr. Kauffman, a dove-color note that Robert Frost most frequently sounds, and William Griffith's "Loves and Losses of Pierrot" is rosy. In the following short poem by Witter Bynner the tone is analyzed as being "of almost opalescent green":

"Love went laughing by the
house
With a lantern in his
hand. . . .
From a round of gay car-
rouse,
Out I peered to see him
pass,
Caught a flicker on the
glass,
And I asked a laughing
lass
(One I knew would under-
stand)
Who it was went by
the house
With a lantern in his
hand."

"The Flight," by Sara Teasdale, is quoted as "a poem in violet":

"Look back with longing eyes and know
that I will follow,
Lift me up in your love as a light wind lifts
a swallow
Let your flight be far in sun or windy
rain—
But what if I heard my first love calling
me again?"

"Hold me on your heart as the brave sea
holds the foam,
Take me away to the hills that hide your
home;
Peace shall thatch the roof and love shall
latch the door—
But what if I heard my first love calling
me once more?"

A RESOLUTION

THE National Arts Club is devoted to the arts of peace and to the orderly development and enrichment of life. For these purposes war is a catastrophe and an evil to be averted at any cost except that of national honor and national safety. But we recognize that as long as there is even one bellicose nation on earth that covets the lands or the wealth of the "place in the sun" that another nation possesses and is ready to resort to force to obtain them, so long will even the most peaceful of nations be required to take adequate measures to defend itself from depredation and conquest. We find it difficult to distinguish between that form of pacifism that repudiates the use of force under any and all circumstances from the theories of anarchism which call for the abolition of all government. Such doctrines lead not to peace and order and security but to violence, disorder and the negation of all that makes life worth living and civilization possible.

We therefore endorse every measure which the President and Congress take for increasing the power of this nation to protect itself from all forms of aggression by land or sea. We recommend universal military and naval training, that emphasizes the obligations resting upon every citizen in a democratic form of government to make himself competent to aid in the defense of our nation in time of need. And we hold ourselves in readiness as a Club to cooperate with other institutions in all measures that will help forward these lines of action and consolidate all classes of citizens in patriotic unity for the support of the government, the defense of the flag and the safety of the republic.—*Resolutions adopted by the National Arts Club, at a meeting of its Board of Governors, on March twenty-ninth, and addressed to the President of the United States.*

of the theory. For as photography can detect and reveal the invisible spectrum below the red and above the violet, so can the art of the modern poet detect and express in word-colors the subtler emotions that, produced by the advancing complexity of existence, lie outside the commonly visible range. The modern poet can go, by inherited experience, beneath the red to the primitive passions and the ancient racial instincts which, in varying degree, move all contemporary classes of society without the subjects being conscious of the cause; can do this, and can then go above the violet

BOSTON ARTISTS INVADE NEW YORK AND CARRY OFF HONORS

CHALLENGING comparison in quite a number of instances with the Spring Academy exhibition of the work of American artists, in New York, has been the exhibition in the galleries of the National Arts Club of paintings by Boston artists. Represented by sixty-nine canvases in this unique exhibition were nearly half a hundred artists

who are curiously disassociated in all that tends to constitute a school but who, as one critic observed, constitute "a distinctively New England group."

A number of the canvases are characterized by an imaginative quality that is both rare and refreshing. Notably "The Closed Door," by Ernest L. Major, reproduced on the following page, and "The Other Room," by Wil-

liam M. Paxton. In treatment these two pictures are strikingly dissimilar, in view of the similarity of conception in the choice of subject. The dominating figure in each picture is a girl alone in a room in which a closed door is given special significance and prominence. The curiosity of the spectator is subtly provoked by what has happened or, perhaps, my what is at the

moment transpiring in the adjoining room.

Another distinctive canvas in the exhibit, also by William M. Paxton, is reproduced by way of illustration. It is entitled "Breakfast." It portrays, with almost photographic realism and with exhaustive attention to detail, a young married couple having presumably their first quarrel at the breakfast-table. Whether the young wife is having her first encounter with hum-drum reality because the husband has resumed his bachelor habit of reading

the war news at breakfast, or because the coffee had been served cold, is not exactly apparent.

One of the strongest pieces of portraiture in the collection was the half-length of Mr. Arthur Goodwin by Margaret F. Richardson. Among the artists represented in an exhibition that struck and maintained a high note of distinction were also Arthur P. Spear, Elizabeth Paxton, Hermann Dudley Murphy, Philip L. Hale, Philip Little, Leslie P. Thompson, Marie D. Page and Ercole Cartotto.



"THE CLOSED DOOR"—BY ERNEST L. MAJOR

A distinguishing feature of many canvases in the exhibition of paintings by Boston artists at the National Arts Club was their strong imaginative quality, of which the above is an example.



"BREAKFAST"—BY WILLIAM M. PAXTON

In a group of sixty-nine paintings by Boston artists exhibited at the National Arts Club in New York, this picture was adjudged distinctive by both critics and connoisseurs.

NATIONAL ART CLUB NOTES

The National Arts Club, New York City, has become a sort of clearing-house for all the arts, literary, pictorial, musical, dramatic, plastic and architectural. It is a foster-mother for various national organizations such as the Poetry Society of America, the American Institute of Graphic Art, the National Society of Craftsmen, the American Water Color Society, and the Joint Committee of Literary Arts. It is more than a club, it is a national institute as well, and, as such, has entered upon a forward movement of continental proportions for the purpose of extending its influence and its benefits throughout the country. It has in mind the establishment in many cities and states of affiliated clubs, and the enlistment of business and professional men in this movement. CURRENT OPINION will hereafter devote special attention to the activities of the club, which relate not merely to art matters but to current events, social reforms and other affairs that go to make up our national development.

The most prevalent crime in America today is blackmail, and its annual number of perfectly innocent victims runs into the thousands, said William J. Burns, the famous detective, in a recent Open Table Talk to members and guests of the National Arts Club. Mr. Burns added that "two-thirds of the inmates of Sing Sing and of every other penitentiary in the country do not belong in prison so much as in the hospital or in an asylum." He also stated that "the business of the modern detective is to prevent rather than to detect crime."

In a subsequent Open Table Talk, Inspector Joseph A. Faurot, head of the detective bureau of the New York police department, disclosed some of the "mysteries" of the Bertillon system as applied to the uses of finger prints in the "detection and correction" of criminals.

Addressing a meeting of workers for Russian freedom who now rejoice in its accomplishment, Hon. James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany, told an audience at the National Arts Club last month that the Russian revolution was "the greatest event that history has recorded in hundreds of years." And that "there is no danger of militarism in universal service. The only danger lies in putting a military caste in control. That is the trouble with Germany; the military power is in the hands of Prussian junkers."

On the evening of May second is the opening of the members' sketch exhibition, in the National Arts Club galleries, to which all members are invited to participate. All work submitted will be passed upon by a jury, and a commission of 10 per cent. is charged on sales.

The National Arts Club announces its intention to promote the expression of American patriotism in art by offering the following three prizes:

\$500 for the best design of a medal recording the distinguished service of some American soldier or sailor, in the present war.

\$250 for the best American war poem.

\$250 for the best American war song.

All rights of ownership in the prize-winning poem, song or design, shall be vested in the National Arts Club.

J. Alden Weir, Douglas Volk and Gardner Symons will be the judges of the best medal design; Robert Underwood Johnson, Joyce Kilmer and Edward J. Wheeler, of the prize-winning poem; and Walter Damrosch, Reginald de Koven, and Victor Herbert, of the best war song.

The competition will be open to all American citizens, whether native or foreign-born. Each design, poem or drawing should be sent anonymously, with the creator's name in a separate sealed envelope, to the National Arts Club, American Arts' Prize Competition Committee, 15 Gramercy Park, New York City, before May 23, 1917. The winners will be publicly announced on Decoration Day.

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

[Unless otherwise stated, prices are net and binding is cloth. Orders for any book in this list may be sent direct to the publisher, but any regular subscriber for CURRENT OPINION may, if preferred, send order with money to the Service Department of CURRENT OPINION and the book will be sent on approval. If the book is returned to this department within two days after its receipt, the money will be placed to the credit of the subscriber to be applied to future orders.]

AMERICAN PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS. By Lorinda M. Bryant. With nearly two hundred illustrations of paintings by American artists. \$3.00. Lane.

BETTER MEALS FOR LESS MONEY. By Mary Green. Seven hundred recipes that are good, tried and money savers. \$1.20. Holt.

FIGURES OF SEVERAL CENTURIES. By Arthur Symons. Studies of Ibsen, Poe, Meredith, Donne, Charles Lamb, etc. \$2.50. Dutton.

GERMANY IN DEFEAT. By Count Charles De Souza. Third Phase; a Strategic History of the War. With maps and plans. \$2.00. Dutton.

GRAPES OF WRATH. By Boyd Cable. Pictures what an advance against the German trenches means. \$1.50. Dutton.

GREATER ITALY. By William Kay Wallace. Study of the present position, policy and national ambitions of Italy, including her part in the war. With maps. \$2.50. Scribner.

HEALTH AND DISEASE. By Roger I. Lee, Prof. of Hygiene, Harvard Univ. Individual and community problems. \$1.75. Little, Brown.

HIGHER POWERS OF MIND AND SPIRIT. By Ralph Waldo Trine. "Happy is the man or woman who realizes that it is the things of mind and spirit that really count." \$1.35. Dodge Pub. Co., N. Y.

HONEST ABE. By Alonzo Rothschild. Study of Lincoln's integrity supplementing the author's earlier "Lincoln, Master of Men." \$2.00. Houghton, Mifflin.

HURRAH AND HALLELUJAH. By Dr. J. P. Bang. With introduction by Ralph Connor. Teaching of Germany's poets, prophets, professors and preachers on the war. \$1.00. Doran.

IDEALS OF PAINTING. By J. Comyns Carr. Deals with Italy, Flanders, Germany, Holland, Spain, France and England. Ill. \$2.00. Macmillan.

IDLE DAYS IN PATAGONIA. By W. H. Hudson. Characteristic studies of the region below the Rio Negro. \$1.50. Dutton.

IMMEDIATE CAUSES OF THE GREAT WAR. By Oliver Perry Chitwood, Prof. of History in West Virginia University. Digest of published correspondence of the powers. \$1.20. Crowell.

ITALY AND THE WAR. By Jacques Bainville. Authoritative analysis of Italy's profounder motives in the conflict. \$1.00. Doran.

JAPANESE INVASION. By Jesse Frederick Steiner, Ph.D. Comprehensive survey of oriental problem; sounds a note of caution. \$1.25. McClurg.

JOYOUS ART OF GARDENING. By Frances Duncan, formerly Garden Editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. For the owner of a small place who wants to work among his flowers. Ill. \$1.50. Scribner.

LIFE OF THE GRASSHOPPER. By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Seventh book in translations of the "Souvenirs Entomologiques" of the great French naturalist. \$1.50. Dodd, Mead.

MENACE OF JAPAN. By Frederick McCormick. Alarmist view of Eastern conditions in their relation to this country. \$2.00. Little, Brown.

PAN-GERMANISM VS. CHRISTENDOM. By M. Emile Prüm. Record of a neutral's conversion to the pro-ally cause; the author is a leading Catholic of Luxembourg. \$1.00. Doran.

RAILROAD PROBLEM. By Edward Hungerford. Study of the physical and financial plight of our railroads, and the causes thereof. \$1.50. McClurg.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A REBEL REEFER. By James Morris Morgan. Reminiscences of

a Confederate blockade runner, soldier of fortune and diplomatist. Ill. \$3.00. Houghton, Mifflin.

RED RUGS OR TARSUS. By Helen Davenport Gibbons. Thrilling personal narrative describing Armenian massacres. \$1.25. Century.

RUSSIAN HEROES, SAINTS AND SINNERS. By Sonia E. Howe. Stories dealing with historical and legendary characters. Ill. \$2.50. Lippincott.

RUSSIAN MEMORIES. By Madame Olga Novikoff. Recollections of Gladstone, Verestchagin, Froude, Dostoevsky, etc. \$3.50. Dutton.

SHORT RATIONS. By Madeline Z. Doty. Eye-witness's report of vital conditions in war-stressed Germany. \$1.50. Century.

SIX MAJOR PROPHETS. By Edwin E. Slosson. Reprints of *Independent* essays on Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, Schiller, Dewey and Eucken. \$1.50. Little, Brown.

THE CRYSTAL AGE. By W. H. Hudson. Pictures of an imaginary paradise. \$1.50. Dutton.

THE DRUID PATH. By Marah Ellis Ryan. The heart story of the folk of ancient Erin; legends, myths, mysteries, religions and song. \$1.35. McClurg.

THE LATIN AT WAR. By Will Irwin. Discussion of social and economic conditions seen through the eyes of civilians and soldiers. \$1.75. Appleton.

THE SEXUAL CRISIS. By Grete Meisel-Hess. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. A critique of sex life in thirty-four chapters. \$3.00. Critic and Guide Co., New York.

TO THE NATIONS. By Paul Richard. With introduction by Rabindranath Tagore. Analysis of conditions that led to war and a plea for better things, written by a Frenchman. \$1.00. James B. Pond, New York.

WHEN THE PRUSSIAN CAME TO POLAND. By Countess Laura Turczynowicz. Story of an American woman, wife of a Polish noble, caught in her home by the flood-tide of German invasion. \$1.25. Putnam.

WILHELM HOHENZOLLERN: THE MAN AND THE KAISER. By Edward Lyell Fox. First-hand personal study of the German Emperor's many-sided character. \$1.50. McBride, New York.

FICTION

IN A LITTLE TOWN. By Rupert Hughes. Short stories dealing with American rural life. \$1.35. Harper.

MADAME PRINCE. By W. Pett Ridge. Story of an English dressmaker and of her children. \$1.35. Doran.

SUMMER. By Edith Wharton. Story of a girl adopted by a middle-aged lawyer and of her betrayal. \$1.50. Appleton.

THE DARK STAR. By Robert W. Chambers. Rousing war tale. \$1.50. Appleton.

THE FORD. By Mary Austin. Romance of present-day California. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin.

THE HORNET'S NEST. By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. Tale in which underworld tactics and the forces of law and order battle for a man's honor and a girl's fortune. \$1.35. Little, Brown.

THE LIGHT IN THE CLEARING. By Irving Bacheller. Based on the character of Silas Wright, early Governor of N. Y. State and U. S. Senator. \$1.50. Bobbs, Merrill.

THE MAN NEXT DOOR. By Emerson Hough. Western story of adventure. \$1.50. Appleton.

THE RIB OF THE MAN. By Charles Rann Kennedy. A play in which the author expresses his hope for world-betterment. \$1.30. Harper.

THE ROAD TO UNDERSTANDING. By Eleanor H. Porter. New story by the author of "Polyanna," dealing with marital complications. \$1.40. Houghton, Mifflin.

THE STINGY RECEIVER. By Eleanor Halliwell Abbott. Underlying the sparkling humor of this story is a plea for more consideration to those who give. \$1.00. Century.

VISIONS. By Count Ilya Tolstoy. Short stories dealing with war scenes and with Russian life. \$1.35. James B. Pond, N. Y.

MILITARY TEXT-BOOKS

Recommended by regular army officers for all wishing to be examined for commissions in Reserve or Volunteer Corps. Careful study of one book is better than careless reading over of all, and the first three cover actual ground of examination. Others are supplemental, but all ultimately necessary for thorow knowledge.

MANUAL OF MILITARY TRAINING. By Major James A. Moss, 20th Inf., U. S. A. Thoro compendium of the military training in all subjects required in handling and instruction of a company. \$1.90. Geo. Banta Publishing Co., Menasha, Wis.

AN OFFICER'S NOTES. By Capt. R. M. Parker, U. S. Cavalry. A most ably condensed pocket manual of everything required for the Officer's Reserve Examination, except Drill Regulations of various branches. \$2.00. Geo. U. Harvey, 109 Lafayette Street, New York.

DRILL REGULATIONS. These books, issued by Chief of Staff, are secured from Adjutant-General, Washington, D. C., any Army store, or E. N. Appleton, 1 Broadway, New York, as follows: INFANTRY, 1917, \$0.75; CAVALRY, 1916, \$0.75; FIELD ARTILLERY, 1916 (in 4 volumes), \$1.20; SIGNAL AND OTHER CORPS, \$0.75.

WAR DEPARTMENT MANUALS, also issued by Chief of Staff and procurable as above, take up in detail the general subjects covered by first two books on this list and ultimately necessary to officers in following order: FIELD SERVICE REGULATIONS, 1916, \$0.75 ("the professional soldier's Bible"); MANUAL OF COURTS MARTIAL, 1917, \$1.00; MANUAL OF INTERIOR GUARD DUTY, 1916, \$0.35; MANUAL OF SMALL ARMS FIRING REGULATIONS, \$0.75; TABLES OF ORGANIZATION, \$0.40.

EXTRACTS OF ARMY REGULATIONS. (1) Very comprehensive, including latest changes, by Major Lawton and Capt. Appleton. \$1.00. Pub. E. N. Appleton, 1 Broadway, N. Y.; or (2) Much smaller, but sufficient for reserve officers, \$0.50, pub. Burdick & King and procurable at all Army stores.

MILITARY SKETCHING AND MAP READING. By Capt. Loren C. Grieves, 30th Inf., U. S. A. Present text-book in various military schools, and also intended to meet requirements prescribed in examination on Topography, of candidates for commissions in Regular Army and Reserve. \$1.25. Pub. by U. S. Infantry Assn., Washington, D. C.

AN OFFICER'S MANUAL. By Major James A. Moss. Admirable guide on paper-work, company administration, duties of special officers, and customs of the Service. This and following books not essential for examination. \$2.50. Geo. Banta Pub. Co., Menasha, Wis.

BOOKS ON THE ARMY HORSE. (1) ELEMENTS OF HIPPOLOGY, a short Army Manual, \$1.50; (2) HORSES, SADDLES AND BRIDLES, by General Carter. The classical work, and one of the most entertainingly written of military books. New edition, \$2.75.

STUDIES IN MINOR TACTICS. Edited by Col. W. A. Holbrook and written by line officers of the three branches of Army Service schools, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. For officers seeking information as to

handling small units in field operations. \$0.75. Procurable same as Army Manuals.

ELEMENTS OF MODERN FIELD ARTILLERY. By Major Bishop, 5th Field Artillery. A compilation of standard French, German and English works on Field Artillery with practical application as worked out by School of Fire, Fort Sill. \$1.50 Geo. Banta Publishing Co.

NOTES ON FIELD ARTILLERY. By Capt. Harry G. Spaulding, 5th Field Artillery, U. S. Cavalry Assn. Primarily for higher officers in other branches, and not as comprehensive as Bishop's. Best written of all field artillery books. \$1.25. Procurable same as Army Manuals.

QUARTERMASTER'S MANUALS. Either of these books takes place of Drill Regula-

tions for the "Q. M." Service. (1) **QUARTERMASTER CORPS.** By Maj. F. H. Lawton, Q. M. C. Pub by Geo. U. Harvey. Series of lectures uncompleted before Reserve Q. M. classes in New York, Boston, etc. Sufficient preparation for examination. (2) **Quartermaster's Manual.** By Capt. Williams, Q. M. C. Valuable practical handbook of field problems. \$1.50. Pub. by E. N. Appleton.

IMPORTANT ARTICLES IN CURRENT PERIODICALS

[Unless otherwise stated, articles are in April magazines. Any article listed below will be forwarded by us upon receipt of Ten Cents. Be sure to address Service Dept., CURRENT OPINION, 63 W. 36th St., New York City.]

A CRITICISM OF THE ALLIED STRATEGY. By H. Sidebotham. Finds the error of the Allies in a too exclusive concentration on France, and a neglect of military opportunities in Turkey and the Balkans. *Atlantic*.

A PROPER CHINA WAR LORD. By Samuel G. Blythe. Study of character and methods of Chang Hsun, ranking officer in the Imperial Army. *Sat. Evening Post* (Mar. 31).

AFTER NATIONAL PROHIBITION—WHAT? By Whidden Graham. Takes the view that illicit sale of impure liquors will be "the net result" of national prohibition. *North American Review*.

ALLEGED ISOLATION OF GERMANY. By Charles Seymour. Rebuttal of theory that England was determined to isolate and destroy Germany. *Yale Review*.

AMBASSADOR BERNSTORFF. By Frank Harris. Interview with the former German Ambassador before his departure from the U. S. *Pearson's*.

AMERICA AND THE NEW RUSSIA. By Lucian Swift Kirkland. Discusses opportunity for improved trade relations as a result of the revolution. *Ill. Leslie's* (Mar. 29).

AMERICA PREPARES. By William Hard. Deals with problem of organizing our facilities for national defense. *New Republic* (Mar. 31).

AMERICA'S DUTY TO-DAY. By Richard C. Cabot, Prof. in Harvard Medical School. Tells how we can best aid in the war. *Outlook* (April 4).

AN ECONOMIC ALLIANCE WITH THE ALLIES. By Theodore H. Price. Describes most effective way in which America can cooperate to end the war. *Outlook* (Mar. 28).

BASIS FOR NATIONAL MILITARY TRAINING. By Henry L. Stimson, Ex-Secretary of War. Describes defects of our present system, and advocates universal military training. *Scribner's*.

BILLY SUNDAY, WHO MAKES RELIGION PAY. Guido Bruno. Hostile description of character and working methods of the evangelist. *Pearson's*.

BIOLOGY AND NATIONAL WELFARE. By Edwin G. Conklin. Argues that our most serious diseases are due to animal or plant parasites. *Yale Review*.

CAN WE DEFEND THE PANAMA CANAL IN A CRISIS? By a Naval Expert. *Ill. Century*.

CARRANZA—AT CLOSE RANGE. By Arthur Constantine. An uncomplimentary character-sketch of the First Chief of Mexico. *North American Review*.

COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING AND SERVICE. By Sidney Ballou. Compares Swiss and Argentine systems and discusses their applicability to the U. S. *Sea Power*.

CONSTANTINOPLE—AND THEN? By Edwin Davies Schoonmaker. Future of Constantinople in the light of the British capture of Bagdad. *North American Review*.

DEMOCRACY AND DIPLOMACY. By Arthur Bullard. Attacks secret diplomacy and pleads for more direct contact with popular forces of other countries. *Atlantic*.

DON'T BUY YOUR GUNS TILL YOU SEE THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES. By Theodore Roosevelt. Plea for aggressive military policy. *Metropolitan*.

DUMA TAKES CHARGE. By Arthur Ruhl. First-hand picture of Russia's Congress. *Ill. Collier's* (April 7).

EDUCATION AS MENTAL DISCIPLINE. By Abraham Flexner. Enunciates theoretic basis of the "Modern School" to be established in New York under auspices of the General Education Board. *Atlantic*.

FIGHT FOR BIRTH CONTROL. By Margaret Sanger. Tells the story of the movement which is trying to have the legal ban on birth control knowledge removed. *Physical Culture*.

GERMAN-AMERICANS AND THEIR PRESENT DUTIES. By Walter V. Woehlke and Kuno Francke. Candid discussion by two German-Americans of the quandary in which they find themselves. *Century*.

HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN. By Gustav Polak. Describes devotion of the German people to a dynasty which is trembling in the balance. *Nation* (Mar. 22).

HOW CAN I SERVE MY COUNTRY? Practical suggestions for offering one's services in industry, in the army, and in the navy. *World's Work*.

HOW I RESTORED MY HEALTH AND VIGOR. By Senator Benjamin R. Tillman. *Physical Culture*.

INEXPLICABLE GERMAN IDEA. By Philip Marshall Brown. Analysis of Germany's "belief in the forceful propagation of ideas." *North American Review*.

LITERATURE OF THE WAR. By Wilbur C. Abbott. Valuation of books in various languages, with a list of the principal books on the war. *Yale Review*.

NEW RUSSIA. By Gerald Morgan. Discussion of events which led up to the Russian Revolution, and of the part that Russia is now to play in the war. *North American Review*.

NORTHCLIFFE—ENGLAND'S UNOFFICIAL WAR STEWARD. By Isaac F. Marcossion. Study of the statesman-journalist who molds British Cabinet and war policies. *Everybody's*.

OBLIGATIONS OF DEMOCRACY. By Henry T. Hunt, former Mayor of Cincinnati. Plea for "political preparedness" and for a more responsible citizenship in view of the war-crisis. *Yale Review*.

ONE YEAR DRY. By C. B. Blethen. "Washington State proves that prohibition does not harm business." *Collier's* (Mar. 24).

PROBLEMS OF THE NEW RUSSIA. By A. J. Sack. Tells how cooperation of Liberal and Socialist forces is needed to inaugurate social reforms. *Nation* (Mar. 29).

RAISING WAGES BY DECREASING LIVING COSTS. How 41 manufacturers have made their men's wages go farther. *Factory*.

RECONNOITERING BY AEROPLANE. By Elbridge Colby. *Ill. Bellman* (Mar. 31).

REVOLUTION IN ARABIA. By Ameen Rihani. Deals with internal causes and purposes, and leads up to discussion of political considerations, of the revolution. *Bookman*.

RUSSIA IN CONSTANTINOPLE. By Stephen Graham. Sees extraordinary religious revival if Russia is successful, and discusses Great Britain's opportunity to develop extensive trade routes. *Yale Review*.

SAFE AND USEFUL AEROPLANES. Interview with Orville Wright by Burton J. Hendrick. Discusses future of the flying machine for sporting as well as practical purposes. *Ill. Harper's*.

SAFETY WITHOUT MILITARISM. By Major General Leonard Wood. Plea for universal military service. *Collier's* (April 7).

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG. By Frederick Palmer. Authoritative character-sketch of the commander-in-chief of Britain's army. *Collier's* (April 7).

SPY STORIES. By Melville Davisson Post. Tells of methods employed by spies to obtain and transmit information of enemy intentions. *Sat. Evening Post* (Mar. 10).

THE CRISIS. By William Howard Taft. Discusses our relations with Germany, and urges the U. S. to take the lead in a world league to enforce peace. *Yale Review*.

UNITED STATES AND THE LEAGUE OF PEACE. By H. N. Brailsford. Discusses America's influence and duty in the world construction that is to follow the war. *Atlantic*.

WAS JESUS CHRIST A PACIFIST? By William Forbes Cooley. Answers the question in negative. *Bookman*.

WEALTH IN WASTE. By Waldemar Kaempfert, editor of *Popular Science Monthly*. Describes enormous loss of precious gas involved in turning coal into coke, and makes suggestions toward elimination of wastes in other industries. *McClure's*.

WHAT ABOUT AN ARMY? By Peter Clark Macfarlane. Indicts America's unpreparedness. *Il. Collier's* (Mar. 17).

WHAT ABOUT YOUR EYES? By Charles Phelps Cushing. Discusses bad eyesight as the cause or result of general ill health, and gives facts about glasses, illumination, etc. *World's Work*.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE AMERICAN CHEMIST? By L. H. Backeland, Member Naval Consulting Board. Urges national cooperation in the development of our chemical enterprises. *Harper's*.

WHAT LIES BEHIND THE CRISIS? By Charles Cheney Hyde. Attributes Germany's purpose in drawing us into the war to a desire to stop supplies to the Allies. *Yale Review*.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN IN THE PACIFIC. By Harry C. Douglas. Discussion of the Japanese "menace." *Review of Reviews*.

WHAT THE COUNCIL OF NATIONAL DEFENSE IS DOING. Describes movement now under way to "render possible in time of need the immediate concentration and utilization of the resources of the nation." *World's Work*.

WHAT WAR HAS DONE TO THE ENGLISH. By William Hard. Optimistic study based on personal observation. *Metropolitan*.

WHAT WE CAN LEARN FROM CANADA. By Burton J. Hendrick. Tells how we can best profit by her experiences in the war. *World's Work*.

WHEN WE FIGHT. By Henry Reuter Dahl. Describes our navy as a fighting machine, its possibilities and its handicaps. *Il. Metropolitan*.

WHY GERMANY MUST LOSE. By Winston Spencer Churchill, former First Lord of British Admiralty. *Il. Collier's* (Mar. 24).

WILL THE U. S. GO DRY? By Burton J. Hendrick. Discusses prohibition as an issue in the next presidential campaign. *Every Week* (Mar. 19).

YOUNG JAPAN. By Seichi Naruse. Describes awakening of younger generation in Japan and the mingling of Occidental and Oriental cultures. *Seven Arts*.

THE Δ INDUSTRIAL Δ WORLD

HOW WE CAN BEST HELP THE ALLIES IN TIME OF WAR

ASIDE from any military or naval aid to be rendered the Allies in prosecuting the war, it seems likely that the greatest factor in our assistance will be of an industrial and financial character. To put the financial resources of the United States behind those of the Allies for the conduct of the war would immediately relieve them of their worst financial problem—that of keeping a proper gold supply at home. When the war began, as a nation we probably owed Europe four or five billion dollars, or \$400 to \$500 a head for each person in the country. Five per cent. on five billion dollars is \$250,000,000 a year. Something like that is what we have been paying to Europe every year in interest. But, we are reminded by a writer in the *World's Work*, during the war we have paid off most of our five billion dollar debt and have loaned the Allies about that sum. It is this money which they have spent here and which has accounted for our phenomenal prosperity.

The same magazine points out two other ways by which we can help minimize the loss of tonnage by submarine war. In the first place we can, in taking over, repair and commission the great German merchant fleet which now lies in American harbors. There are ninety-one of these ships with a gross tonnage of 594,696 tons. This is more than a quarter of all the Allied and neutral tonnage destroyed in 1916—which amounts to just more than two million tons. It is difficult to tell how quickly these ships could be gotten into service because not only have they de-

teriorated from lack of care but they have, as we know, been purposely damaged on orders from Berlin. It is thought, however, that they could nearly all be mended and put into service within three to six months.

As to the move of Congress looking toward government control of ship-building yards and industrial plants needed to put the nation on a war footing, the *World's Work* says:

"There is a definite danger that the United States in preparing for a war with Germany may do irretrievable harm to the Allies by this very move, unless it is carefully thought out. And, thereby, we should irretrievably harm ourselves; for the object of the United States is to protect our rights and the ideals of democracy and humanity. To achieve that object the downfall of Prussian militarism is essential. Therefore, as we can achieve that end only through the Allies, it would be a fatal blunder on the part of this country to be so shortsighted as to cripple them when they are fighting for that very end which the United States stands for.

"Russia to-day has large orders for small arms and other munitions placed in the United States. One of the main reasons why the Russian campaigns have been unsuccessful has been the shortage of munitions. To-day there is only one rifle for every four men in their armies. Japan and the United States are the two greatest sources of supply to Russia. If, by unintelligent commandeering of plants, we should stop shipments of supplies to Russia, we shall be defeating our own ends.

"If there were any immediate danger to the United States; if there were any reason to believe that these supplies could be used immediately by our authorities,

there might be some reason for it. But the specifications for our ordnance and munitions are not the same as those on the supplies which our private firms are making for Europe, and it would take almost as long to readjust the machinery and start making supplies for our army as it would to turn some of the manufacturing plants in the United States into plants for war material.

"The other great danger is that we should hold up the shipments of raw materials to France and England. These two countries are not dependent upon us for manufactured products, but they are dependent for a large part of their raw materials. To stop these shipments would mean, first, the shutting down of the factories, then the shortage of munitions at the front, and ultimately, if kept up long enough, the final defeat of the Allies and the triumph of Prussian autocracy."

Chaos, higher prices and delay are declared to be certain if the government commandeers private works or calls for bids indiscriminately. Some insurance against this danger, however, is provided by the Council of National Defense, made up of six members of the Cabinet, which has a list of 27,000 concerns that can make war materials, and which body is responsible for the organization of the nation.

The *World's Work* regards the labor problem in the gravest light, declaring that to fulfil adequately our obligations the eight-hour day in all work pertaining to preparedness must go until after the war. "Labor disputes should every one be submitted to an arbitration board, and if either the labor or the employers do not abide by the decision, then is the time for the government to step in and take control."



GERMANY HAS 600,000 TONS OF SHIPS INTERNED IN AMERICAN HARBORS

The flower of the German merchant marine is tied up to the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd docks in New York harbor. Reading from left to right in the above picture are the steamships *Vaterland*, *Bohemia*, *Nassovia*, *Barbarossa*, *Grosser Kurfürst*, *Friedrich der Grosse*, *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* and *George Washington*.

That the government, however, is capable of handling the industrial situation intelligently is seriously questioned by such a historian of big business as Peter Clark MacFarlane, who points out in *Collier's* that "the mobilization of our industries will involve enormous problems of administration with which no one in the government service, so far as observation or experience would indicate, is at all competent to deal." He adds:

"General Goethals is probably the one figure whose opportunity and achievement reveal him as a man of the highest capacity on this side. An administration that did not make immediate employment of his peculiar genius with the first outbreak of war would be overlooking its greatest single personal asset. But no man could swing the whole job.

"How could this vast work of administration of the industries of America be handled in case of war?" I inquired of a man who now directs the working energies of 50,000 men.

"I would create a Board of Control," he said after some careful consideration, 'and put on it a group of the biggest, the outstanding business executives of America, and let the Government put its wants up to them and give them power to get results. They would get them. They would esteem it an honor; they would serve without compensation of any sort; they would see that the country got a square deal, and would work so fast that they would keep the Government sitting up nights to find things for them to do.'"

BUBBLES THAT HAVE MEANT MANY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS TO THE MINING WORLD

BEATING the white of an egg into a stiff froth is a very simple operation practiced by man—or rather woman—ever since the first domesticated hen burst into a triumphant cackle. The art of froth-production consists merely of beating air into the albumen until its mass is saturated with tiny bubbles. There is no mystery in the process. Neither is the iridescent soap bubble a novelty. Yet, despite our familiarity with bubbles of all kinds, nobody realized until a few years ago that there was a pile of money in them. During the last four years, so we learn from Walter V. Woehlke in the *Sunset Monthly*, they have literally turned the practice of metallurgy upside down.

They are producing millions of dollars in additional profits *every week* for the mining industry of the Golden West; they have made available the metal contents of a billion tons of lean ore hitherto considered worthless; and pretty soon they will be yielding a cool million dollars a month in royalties which, according to a recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, must promptly travel to London into the pockets of the British bubble patentees.

These are sweeping statements, but the *Sunset* writer gives some interesting facts and figures to support them:

"In one single copper mine the air bubbles, with practically no additional expense, increased the output by 120,000 pounds of copper a day. At twenty cents a pound the additional revenue due to the bubbles is \$24,000 every day in the year for this one single mine! A Montana mining company (the Anaconda), having lately put in a bubble plant at the modest cost of a few hundred thousand, increased its output from the same tonnage by 50,000,000 pounds the first

year and got twenty-five cents a pound for the metal. A zinc mine (the Butte and Superior) that never produced a dividend added the bubbles to its equipment, lifted the output by 200,000 pounds a day and started to gush profits with the regularity of Old Faithful. And now that mining company, having twiddled its thumbs derisively at the claims of the British patent owners (Minerals Separation, Limited), faces the pleasant prospect of shelling out some ten or twelve million dollars of bubble profits to the London crowd which won in the Supreme Court."

To gain a proper understanding of the function and importance of air bubbles in the mining industry, not only

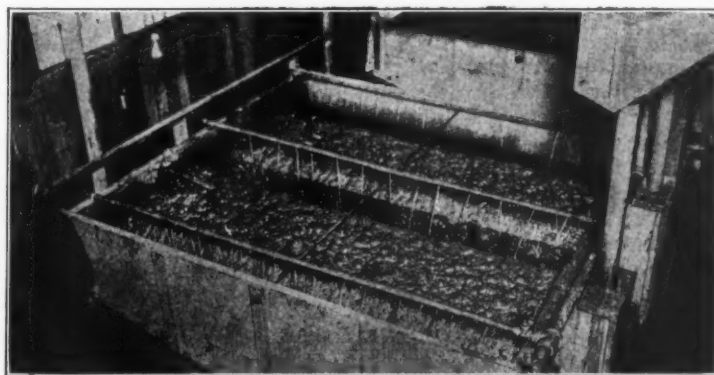
the powdered rock and were lost. So it came about that this water-separation process rarely recovered more than 60 to 70 per cent. of the metal contents.

Then came the oil separation process, greatly reducing the loss, which, however, remained enormous in the aggregate. And then came the revolutionizing discovery of the bubble, as a metal-saving device, in this roundabout way:

"In the rich Broken Hill mining district of Australia, where the amount of waste metal reached proportions of special magnitude, there had accumulated a few years ago twelve million tons of tailings and slimes which contained the incredible total of four billion pounds of zinc, not counting vast amounts of lead and silver. At five cents a pound, the zinc alone was worth \$240,000,000; but since there existed no known method of separating it from the crushed rock with which it was mixed, the value of the four billion pounds did not reach thirty cents—until the tiny bubble came along.

"It was the theory of A. E. Cattermole, an Australian mining engineer, that the well-known affinity of oil for metallic surfaces would cause the oil to seek out each of the little flecks of metal floating in the water and envelop it, while the violent stirring would bring these oil-coated specks into contact and paste them together until they were heavy enough to sink to the bottom when the stirring ceased.

"So promising was the Cattermole oil-pasting-and-sinking process that the patents were bought by a syndicate of London mining men endowed with foresight and tenacity. But when the process was tried out in actual practice on a commercial scale, the results did not live up to the theoretical perfection. So the syndicate ordered its laboratory force to make an almost endless series of experi-



LOOK AT THE BUBBLY FROTH IN THIS TANK!

In one mine the bubbles increased the daily output of zinc by 200,000 pounds, and the Anaconda of Butte is extracting this year 50,000,000 pounds of copper more than it did last, thanks to the bubble process, the most important innovation the mining world has seen for decades.

of America but of the entire world, we have to remember that copper, lead, zinc and silver are rarely found in the pure metallic state. Early in the game mining engineers were confronted by a choice of two evils, like Villa and Carranza in Mexico. Whichever one they chose, they lost. They found the rock and the ore so intimately mixed that, if they crushed the material into a coarse pulp, a good part of the ore remained enclosed in the large grains of rock, as nuts are in shells, and could not be recovered. When, on the other hand, the material was finely pulverized, the minute metallic particles refused to sink, swam merrily along with

ments with different quantities of oil, of water, with different rates of agitation and other varying factors in order to determine under which conditions the metal particles could best be made to sink to the bottom.

"The laboratory had as hard a time with the metal particles as the British navy has had with the German submarine. Neither would stay down. But the experimenters kept on. Believing that the buoyancy of the oil was at the bottom of the trouble, they used less and less of it, stirred the pulp harder and harder. And then, when they were using barely three pounds of oil to the ton of ore, when they were chasing the mixing arms through the pulp at the rate of eleven hundred revolutions per minute, something totally unexpected happened. Instead of going down, nearly all the metallic particles held a mass meeting on top of the water, in a thick froth that staid frothy, like whipped cream, for hours upon hours.

"The flotation process of separating

metal from gangue, the method that had been in the grasp of a dozen inventors, emerged from its chrysalis.

"It is only necessary to grind the ore very fine, to add a few pounds of certain pine oils to the watery pulp, to agitate it violently for eight or ten minutes, to draw it off into a setting tank and presto! as if by magic a heavy, thick froth appears on the surface. This froth consists of billions of tiny air bubbles, each bubble coated with a thin film of oil which, in turn, is completely covered with infinitesimal specks of metallic particles, encrusted in a coat of armor so to speak. To skim off this froth and to extract the metal is an easy task."

But, this writer reports, the path of Minerals Separation, Limited, owners of the patents, has not been paved with gold pieces and surrounded by champagne bubbles. Only last October a test case came to the Supreme Court at

Washington for final decision—and something most unusual occurred. The justices, impressed with the importance of the issue, trampled on precedent, left the bench and adjourned to watch a dozen motor-driven machines in which bubbles were shown actually at work on ore pulp. For two hours the court studied the various processes, and then rendered a decision upholding the basic patent of the English syndicate.

Three years ago the amount of American ore subjected to the oiled-bubble treatment was negligible; in 1916 more than twenty-five million tons were treated by the flotation process, and it is predicted that within a few years the volume will reach 100,000 tons of ore a day, with a saving of a million pounds of metal that formerly went to waste every day in the year.

NOW FOR CAMPHOR ORCHARDS AND A NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY

SOME years ago a Yankee agricultural student had a notion that if there was camphor in a camphor tree there was camphor in the camphor brush. So he planted camphor trees and then cut them down when the brush reached a height of about two feet. Sure enough, he found traces of camphor in the cut brush, but not in quantities sufficient to justify its harvesting as a commercial proposition.

But, figured other Americans, and Englishmen, too, if there is camphor in the brush there must be camphor in the leaves and twigs. So tests were made almost simultaneously in America, in Malaga and in East Africa. The test camphor wood, twigs and leaves were shipped from Jamaica for the American experiments and determinations. The results obtained at the University of Kansas show the following percentage of crude camphor secured from the various parts of the camphor tree:

Wood	0.61%
Twigs	1.50%
Green Leaves	2.37%
Dried Leaves	2.52%
Dead Leaves	1.39%

Furthermore, it has been demonstrated that the camphor tree is actually harder than are many American fruit trees, and, writes W. F. French in the *Illustrated World*, it can stand much colder weather than can our southern and western fruit groves. A frost that is severe enough to kill fruit trees will only kill the smaller branches and twigs of the camphor tree, and even then the parts killed can be distilled and turned into camphor. We read that even if the whole trees were frozen and killed to the ground they would renew themselves from the roots in one year.

The Department of Agriculture estimates that camphor trees planted in hedges, fifteen feet apart, with the plants six feet apart in the row, grown and trimmed to a uniform height of eight feet, will yield eight thousand pounds of trimmings per acre for each two cuttings, making a total of eight tons per acre a year. This will give about two hundred pounds of marketable gum camphor per acre. At eighty cents a pound, the present wholesale price, this would yield the owner of the camphor orchard about \$160 an acre.

Says the writer in the *Illustrated World*:

"Camphor finds about as ready sale as steel—it is in ever increasing demand. It is easier to enumerate what camphor is not used for than what it is used for. It is not used for many things that it can be used for and will be used for when America is producing camphor in large quantity. At present, however, camphor is perhaps the most widely used of any drug, its medicinal uses are innumerable; it is a great insecticide, it is famed as a purifier, it is a fever remedy. Tremendous quantities of camphor are used in the conversion of cellulose nitrate into celluloid and it is a most important item in the pyroxylin plastic industry in the United States. It is used extensively in the manufacture of artificial leather and for imitation rubber. The photographic film manufacture alone could practically use up the entire camphor product at present, in consideration of the volume of movie films being manufactured."

The pension roll of the Pennsylvania Railroad system is constantly mounting upward, and its budget for old employees may soon approach that of some governments. Since 1900 more than \$13,000,000 has been paid to employees retired under the plan that went into effect in that year.

SPEEDING UP THE LAZY DOLLAR

IT is not necessary to tell a business man that it costs more to do business than in former years; his books will tell him that all too plainly. It is equally apparent that, excepting in a few industries, the present very high prices do not mean correspondingly greater profits. The big business problem of the hour is how to make a fair

total profit without increasing prices, when the costs of doing business are constantly rising. To solve it the leading industries of the country are mobilizing in what J. Ogden Armour calls "the campaign against the lazy dollar." It appears that money can get into the habit of loafing as well as men can, and that the results are equally disastrous.

In other words, as Mr. Armour says in *System*:

"The basis of profitable business is active money; sloth in money is the prelude to failure. Money is active if the capital invested is constantly turning. Provided overhead charges are kept at a reasonable figure, the annual profit in any business will depend upon the number of

The Smile of Super Health and Power

You can't smile wholly, fully, sincerely, if your heart or liver, stomach or nerves are not completely alive, healthy and cooperating with your brain. You can't smile unless you can take your full share of pleasure and success without noticing mental or physical exhaustion.

By W. W. WASHBURN

ON my way to California, I met a crowd of my old friends. I was down and out, physically, mentally and personally. I had lost my nerve. I had lost my business sense. I feared to let go of a dollar because I did not believe it would ever come back to me. I was afraid to invest in government bonds for fear that somebody would change the government and in some manner I would lose my money. I was afraid of my own shadow. I was afraid of my friends. I was afraid of everything. I could not eat a moderate meal. I could digest practically nothing. Doctors had me living on food that seemed to me only fit for sick infants. I had no pleasures. I never laughed. I had no hope. I had constipation, indigestion, stomach acidity, anemia, nervous prostration, weakness all over. I was going to California because I was sent there by my doctors who believed it would ease my mind and also ease my wife's anxiety.

While passing through Wyoming, just west of Cheyenne, we passed a cemetery. It is strange what thoughts flash through a sick man's mind when he passes a cemetery. We were all seated in the observation car, some of us were talking, while others were reading, and I had in my hand a copy of the Saturday Evening Post. Among other things which seemed to have no interest for me, I read an advertisement and an announcement, promising superior health, confidence, virility, youth, strength, a healthy stomach, superior kidneys, a new heart—in short, super health and mind power. Ordinarily I would have paid no attention to it, but every word sounded so sincere that I decided to write for more particulars. I said to my friends that I would become interested, and that I believed that here was something that sought to make you better from within instead of attempting to benefit you by putting something into your system from without. After showing this momentary burst of confidence and hope, my friends all laughed.

They were all healthy. At least, they thought they were. They could laugh. But, on my part, I was serious. I made up my mind to write a post-card, which I did. In a few days I obtained the information I was looking for. Never in my life did I read such a book as was sent to me. It gave me a clearer insight into my own human condition than all the doctors I had consulted. It gave me more information about myself than I secured all through my college years.

I learned that there were 25,000 followers of Swoboda in New York City. I discovered that there were 12,000 in Chicago—15,000 in Philadelphia—7,000 in Boston—5,000 in Pittsburgh. I discovered that there were 25,000 in England. I discovered that in all there were over 262,000 followers of this man who had devoted his life to making other people healthy and happy. I also received the most wonderful guarantee of satisfaction I have ever read. It made me the sole judge of whether or not I was benefited. It asked me to give up nothing that I wanted to do. There was nothing objectionable about the proposition at all. There were no cold tub baths, electricity or massage—no dieting, no deep breathing, no apparatus of any kind. There was nothing to take internally. There was no violent exercise. It required no drugs or medicines of any kind.

The whole thing was as clear as a bell. The book explained how the body is made up of billions of tiny cells—how our health depends entirely on the condition of these cells. It showed that by consciously energizing every cell, tissue and organ in the body, health, strength, power, ambition, must

inevitably result. It showed the close relationship between physical health and mental energy.

Page after page I read. I was fascinated. I read the statements of some of the 262,000 people who had adopted SWOBODA'S System of Conscious Evolution. I had tried practically everything. I was on my way to California almost as a last resort. Since there was nothing that could possibly hurt me—and since I was risking absolutely nothing in view of the startling guarantee sent to me, I grasped the opportunity as a drowning man grasps a life-preserver.

When the first instructions arrived I tried them at once. The first five minutes I began to feel better. The next day I devoted a few minutes longer to the instruction. In an amazingly short time, I became well, strong, vigorous, manly. I developed every desirable characteristic; I even discovered that in Conscious Evolution not only the physical and physiological forces are modified, amplified, and thus highly organized, but that the personality is intensified; and that through Conscious Evolution not only immediate results of a wonderful character were accomplished for me, but that I also obtained an ultimately permanent advantage in the form of higher consciousness, a more intense consciousness.

In the realization of this fact, I looked back to that observation car way out in Wyoming when I gave expression to my hope, in seeing the announcement in the Saturday Evening Post of Conscious Evolution, and I wonder how many unfortunate human beings neglected to write for the literature offered free.

Fate chuckles in her sleeve at many a man and woman who believe themselves smart, and highly efficient, and who fail to consciously evolutionize because they are satisfied. Fate laughs at many an individual who laughs at the idea of creative evolution.

If you want to laugh, if you want unusual health, unusual vitality, unusual living power, unusual pleasure obtaining power, unusual youth, unusual thought power, get that booklet of Swoboda's as I did. It will enlighten you. It will educate you. It will show you that what you think is health is only sickness.

Regardless of how young you may feel, of how efficient you may think you are—regardless of how active, energetic and alert you may consider yourself—regardless of how healthy, wealthy, or successful you may be, you cannot afford, in justice to yourself, to miss the interesting and instructive secrets explained for the first time in this startling new book.

A mere reading of "Conscious Evolution" will so fill you with enthusiasm and ambition, that you will not rest until you have yourself acquired the Swoboda kind of health and energy by cultivating and revitalizing intensively every cell, tissue, and organ in your own system. Write a letter or a postal card and mail it to-day. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages you will have been repaid a thousandfold for having read it. I urge you by all means not to delay, not to say, "I'll do it later," but to send NOW, while the matter is on your mind. Remember, the book is absolutely free for you to keep—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write NOW. Address ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 2041 Aeolian Bldg., New York City.

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turnovers of stock secured during the year. It is the rolling capital that gathers the moss. The test of a business is the number of times the stock is turned at a profit each year."

The Armour business last year exceeded five hundred million dollars in gross sales and the surprising statement is made that the profit per dollar was under four per cent.; the average for three years having been less than three per cent. Most concerns would not consider this a profit at all, yet on this tiny per-dollar profit this half-billion-dollar business shows a very satisfactory net profit. Its chief director goes on to say:

"What Armour and Company have done to meet this situation is what every business, great or small, will eventually have to do. We have increased our rate of turnover and have utilized every possible avenue so that now our base products—those upon which the business was founded—are, if considered alone, handled at an actual loss. For instance, taking the 1916 figures, a thousand-pound steer was bought by us on the hoof at an average price of \$7.29 per cwt., or for \$72.90; this dressed down to about 560 pounds and we sold the dressed article at \$12.12 per cwt., or at \$67.90. That is, we sold the dressed article for five dollars less than the raw product; we made our profit out of 440 pounds, most of which formerly went to waste. We turn all inedible products into marketable by-products instead of charging them into the price of the meat."

By these methods of curtailing waste, utilizing by-products and making quick turnovers—approximately two weeks intervening between the time the meat is bought on the hoof and the time when the packer has his money in hand for that meat—the price to consumer is kept down, Mr. Armour assures us, in spite of the increasing cost of doing business. Packers, for instance, are paying twenty-seven per cent. more for hogs now than in 1914, but the increase in the price of pork loins, which is the index number of all pork prices, has advanced less than ten per cent. to the consumer.

Fresh meats give the quickest rate of turnover and fertilizer the slowest; the former turns twenty-four times a year and the latter once every nine months, because the credit-payment must await the harvest. "If we could shorten our average credits but a single day we could make a hundred thousand dollars more profit in the year," says this arch-enemy of the lazy dollar, who deals in "three thousand articles, ranging from banjo-strings to fertilizers."

IMPORTANT!

WHEN notifying *CURRENT OPINION* of a change in address, subscribers should give both the old and the new address. This notice should reach us about two weeks before the change is to take effect.

GREAT STRIDES IN MARKETING FROM FARM-TO-TABLE BY POST

AN analysis of the instructive reports which the Government requires of postmasters throughout the country regarding the parcels-post service shows that the farm-to-table system of exchange has already become an important factor in reducing the high cost of living, either as a saving of so many cents per dollar spent, or by obtaining grades of goods which in cities are generally available only at the higher-class stores where the prices charged are beyond the means of the masses. Postmasters are unanimous in saying that marketing by mail, if done in accordance with instructions, will provide the city family of moderate circumstances with a grade of farm produce which has heretofore been available only to those to whom the cost of food was no object.

Postmaster General Burleson expresses the opinion in *Munsey's* that the farm-to-table-by-post service has come to stay. Its utility has been proved. It benefits producer and consumer. But it may be taken as a general rule that it pays to market by parcels-post only choice goods. He adds:

"More than fifty-five principal post-offices have carried on special farm-to-table-by-post campaigns, lists of producers wishing to furnish supplies by mail have been published and distributed, and in many offices refrigerating facilities have been installed. The larger post-offices are equipped with refrigerators which, if delivery cannot be made at once, will protect such perishable shipments of country produce as must be kept overnight. But as promptness is the watchword of this special service, the installation of prompt delivery through the collection carrier system obviates the need of using refrigerators on a large scale.

"Between producers and consumers who have agreed to regular trade, thermatic containers that will keep things hot or cold for twenty-four hours are in use. The authorities hope for the development of a thermatic container so cheap as to make it possible for all patrons of the mails to get not merely things like those that mother used to make but the very things that mother makes five hundred miles away.

"The importance of proper containers is illustrated in the shipment of eggs. When the parcels-post service was inaugurated, it was generally believed that eggs could not be satisfactorily shipped by mail. Some of the earlier experience of shippers strengthened this belief. As safer containers were devised, however, the successful movement of eggs by mail became possible, and the amount now shipped by parcels-post probably exceeds that of any other one product."

Postmasters are doing everything possible to popularize this movement for better living and lower prices. Here is a bulletin recommended by the Postmaster General for the practical guidance of consumers:

"When you have found a satisfactory farmer to deal with, shopping by parcels-post becomes a simple process of sending

your market-basket to the farm with a letter telling what you want. The letter may be eliminated if a standing order is left. The cost of the process is just a little less than if you boarded a street-car and rode to market and back, and just a trifle more than if you ordered what you wanted over the telephone.

"You can mail your empty basket at any drug-store postal station. The parcels-

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Instead of *one* manufacturer's spasmodic development of his product, MAZDA Service substitutes a systematic, all-inclusive study of incandescent electric lamps for *several* manufacturers.

THE MEANING OF MAZDA

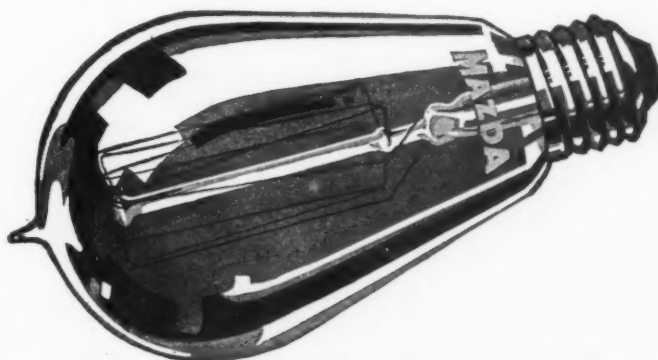
MAZDA is the trademark of a world-wide service to certain lamp manufacturers. Its purpose is to collect and select scientific and practical information concerning progress and developments in the art of incandescent lamp manufacturing and to distribute this information to the companies entitled to receive this

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A Share in the Substantial Profits

of legitimate timber investments in selected regions under our "ironclad" conditions is now available even to the modest investor through

LACEY PROFIT-SHARING BONDS

These 1st Mortgage Bonds have been devised to split up into smaller units the type of notably profitable timber transactions carried on with unbroken success by the widely known Lacey interests for 37 years. Denominations

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Write for it.

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332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

For 37 years the name of Lacey has been synonymous with conservative success in timber investment.

post brings the filled basket to your door. The simple process of sending an ordinary, strong market-basket to the farm has been found to be entirely satisfactory for shipping short distances, fifty to one hundred miles.

"Housewives who wish to deal with the farmers direct will realize that sometimes they may not be able to make an absolutely satisfactory arrangement the first time, any more than they may find satisfactory the first city dealer they try. Therefore it will be found advisable to select from the list furnished by the post-office the names of three or four farmers to write to, and from the replies select the most promising. Keep the others for reference.

"When writing to the farmer for his prices, it is well to tell him what the same articles are costing in the city markets at the time. This is advisable because some farmers have an exaggerated idea as to the prices that city people are willing to pay for fresh country produce, whereas others are entirely moderate and reasonable. It is also well to direct shippers to mail the basket so that it will arrive at the local post-office in time for delivery on the day desired."

The lists given out at the post-offices contain a mass of interesting information for shippers and consumers. They contain a directory of names of producers who have registered with the Department of Agriculture and Post-Office Department at Washington, and whose addresses appear in the bulletin which is furnished free on application.

NEEDED: A WAY TO DAM THE NIAGARA OF GOLD FLOODING THE COUNTRY

FINANCIERS and business men in general, along with consumers, are increasingly exercised over the alarming advance in the "cost of living as one has been accustomed to live," and are seeking by every way known to industrial and political economy to solve, or to minimize, the problem. At the outset of the war the sudden anxiety over the higher cost of living was subordinated to the excitement over the war itself. But recently the situation has been reversed. Price levels in this country are now forty per cent. higher than they were in 1914, while those in Russia have risen 165 per cent., in Germany 111 per cent., in France 87 per cent., in England 66 per cent. and in neutral Sweden 46 per cent. Why?

Professor Irving Fisher, in the *Financier*, answers and says:

"The price level depends on certain fundamental factors: the quantity of money, the superstructure of credit built on this money foundation, the velocities of circulation of the money and the credit, and the quantity of goods brought to market.

ESTABLISHED 1865

Dreaded Readjustment Has Begun

A few industries are being benefited by the new American-Hooverian War. But the majority are beginning to feel the pinch. Those not yet affected will have their turn soon.

During the past few weeks fundamental business conditions have seen a greater change than is ordinarily experienced in 25 years. Have you adjusted your business to meet these changes?

Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Recognize that all action is followed by equal reaction. Work with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

Particulars regarding the present situation will be sent gratis by addressing Dept. B-49

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She ruled France more absolutely than any monarch because she had at her feet both the King and ministry. How she did it, how women have ruled the world's rulers and always will rule them is told in this new volume.

Memoirs of Madame Du Barry

It is a grippingly fascinating journal of the woman who had more power than any king of to-day. But it is more than that, it is a human document, the baring of a soul. Never having been intended for publication, it gives the gossip of the kitchen and the back stairs and the "boudoir cabinets" which Jeanette Du Barry dominated as mistress of Louis the XV. It puts you into the heart and mind of this extraordinary woman and indirectly of all such women. Perhaps to-day some such woman is swaying your state, your community, unknown, as Du Barry was unknown to the French people of her time. This is a book for all times. You must read it.

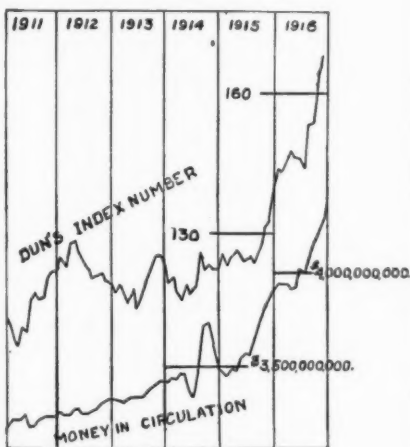
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"These are the only proximate causes. Myriads of other causes—war, tariffs, anti-trust laws, trusts, trade-unions, gold discoveries, rapid transportation, shortened hours, advertizing, waste of natural resources, etc., affect the high cost of living, either upward or downward, but are anterior to and act only through, money, credit, velocities, or goods. To the question, which of these fundamental factors is, or are, responsible for the sudden uprising of prices in the last few months, I would reply that the chief causes both abroad and at home are (1) growing abundance of goods and (2) growing abundance of money. Apparently the more important of these two is, even in Europe, the growing abundance of money. To put it in a nutshell, the whole world is now suffering acutely from *war inflation*. In belligerent countries, this inflation has been chiefly in the form of paper money issues, while in neutral countries it has been chiefly in the form of gold imports. The gold flowing to neutral countries, like Sweden and the United States, is gold displaced by paper money in belligerent countries and attracted by neutrals because the belligerents could not export other goods than gold."

Professor Fisher has constructed the following chart, which is of interest as showing the quantity of money (coin or its equivalent) in American circulation, as compared with Dunn's Index Number of prices. The parallelism is striking, especially after the war began when inflation became the dominant factor.



We can trace the close resemblance between the two lines almost point by point and can see almost the exact time-lag between the monetary cause and the price effect. This lag, Professor Fisher states, is usually between two and three months. That is, within two or three months after gold enters the country, the price level and the cost of living in the United States will rise as a consequence. On this basis a probable further rise of prices in the immediate future is hesitantly forecasted, since the circulation of money is increasing throughout the country.

"War Loans and the United States"

The Story of War Financing and Its Bearing on National Growth

HISTORY proves that the sacrifices and discipline of War have served to increase thrift, create efficiency and develop resources. The financial record of American Wars is one of patriotism and vision. War obligations have been readily met and economic progress made.

For the first time in its history, the United States has now become a creditor nation, and by meeting the needs of other nations is able to strengthen its own financial and commercial position.

Every citizen is concerned in the situation presented and its relation to his own affairs.

How American Wars since 1776 have been financed and these War debts discharged; the economic effect of War loans in this country and in Europe; lessons taught by experience and the opportunities offered for the future are described in a booklet entitled "War Loans and the United States," issued and sent upon request by the

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Bankers, says this economic authority, should take especial interest in the causation plainly illustrated in the above diagram, even tho "the country does not realize how much it is suffering from a gold deluge." It is significant, he points out, that Sweden has already taken a radical and epoch-making step toward protecting herself from the flood of gold, namely, by stopping its importation, through refusal of the State Bank to accept it in payment for its notes at the formal legal rate.

WANTED: LESS SPECIALISTS IN INDUSTRY AND MORE ALL-AROUND BUSI- NESS MEN

I HAVE no quarrel with specialists nor with specialization, but if I were twenty-one again I'm quite sure I would not try to be a business specialist. Also I'd keep as far away as possible from the engineering schools." Such is the somewhat startling statement made by William Maxwell, a partner of Thomas A. Edison, in a series of business talks to young men, published in *Collier's*. He recalls the time when the finest thing one could say of a business man was that he was "an all-around man," and deplores the drift toward extinction of the grizzled survivors of those days. He complains:

"Nowadays we have engineering experts, factory experts, efficiency experts, sales experts, financial experts, advertising experts, letter-writing experts, accounting experts—all of them specialists. Most of them, tho, are working for men who don't claim to be experts or specialists at anything. When all the nonexperts and nonspecialists are gone, I wonder who there will be to give employment to our vast army of experts and specialists. Perhaps some of the latter will desert the ranks of specialization and become plain business men in order to provide congenial employment for deserving business and industrial specialists."

The author—an eminently successful business man—is of the belief that technical training is being greatly overdone, with no likelihood of a let-up in the next ten years. This being an age in which the preponderant majority of young men are taught to do a single thing extremely well, "there will be a demand (before long) for all-around business men which will be far in excess of the supply." It is at this place in the wall around success where he expects to see the empty gate.

Becoming a bit more iconoclastic, the writer sounds a warning to college men for whom "the outside world is lying in wait (with a club) if they let it be known that they believe they learned something at college." He adds:

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"Public opinion, whether it is public opinion about Roosevelt or a new shaving soap, is of a dull order of intelligence. One of the greatest dangers to the successful career of a public man, whether he be politician or merchandizer, is that he may overestimate the composite intelligence which makes up public opinion. To study the law and comprehend the manner in which it was developed is a considerable safeguard against that peril, and furthermore it aids a young man to look upon the world with disillusioned eyes.

"Disillusionment is important. The enthusiasm and aggressiveness of youth, sometimes called pep, are largely futile and sometimes fatal if not somewhat alloyed with the baser mental metals of doubt and disbelief. Most of the broken men I have known believed a little too much in themselves and greatly too much in others. No one likes the dead-eyed man whose face shows that he has tasted the dregs in the bottom of the cup of experience, but there is an attraction in the level eyes of the man who has seen the dregs and pushed the cup away."

This captain of industry goes even a step further in iconoclasm by advising business beginners to take counsel of men who have made failures of their lives rather than of those who have succeeded. Why? Because "it is easier to get at the true reasons for an unsuccessful man's failures than to learn the real causes of a successful man's triumphs." Not that the unsuccessful man is always willing or able to reveal the causes of his failures—since usually he is as untruthful or unauthentic in explaining his nonsuccess as the average successful man is in depicting his most notable achievements—but because "an unsuccessful man cannot express his views on life as a whole without disclosing the weaknesses that have marred his own particular life." Think twice, he cautions, before deciding to become an engineer or a specialist of any kind. "I sincerely believe that specialization before long will be a drug on the market where opportunity is bartered against ability and training."

As shrewd and careful a man as the late Russell Sage left a lot of what are called "cats and dogs," tho these constituted but a fraction of his enormous estate. The late J. P. Morgan, the head of one of the strongest, most conservative and richest banking houses in the world, left about \$70,000,000, and the inventory shows that one-tenth of this, or \$7,000,000, is marked as "worthless."



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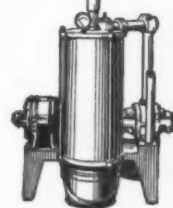
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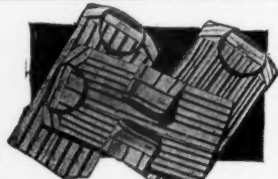
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NEW POTASH DISCOVERIES TO MAKE AMERICA IN- DEPENDENT OF GERMANY

SHORTLY before the great war began it was being suggested that the Federal Government should give its aid toward the production of potash—a salt which heretofore has been derived almost entirely from the great Stassfurt deposits, in Germany. Since then the lack of potash in this country has been declared to be the chief cause for our diminishing cotton and wheat crops, especially in the past two seasons. It is interesting to note, in a bulletin issued by the Department of the Interior, that when hostilities began, salesmen who had sold potash to farmers at prices around \$35 a ton went round and bought back all they could at prices ranging up to \$400 a ton. From that time forward wheat and cotton crops began to suffer.

The necessity of obtaining this important mineral salt in greater quantity has resulted in the discovery and development of several very large deposits, the newest and most extensive being located in what is known as Searles Marsh, a section of San Bernardino County, California, not far from the famous Death Valley country.

It is estimated by the experts of the Department of the Interior that the monthly output of this plant will be about a thousand tons of muriate of potash, containing eighty per cent. or more of pure potash. Report is made to Secretary Lane that a new process for refining the raw product has been evolved and that operations over a field of fifteen hundred acres have begun.

In addition to being used for fertilizing purposes, there is another way in which potash is, at the immediate moment, of even more importance than for these two staples of its fields. Potash is an ingredient of powder—particularly of the old-fashioned black powder, still used in shrapnel. Moreover, we read, the chief American source from which potash is derived also holds acetone, which, in turn, is the chief solvent in the manufacture of smokeless powder, universally used to-day by all the armies of the world. Without an assurance of potash and acetone in abundance within its own territory the United States could ill afford to go to war.

The cost of living in England, according to the *London Statist*, has increased 96.2% since the great war began. The increase of foodstuffs has been the greatest, of course, 114%. Vegetables in particular have risen 154%. Animal food has risen 80%, sugar, coffee and tea, 86%.

UNCLE SAM IS BECOMING THE BIGGEST TOY-MAKER OF THE WORLD

TOYLAND has shifted from Europe in general and Germany in particular to America, with the result that we are now making toys, as well as munitions, in unprecedented volume. In the years before the war, the German toy trade had risen to mighty proportions and Teuton toys went to the uttermost corners of the globe. An idea of what the war has meant to German toy-makers may be gained from the fact that German exports of toys to this country aggregated \$7,718,000 in value for the year immediately preceding the war and last year dropped to less than a million dollars. Among the best customers for American-made toys in recent years have been Great Britain and the more important British colonies. Our exports of toys to the British Isles last year reached the somewhat surprising total of \$765,000, as contrasted with \$120,000 for the two years immediately preceding the war. Canada is buying from us six times as many toys (in point of valuation) as it did in the year before the war, while the exports of American toys to Australia have nearly trebled in the past three years, advancing from \$40,000 in 1913 to over \$100,000 in 1916. There is an even greater increase in our South American toy trade:

The N. Y. Times finds these figures to be indicative of permanent American supremacy in toy manufacturing. In support of this optimistic conclusion it points to the report of Julius G. Lay, United States Consul General at Berlin:

"The fact has been often emphasized at German trade conferences that the American toy industry will have an opportunity to develop during the present war and that competition will be much more difficult after peace has been declared because the German manufacturers, on account of local conditions, will have to ask higher prices than formerly.

"Other countries are also endeavoring to develop the manufacture of toys within their own territories. The following statement of a well-known authority in the German toy industry will illustrate how German manufacturers regard the new competition:

"In England and France there are indications that attempts have been made to establish an independent toy industry, and also to institute a kind of Leipziger Messe (the fair at Leipzig where toys are shown). New factories have been established where German toys and dolls are duplicated with considerable success; the only articles that cannot be duplicated at the same price as in Germany are



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Louis Weirter, R. B. A.

eight drawings in line by Munro S. Orr and end-papers by Otto Schlapp, Ph.D. Introduction by Professor Patrick Geddes. The illustrations are printed on Japan and superfine drawing paper, and mounted on neutral-tinted paper with ample margins. The volume is a fine specimen of artistic bookmaking, every detail of workmanship being worthy the literary distinction of its contents and the exquisite beauty of its superb illustrations.

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CURRENT LITERATURE PUB. CO., 63 W. 36th St., New York

wooden toys. A bank has been founded in Paris with a view to financing any new undertaking along this line of industry."

On the other hand, German toy interests state that the American trade can be regained (1) because the stock of toys on hand in the United States after the war will be inadequate and (2) because the reputation and standard of the German product are well known and difficult to duplicate in America.

Of interest also as reflecting the general situation in the present-day toy trade of the world is the following article in *La Nacion*, a leading paper of Argentina, contributed by a Buenos Aires merchant who specializes in toys and has been having difficulty in getting supplies from the usual sources:

"Countries that heretofore exported but a small part of the toys they manufacture have now been called upon to increase their output very much.

"Spain has been the first to receive the benefit of the altered demand. The manufacturers of that country specialize in toys of papier-mâché, with which they make boxes of soldiers, replacing the lead ones, which have become very expensive. These soldiers are not so neatly finished as the French and German lead variety, but they form an imitation which is quite acceptable.

"Switzerland has begun to export mechanical toys and small Swiss chalets equipped with music boxes inside. The Swiss products are generally of wood.

"The United States continues to hold the first place in hand-power automobiles and other devices that combine play with healthful physical exercise."

Shear Nonsense

Kalifohrnea.

In Hammond, Indiana, according to *Everybody's Magazine*, a Hungarian applied for naturalization papers the other day, and the following dialog ensued:

Clerk: Who is President of the United States?

Hung.: Meester Vilson.

Clerk: Who makes the laws?

Hung.: De Kungress.

Clerk: Who elects the President?

Hung. (without batting an eye): Kalifohrnea.

He got his papers.

Home, Sweet Home.

After the battle of Mons, says the *N. Y. Globe*, an officer congratulated an Irishman on his conspicuous bravery under fire.

"Well, Pat," he said, "how did you feel during the engagement?"

"Feel, captain," answered Pat. "I felt as if every hair on me head was a band of music, and they were all playing 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

Sent the Necktie to Call.

When Harriet Beecher Stowe was alive, so we read in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Mark Twain, who lived near her, had a way of running in to converse with her and her daughters, and he often wore a somewhat

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negligée costume, greatly to the distress of Mrs. Clemens (Mark Twain's wife).

One morning, as he returned from the Stowes' without a necktie, Mrs. Clemens met him at the door with the exclamation: "There! You have been over to the Stowes' again without a necktie. It's really disgraceful the way you neglect your dress."

Her husband said nothing, but went to his room. A few minutes later Mrs. Stowe was summoned to the door by a messenger who presented to her a small box neatly done up. She opened it and found a black silk necktie, accompanied by this note:

Here is a necktie. Take it out and look at it. I think I stayed half an hour this morning. At the end of that time will you kindly return it, as it is the only one I have?
MARK TWAIN.

Eyeball or Highball.

An old Scotsman, says *Tit-Bits*, was threatened with blindness if he did not give up drinking.

"Now, McTavish," said the doctor, "it's like this: you're either to stop the whisky or lose your eyesight, and you must choose."

"Ay, weel, doctor," said McTavish, "I'm an auld man noo, an' I was thinkin' I ha'e seen about everything worth seein'."

"The" Barnsdall Could Not Be Fooled.

Many amusing stories are told of Theodore N. Barnsdall, "The" Barnsdall, the Nestor of the oil business, who died recently in Pittsburgh. He was a strange and wonderful character, says the *Kansas City Star*; self-made, uneducated, a man of great natural force. Once he had a fight on with the Standard Oil Company. A conference was arranged, and the Standard had prepared an imposing array of figures with the purpose of showing him how badly they had him beaten. They thought they would frighten him. In the statement was a paragraph showing the Standard had 2,700 gas users in a certain town. As a matter of fact they had less than five hundred. Barnsdall ran down the list, commenting pithily on the various items. When he came to that particular town he ran his finger along it and said: "Say, if the girl had hit that pianer another lick you'd had 27,000, wouldn't you?"

That was all, but the Standard crowd knew it wasn't fooling "The" Barnsdall any.

A Misunderstanding.

A certain English foreman in one of the Kensington textile factories, says the *Youth's Companion*, is in the habit of having an apprentice heat his luncheon for him. The other day he called a new apprentice.

"Go down stairs and 'eat up my lunch for me," ordered the foreman.

The boy—a typical young American, with no knowledge of cockney English—obeyed with alacrity. He was hungry.

Ten minutes later the foreman came down. He also was hungry.

"Where's my lunch?" he demanded.

The boy gazed at him in amazement.

"You told me to eat it up—and I ate it," he stated.

"I didn't tell you to heat it up!" roared the irate foreman. "I told you to 'eat it up."

"Well, I didn't heat it up," maintained the youngster, stoutly. "I ate it cold."

When the Mule's Ears Were Frozen.

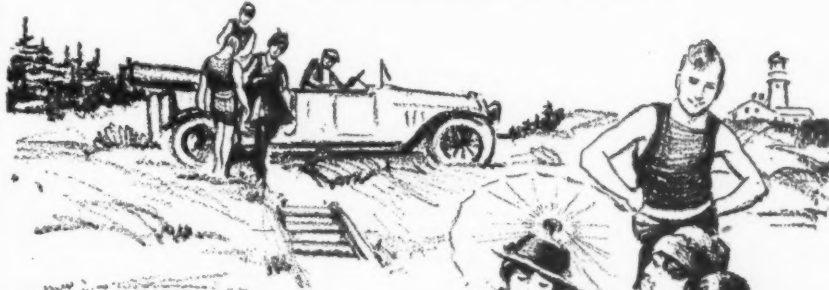
A city lad from the densest tenement district, of whom we read in the *San Francisco Argonaut*, was taken to the country by a farmer. A few days later he was called early one freezing cold morning before dawn to harness a mule. The lad was too lazy to light a lantern, and in the dark he didn't notice that one of the cows was in the stable with the mule. The farmer, impatient at the long delay, shouted from the house: "Billy! Billy! What are you doing?" "I can't get the collar over the mule's head," yelled back the boy. "His ears are frozen."

The Draft in the Range.

American people, says *Tit-Bits*, have a very high appreciation of the humor of Englishmen, and have been specially tickled

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SPRING-STEP RED PLUG CUSHION HEEL

PROOF THAT ADVERTISING LOWERS SELLING COST

Some new facts and figures throw a flood of light on this subject.

The rising cost of living is the great universal hardship of the present day. So great and so many have these rises been that few people stop to realize that there have been any exceptions to the general rule. But the fact is that there have been numerous exceptions and all of these exceptions belong to the same great class—that of nationally advertised goods.

The present agitation on the high cost of living has led to some investigations which have brought out a lot of facts hitherto unknown to the public. Some of the most important work in this line is being done by the Association of National Advertisers, an organization of 260 of the leading advertisers of the country. Mr. Sullivan, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, has given out some vitally important facts concerning the relation of advertising to selling cost.

"The old idea," said Mr. Sullivan, "that the cost of advertising raises prices dies hard. But the business man knows better. He knows that selling goods is costly business—no matter what the goods or what the selling methods. And he knows that anything which creates demand on a large scale, and thus makes selling easier, is bound to reduce selling costs and thus helps to reduce prices.

"But evidence is better than argument; facts are better than theories, and we have been at great pains to collect the facts. We have secured an immense amount of data from our members which proves that advertising does reduce selling costs and thus tends to reduce the selling price of advertised goods. Let me quote a few examples:

"The makers of a famous photographic camera, when they began advertising twenty-eight years ago, made one camera which took a 2½-inch picture and which sold at \$25. To-day they make a far better camera which sells for \$10. Another, which took a 4 x 5 picture, sold for \$60. To-day they sell a far better one for \$20. And so on through the line.

"A prominent hat manufacturer has, by means of advertising, reduced his selling cost seven cents per hat. Result—the buyer gets a hat of better quality at no increase in price; this despite increased cost of raw material and workmanship.

"When the manufacturer of a famous breakfast food specialty began advertising, his goods sold at 15 cents a package. To-day the package is fifty per cent. larger and the price has been reduced to 10 cents. Again advertising did it, the same causes producing the same results.

"The producer of another well-known food specialty is selling his goods at 25 per cent. less to the wholesale grocery trade than four years ago.

"Twenty years ago a nationally advertised shaving-stick was sold in a cheap metal leatherette-covered box. To-day a stick containing 20 per cent. more soap is sold in a handsome nickel box at the same price.

"Then take the most conspicuous example of them all—the automobile business; and compare the \$5,000 or \$10,000 cars of ten years ago with the equally good cars of to-day, selling for a fraction of the money.

"And so on through a long list. In every case, the manufacturer either has been able to lower the price or improve the quality at no increase in price."

How has he done it? By means of advertising, which has created demand on a larger scale and thus permitted production and distribution on a large scale. Result—improved manufacturing efficiency and reduced selling costs. And all of this in the face of a steady increase in the cost of labor and raw materials which, with advertising eliminated, might in many cases have doubled the price of the goods.

"A triumph of economical marketing" is the only possible verdict for advertising in the face of these facts.

by a story Colonel Cody used to tell. He said that some years ago an Englishman who had never been in the West before was his guest. They were riding through a Rocky Mountain cañon one day, when suddenly a tremendous gust of wind came swooping down upon them and actually carried the Englishman clean off the wagon-seat. After he had been picked up, he combed the sand and gravel out of his whiskers and said: "I say! I think you overdo ventilation in this country!"

A Merry-Go-Round.

An employee of a real estate office, mentioned in the *N. Y. Times*, had been sent by the house agents to take an inventory of the drawing-room furniture of a mansion in their hands.

He was so long about the task that at last the woman of the house went to see what was taking place. She found the man slumbering sweetly on a sofa with an empty bottle beside him. It was evident, however, that he had made a pathetic attempt to do his work, for in the inventory book was written: "One revolving carpet."

She Had Nothing to Talk About.

Good old Saint Peter, taking a stroll through the realm of Paradise, says *Puck*, observed a middle-aged woman, a very recent arrival whose expression betokened anything but happiness. Instantly he approached her to inquire the cause.

"My good woman," he began, "you don't look as tho you were enjoying yourself. Your golden harp is untouched at your side. Your crown of glory is not on straight, yet seemingly you do not care. In fact, your whole appearance and demeanor suggest despair rather than rapture. Don't you know where you are, my good soul? This is Heaven."

The woman looked up at Saint Peter with a lack lustre eye.

"Alas, I know it," she said in hollow tones, "but it is not Heaven to me."

"What? Why, my dear madam, what—"

"I can't help it; it's true. When I was on earth, I got my chief enjoyment out of talking about my ailments, swapping symptoms with the woman next door. Oh, you cannot realize the happy hours I spent. And now—and now—"

"But, my dear soul," expostulated the saint, "there are no ailments in Heaven."

The unhappy shade heaved a heartrending sigh.

"That's just the trouble. I'm perfectly well," she said; "I haven't a single topic for conversation."

A Heavenly Donnybrook Fair.

In a recent speech at the American Irish Historical Society's dinner in New York, Irvin S. Cobb told a story about an Irishman. This Irishman on Sunday heard a clergyman preach on the judgment-day. The priest told of the hour when the trumpet shall blow and all peoples of all climes and all ages shall be gathered before the Seat of God to be judged according to their deeds done in the flesh. After the sermon he sought out the pastor and he said, "Father, I want to ask you a few questions touching on what you preached about to-day. Do you really think that on the judgment-day everybody will be there?"

The priest said: "That is my understanding."

"Will Cain and Abel be there?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And David and Goliath—will they both be there?"

"That is my information and belief."

"And Brian Boru and Oliver Cromwell will be there?"

"Assuredly they will be present."

"And the A. O. H.'s and A. P. A.'s?"

"I am quite positive they will all be there together."

"Father," said the parishioner, "there'll be little judgin' done the first day!"